## excerpts from fiction:

a new novel by

N SOLDIER POW Torture

man to match the sequoias

have big fun on the

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." Henry David Thoreau



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# OFFIFETOP

#### "HOW TO WRITE AND SELL GAY MEN'S EROTICA"

### LAVENDER BLUE

How to Write and Sell Gay Men's Erotica

> by Lars Eighner

with an Introduction by John Preston

Over the past 20 plus years of free lance writing I have been aware of a steady stream of books giving advice to hopeful writers. From Writer's Digest and Writer's Market these range through hundreds of titles on how to write mysteries, nonfiction, technical pieces, etc. There are even books on how to write porn, usually with a straight emphasis. As a book addict I have purchased and skimmed many of these, and even read a few of them. I don't know that any of them really helped.

When I saw Lars Eighner's Lavender Blue, How to Write and Sell Gay Men's Erotica listed in the book dealer's catalog I figured I should add another title to this collection. When it arrived it joined the leaning tower of literature that resides permanently next to my chair at home and I eventually worked my way down to it. I started it with no real enthusiasm but with the same sense of duty that compelled me to attempt to read the anatomy textbook sections I had assigned my students in Comparative Anatomy class.

Less than a page into John Preston's introduction I was hooked. John's account of one painful morning in the life of a hungover associate editor was superb. Not

just because it was great reading but because I could closely identify and knew that his message was RIGHT ON! Before I finished the introduction I knew that I would be recommending the book to potential writers, I just hoped that Eighner's book lived up to Preston's Introduction.

It did. Preston says, "Lavender Blue is one of those acts of love that gay men commit for one another. Another person might have been willing to write a short essay on hot writing and then tell you to go and read someone else's book on the craft. But not Eighner." Lars Eighner has not only written the best book on writing and selling gay men's erotica, he has written one of the best books on free lance writing I have seen.

The subtitle, "HOW TO WRITE AND SELL GAY MEN'S EROTICA" is important. Chapters one through nine are on the business of writing erotica, about researching the market, preparing the manuscript, and selling the finished product. Chapters ten through eighteen are on the business of writing erotica, on composing the work of gay erotic fiction. Both sections are well done and useful. The information is clearly presented and it is sound information.

I can't say that I agree with absolutely everything. I think, for example, that there are several completely valid reasons for using a pseudonym. And, though Eighner makes it clear that the going rate for unsolicited fiction is low, the example he gives on how to prepare a bill to the publisher (for the sale first serial rights to the short story "Rodentrump" to "Hot Gerbil Magazine" for \$350) quotes a selling price much higher than I am aware of anyone paying. However, most of the book is exceedingly good for the beginning freelancer, and contains much that will be of interest to the experienced contributor as well. I wish I had had it 10 years ago.

John Preston's intro alone is worth the \$9.95 price. It is a small investment that should greatly improve your chances of seeing a return on your writing time and energy. Published by Caliente Press, PO Box 50421, Austin TX 78763, Lavender Blue may be ordered directly from the publisher. Since I am going to be recommending it to everyone who asks us for writer's guidelines it will also be available from the Sandmutopia Supply Co. Include \$3 S&H, California residents include 6.5% sales tax with your order.

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While Drummer hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often

could-actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of Drummer, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in Drummer, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

## MALE CALL

#### SAFE S/M

Thank you for the excellent editorial in the current issue of *Drummer* on our AIDS Safe S/M brochure. From the day issue 124 hit the stands, we have been receiving requests for copies from all across the country. We truly appreciate your enabling us to provide this valuable information to a much wider audience than our limited resources would allow.

Also, for your records please note that our address has changed to 7740½ Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, CA 90046. Since the time of printing the brochure, we received some funds from the city of West Hollywood for our male street hustler program which resulted in a move to our new West Hollywood address.

Again, thank you for the editorial and for promoting a positive attitude toward safe behavior through your magazine.

—Bill Green, Director The CORE Program

#### DRAWN TO THE MASTERS

I'm writing to express my pleasure at the return of Aaron Travis to your pages in the multi-part "Beirut." I had noted sadly the decline in quality of your fiction over these past several years. Hopefully you'll run other quality stories by Mr. Travis, Lars Eighner, Mason Powell, and others who have perfected their art and craft. They are true masters.

—RW / Dorchester MA

#### DROOLING FOR DADDIES

I occasionally get copies of your magazine, which usually has interesting and wide ranging topics/themes. When are you going to have an issue devoted to athletes, particularly built Daddy jocks? Last year's Olympics had me drooling over some beauties—blacks and whites.

A well-built, hung Daddy sporting a beard and strutting his stuff in running tights or lycra gear is a turn-on. And what about Dads getting if off in football gear; studs in spandex and socks. Is it possible to have a special "jock" edition to follow on from your fetish editions?

—RT / Victoria, Australia

Daddies will be featured again in issue 129 and Athletes in issue 137. As for putting the two together, we'll see what we can do.

itt / Tretoria, rtastrana

-AFD

#### THANK-YOU, SIR!

Thank-you, Sir! for having my picture in Drummer issue 101, Tough Customer TC# 1179. i now have a Master. If it wasn't for Drummer i would have never found him. i am in training now. i was ordered by my Master to write and thank-you, Sir!

-slave steve / Asheville NC

#### A GOOD CHUCKLE

I noticed the issue number of my most recent *Drummer* and realized how long it has been since you took over the magazine, and how long I've been putting off writing to tell you how much I enjoy what you have done with *Drummer*.

There is always going to be things some people don't like, but the fact that you try to use new ideas and are not afraid to change things, help to keep it interesting. I have enjoyed especially the comments you make in answer to some of the letters you get each month.

I usually get a good chuckle from it before moving on to the stories and articles.

The club information you provide is helpful, and the club mailing lists have been useful on more than one occasion. If you would, include our address the next time you do an update. (Done!)

Once again, thanks for your efforts in producing *Drummer*.

—Gary Decker Secretary The Wranglers Dallas TX

#### MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH

I am very interested in scenes involving men riding men. I understand that there is, or at least was, a group called "Hangin' Tree Ranch" which was into this scene. They provided the cover for your "Drummer Rides Again!" magazine of 1979.

I recently saw an address for them in Monterey, but the letter was returned as undeliverable.

I would appreciate any information about them that you could give me (like an address,) or you can pass my address on to them.

—MRC / Rocklin, CA

Sorry—Hanging Tree has been out of business for several years, and I have also been unsuccessful in tracking down anyone connected with it.

-AFD

#### **OPEN SEASON ON BEARS**

In issue #107 a man had written you a letter entitled "Just Looking." In it he asked if you would do a spread on "studs with big bellies—real Daddy types." I would like to know if you have done this because I too have a fetish for big-gutted types, bikers, pro-wrestlers.

I have been traveling a lot in the last year and a half and have unfortunately missed some of your issues. However, if I have missed the "Big Boys" PLEASE let me know how I can get my hands on your "Big Boy" issues.

-JRL / Denver, CO

A couple issues you might want to get your hands on are #119, Bears and Mountain Men, and #122, Cigars (check out the Tough Customers—woof!) Back issues are available from Desmodus, Inc., with an order-form in each issue of *Drummer*.

In this issue we introduce the art of W. Bruce Lee, with his illustration for "Big Red," and we hope to publish many more of his big-bellied-bearded-biker-bear drawings.

More is on the way: the official *Drum*mer Staff Bear-Hunter is untiring in his efforts and can occasionally be persuaded to share his bears.

-PM

#### PASS THE LAMB'S BLOOD

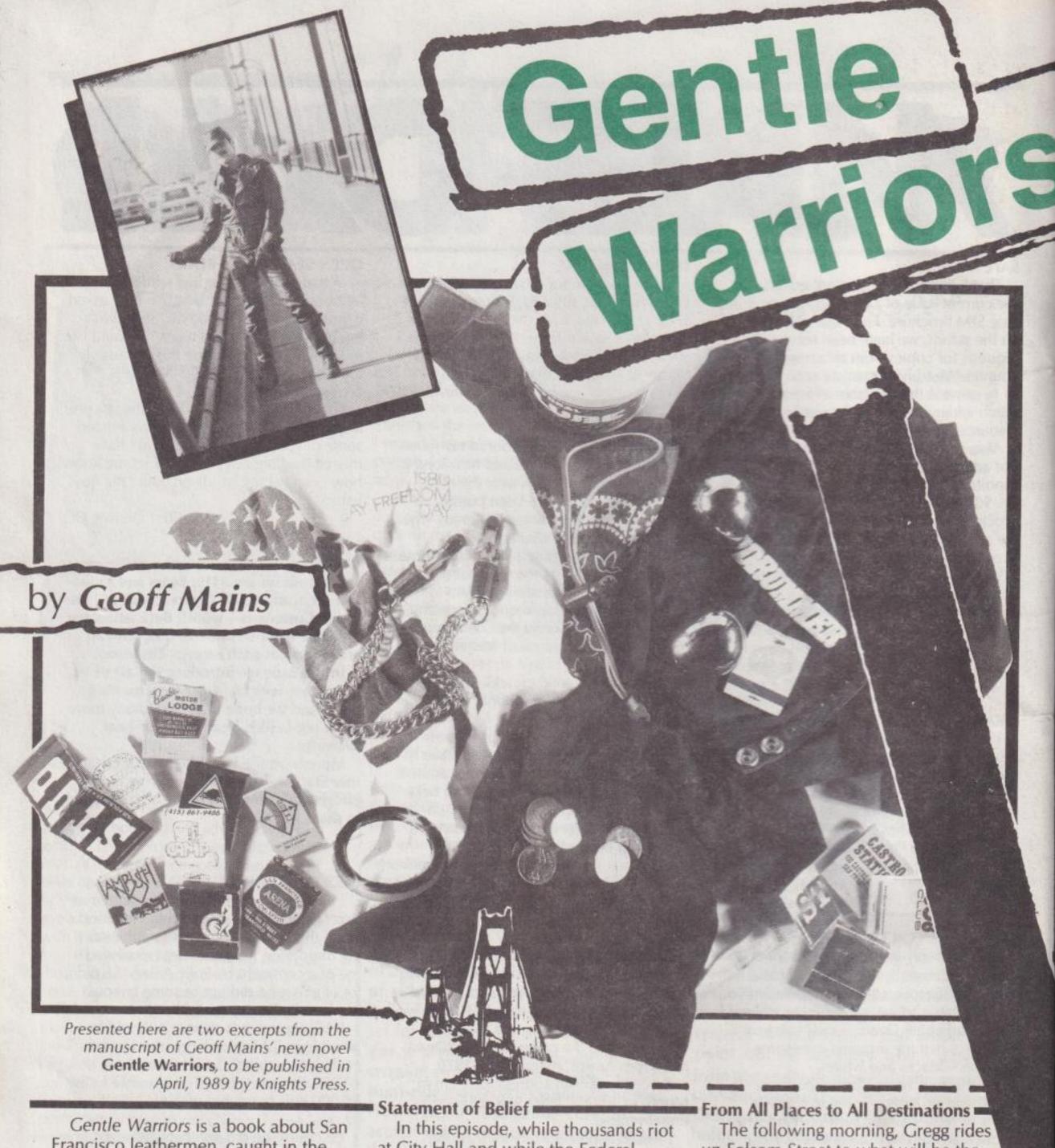
I have just recently heard the mass murderer Bundy, who was executed in Florida, claim that porn was the cause of his starting murdering. This comment reminded me of a comment by Polly Adler: "So did a lot of girls who did not become famous Madams."

If his argument is correct it should be possible to list five or more murders for each copy you sell. So if you mail out 10,000 copies, it should be possible to list 50,000 girls murdered within a month or so.

Of course he did say that was raised in a Christian home. This might be the reason for any smaller number. I don't know much about the Bible but it would seem that it is OK to kill people who do not have lamb's blood smeared on their doors.

Perhaps your lawyer can advise you if you should add a statement about not being raised in a Christian home in the disclaimer you require of buyers.

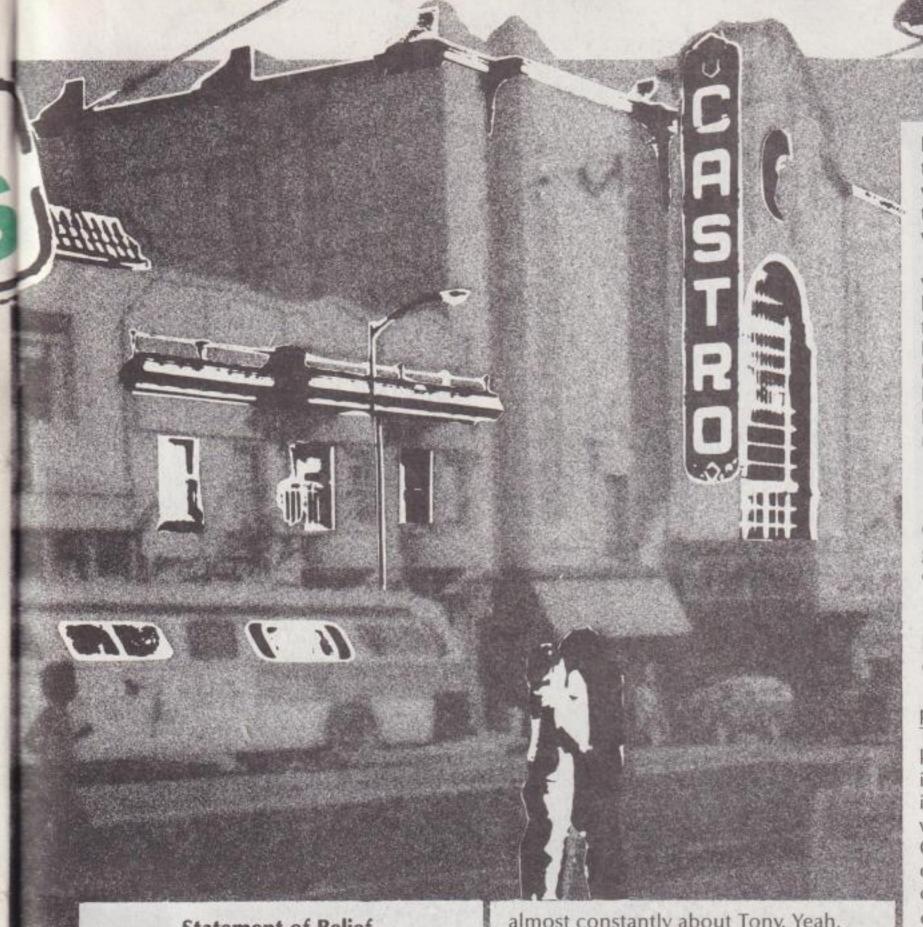
-GH / Los Angeles, CA □



Gentle Warriors is a book about San Francisco leathermen, caught in the manacles of the AIDS crisis and the discovery that HIV was planted by the CIA. A group of men have decided to do something about the situation, and have planned an action against the President during his impending visit to San Francisco. Gregg, who features in these two excerpts, is central to that secret plot.

In this episode, while thousands riot at City Hall and while the Federal Building on United Nations Plaza goes up in flames, Gregg is in a playroom with his young lover Eight-Ball (Tony). Together they live out the joys and convictions of leather experience that will drive Gregg forward into the conspiracy of the next few days.

The following morning, Gregg rides up Folsom Street to what will be the site of their final action in the plot against the President. As he rides, the memories of the Leather Mile and all its rich associations sweep over him. Names, organizations and places cry out to be remembered. A crazy, wonderful life brought him here and sent him spinning in many directions. He will never forget.



#### Statement of Belief Noe Valley, San Francisco, Friday Evening

Gregg kept the radio and television off and played Klaus Schulze while he douched. He'd done a line of coke to relax a bit and he'd marvelled at how good his butthole felt, the warm water filling it; then surging out, each time taking a little larger volume as the water went deeper. Gregg wanted to be spotlessly clean. This was to be his final time, and he was determined to give and to get in a way God had always meant to use this sweet ass. When, finally, he was clean, he greased several stainless steel eggs and slipped them up his butt, pulled on his leather pants, and began to get dressed.

Gregg left for Tony's about nine, a short ride down through the Castro then over the hill to Noe Valley. He could see the glow over City Hall, but like the earlier wail of sirens, he ignored it. He knew it had to do with the rally. What else did they expect? That afternoon, he had caught Ed Stevens' now-classic lines, once again replayed on the radio: "I believe that I've been called by the Lord, and I've done proud on just that." Once again Gregg was sure he recognized the voice, even the name, but he didn't focus on the matter. He was thinking

almost constantly about Tony. Yeah, what else did they expect? This City was fucking angry.

His body was feeling good, ready. His butt felt wonderful. He loved the way his bike glided up Diamond, over the hill and down toward 25th Street. He loved the way the warm steel shifted inside him when riding a bike: the eggs shifted with the curves, they massaged the inside walls of the rectum so it was ready for other things.

That afternoon, in a call to Gregg's office, Eight-ball had almost backed down. Gregg had used his utmost in persuasiveness. Now, as Tony opened the door, Gregg sensed uncertainty.

Each time Gregg and Tony played they ended up having a wonderful time. But each time, they had to overcome a reluctance, a sort of fear. For Tony that fear had grown thicker with each dead friend, most particularly now with Gary's death. Underlying this uncertainty was the question of whether or not Gregg, a man with AIDS, should have supposedly unsafe sex with another so far free of signs of the disease. They had talked about it, lots of times. They could switch to activities that were perfectly safe, as Allan had done. But neither Tony nor Gregg were content with that strategy. Fisting each other was a statement of

belief, of spiritual union in this crazy time, of a special trust and love. Yet while they took precautions, each time they played some of the initial doubts were there.

Gregg took Tony into his arms. Tony was short and Italian, with curly, wiry hair and a black beard tight against his face. Gregg hugged him, rubbing his hands over his back. He could feel the body hair though his tank top. They kissed for a few minutes, beards rubbing together, while Gregg stroked his rounded butt.

"You douche?" Gregg asked him. "Yeah," Tony told him.

So it was going to work out all right, Gregg considered. If Eight-ball had gone this far, his reluctance could be overcome.

"Your housemates?"

"All gone to the rally. Said I could have the playroom for myself if I cleaned up afterwards. Want a beer?"

"Sure," Gregg told him, and Tony pulled a six-pack from the refrigerator. They descended the stairs from the kitchen to the garage and walked back into the playroom. Tony put the beer into a styrofoam cooler already filled with ice, but not before handing one to Gregg. The room was warm and votive candles were lit in its alcoves. As Tony closed the door and locked it, Gregg caught a glimpse of another playroom, of names on a wall. The thought passed. Tony turned to Gregg: he looked uncertain again.

Gregg leaned against a leatherpadded sawhorse. "Come here, Eightball," he said.

Tony leaned back against the blackpainted wall.

"Wanna start with some video?" he asked. "Get us more in the mood? I put your favorite, Erotic Hands, in the player."

"No video," Gregg told him. "Come on over here."

Tony stayed where he was. "What about some music?"

"OK," Gregg told him, playing along

a little. "Our regular."

Their regular was Bach, hours of piano music that was hypnotic in the intimacy of its counterpoint: the Goldberg Variations, the Italian Suites, the German Suites. The music was unobtrusive, but when the ear picked up on it in the middle of play, the delicate counterpoint of several songs being sung at the same time, one song now dominant, now subordinate, was a wonderful metaphor.

Tony turned on the tape deck, his tight buns staring at Gregg. The playroom was suddenly full of gentle sounds.



#### **Gentle Warriors**

"So come over here, Eight-ball."
Gregg was now sitting astride the sawhorse. His shirt was open to the navel so the dark hair pushed out and the chain between his tit rings was draped across it. Tony walked over and leaned against Gregg, tentatively.

"I know, buddy. You're scared. You're hurt."

Gregg put his arms about Tony's shoulders and held him close. A tear ran from Tony's eye. He didn't bother brushing it away.

"I want to heal your hurt," Gregg told him. "I want to show you the world still

loves you, buddy."

"Thanks," Tony answered, then: "I sure need that, Sir."

They kissed again, this time for a long stretch.

"Then why don't you get out of those clothes," Gregg instructed him.

And Tony stripped off his guerrilla boots, his jeans, his T-shirt. His nipples showed nicely through his chest hair; they bulged with signs of heavy working. Tony lifted weights and had nice pecs: they pushed his nipples out yet further. "Nipples and pecs, nipples and pecs": James Broughton could have composed a wonderful ditty on their exquisite joys. Some even said that it was those nipples and pecs that had got Eight-ball his job as bartender at Castro Station. After stripping off his clothes, Tony pulled his guerrilla boots back over his thick wool socks, lacing them carefully. Like many horny guys, he loved getting his butt worked with those wonderful boots in the stirrups of the sling. Besides, he knew how much Gregg loved to lick boot.

Tony felt more confident now: he walked across to Gregg directly, straddled one of his leather-clad legs, and put his arm about him. Gregg had stripped of his shirt, replacing it with the leather vest. Black arm bands

wrapped his biceps.

Tony reached for Gregg's lips with his own, and for Gregg's nipple with his right hand. He slipped his left hand between Gregg's vest and his back. They began kissing, Tony's fingers rubbing the ring in Gregg's nipple, drinking one another, affection poured like wine, each rub of hot flesh sending little thrills through the other. Despite more than a year with AIDS, Gregg's body was still muscular, full of sexual vitality. It had the same lankiness, the same thick tangle of hair, heavily touched with gray.

"Tony. I want you to record this evening. I want you to put a clean tape in the video and turn the camera on before we start playing. Then I want you to forget it's there, taking a special

message to the future."

With his right arm, Gregg circled
Tony's waist, slipping his fingertips into
the moist crack of Eight-ball's
butt. Gregg had thick, hairy
fingers and a nice wide fist when he
clenched it inside. But his hands
were remarkably collapsible
so that even the most
hungry-eyed could usually
revel in them. Gregg
stroked Tony's hole with
his index finger. He
knew how much
Eight-ball needed

this special

form of

loving that

could

only

from the most special of buddies. The hole was soft and relaxed from douching and silky to the touch. Tony had already moistened it with a little lube and the ends of Gregg's fingers slid in, to be welcomed by a sort of shiver running through Tony's body. The shiver broke their kissing for just an instant, then set it going again with even more passion

"I want your hole, buddy," Gregg told him. "I want to spread your legs and work that hole open and slide my fist in there and work it slow and gentle and then hard all at the same time. I want to work your butt so your gut and mind scream for more."

"Oh, do it to me, Sir. God, how I want you in me again, Sir."

"You want a joint before we start?" Gregg asked him.

"Sure," Tony said. And the shared one. Then Tony changed the tape and

turned on the video camera and recorder poised near the playroom ceiling.

They stood beside the sling now, Gregg again with his hand on Tony's butt, the two central fingers tucked into the ready hole.

Gregg guided Tony backwards into the sling, lifting his butt a little, ensuring it was pushed out just the right distance over the edge, making sure the stirrups for his feet were at just the right height, making certain neck and head were comfortable. Gregg stroked the hairy, muscular legs. Then he unrolled skin-tight latex gloves over his hands and half-way up his forearms. With Tony watching intently, Gregg greased them carefully with one of the water-soluble lubes that was loaded with viricide. He smeared the lube up and down the gloves until they glistened. He formed a fist and then showed it to Tony. Tony stroked it, then leaned forward and kissed it. "When I do you, Eight-ball," Gregg told him, "I want you to not just think of me. I want you to think of all the times Gary worked your butt. I want you to remember how he loved you."

Eight-ball, vulnerable, full of desire, wanting it more than anything, began to cry. And through his tears he felt fingers probing and his butt yield and take half a hand, and he cried some more, it felt so good, looking up from the sling at this tall, sexy man with a rebel cap pulled down and shading his eyes and a hard bod and a beard lining his hard face, and Tony's ass just went wild with desire, with wanting it and expanded several notches more so the hand was in and probing softly, the smooth warm waves spinning round and round his head so that the tears dissolved into joy again and it was like all the times Gary had stroked him and loved him deep in there, and he called out softly to Gregg, oh yes Sir, please Sir, more Sir. And Gregg, reaching for one of Tony's nipples with his free hand, began to work it slowly, just enough pain at the moment when he pulled his other hand back a bit so the widest point just hesitated at the rim of the hole. And Eight-ball, relaxed enough that his ass could be taken with ease, slipped back into ecstasy.

As Gregg moved his hand, turning it into a fist, then opening it, then clenching it again in little pulses all the while sliding it round in the holy warmth, all the time responding subconsciously to every moan, every little gasp and grunt that showed exactly where Eight-ball was, all the while coaxing the hole just a little more open, a little more flexible, a little more sensual, as Gregg leaned his shoulder against Eight-ball's right leg and caressed the edge of his boot, the crevices of its sole with his lips and tongue, so that several parts of his body

worked finely and independently from one another, as Gregg let himself go transfixed, he felt Tony become the cosmos.

With each stroke and each turn of love he remembered other men he had fisted, turned onto in this special way. Men from the Ambush, the Catacombs, the Brig and the Eagle. Men he met on the street and in banks and at other play parties. Men from the Slot. Here were Steve McEachren and Hank Diethelm and loe with his impish smile like on of those playful satyrs in the old Playboy cartoons. There was the insatiable pig-butt himself, David, screaming deeper and faster, and Big Jim who was deaf-mute but whose giant hands spoke with loving and full voice into any butt. He remembered Will and John and Bill and Dennis and Anthony. He remembered Rick Grasso, sweet Rick Grasso. He remembered Mark from L.A. He remembered Ron and Peter and Normand from Montreal and Skip and Tom and Bill and Conley from New York. Tears streamed through his mind at their exulting, at the beautiful memories of those brothers in their communion. There were Val and Ken and Bill in

Seattle, and Sam and Bruce in Portland. It was like he had reached out and connected in the deepest ways across the whole world. There was Terry from Green Bay and Joe from New York, and Frank in Indianapolis and Miko from Tokyo. Here was Franz from Munich and Willi from Zurich, Allan from London and Jean-Pierre from Bordeaux and Fred-Alain from Geneva. Suddenly he was feeling inside bodies from Denver and New Orleans and from Vancouver and Saskatoon, from Calgary, Toronto, Sioux Falls and Dallas. There he was with Bob and his huge and tireless butt; here was Jim from the Prairies and Ron from Denver (how they all came to San Francisco to be together as part of this); he was in Phil from Atlanta and in Ed from L.A. There was that wonderful hunk, the spiritual flight attendant from Toronto, his butt trained as finely as his mind. Here was Geoff who wrote that book, what was its title, on how they were all aboriginals or something. Oh God, the blessed men he had known and loved and touched and cared about, everyone of them forever part of his own flesh and soul, all of their islands truly part of his main. Tears were no longer imagined, they poured down Gregg's face. Here was Ken from Lions Bay and Jack from Cupertino and John from Sunnyvale. There was Jim from Georgia, he could remember that butt and the way it vibrated with the delight of it all. Here was Hoot Gibson on the back of a bike at a Sierra runsite, and here was Carl, dear, sweet Carl whom he'd worked so many times but never so fine as that New Year's midnight at the Catacombs, both of them oblivious to the chimes and explosions of phony time that tried to screw them all daily.

For Gregg the tears stopped, and the tears started again. Many of those memories were of men who were dead or dying. He held back the sorrow and smiled and allowed the joy of it to take him over. He used the happiness of his memories to set himself free, translating it into this love for the cosmic Eight-ball. And as that transformation happened, Gregg rediscovered in himself that despite AIDS, he was still whole, and this his death, whatever it brought, would never shatter that wholeness. His bitterness towards his lover Allan shifted to a sadness, even to a sympathy. He thought of a lonely man who found it so very hard to deal with the terrible fragility of life.

Meanwhile, Tony drifted in and out of a wonderful eternity, a sort of fetal basket, wrapped in loving, sensual vibrations, and reaching out about him to a cosmos where stars, alone and in clusters, twinkled on distant velvet horizons. When he looked up towards Gregg, he saw a compassionate top full

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of strength through sadness. He saw a man to whom he wanted to give himself completely. And Gregg's devotion to Tony's boots only made Tony want to yield even more.

He closed his eyes and thought of the first time Gary had fisted him, a basement playroom in Chicago. He hadn't believed it would have been possible. Tony had already been Gary's slave for six months. He had spent many weekends stripped, shaved and shackled, awaiting Gary's commands or pleasures. He had learned how beautiful it can be to step out from under his own ego and hand himself over to another man's complete instruction. He trusted Gary. He would never have done it if he had not believed in, respected Gary. Gary had honored that trust. At the end of every weekend, when he set him free, Gary always reminded Tony: "Go and be your own man again. I love you as my slave but I also respect your free will. A true man learns to respect that will and know its limits."

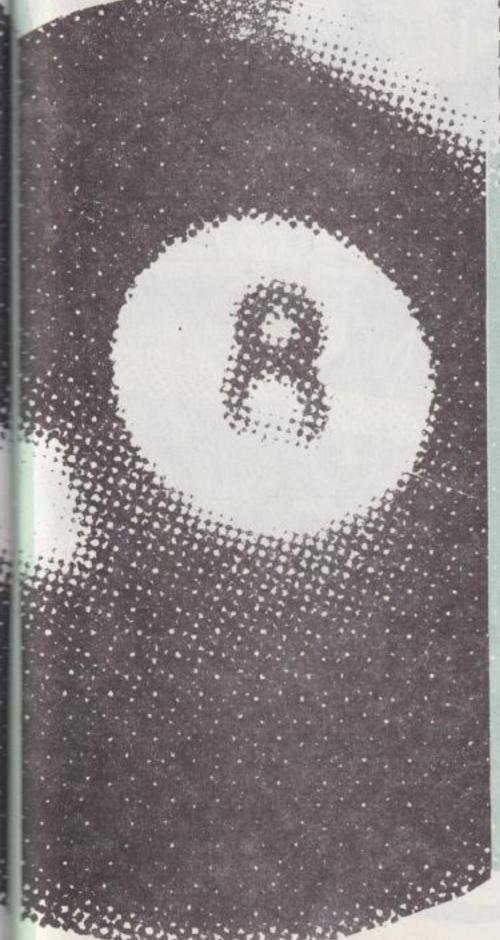
Tony had returned week after week to that wonderful man who in the other world was a physician, who defied hospital regulations to remove all beards, not because they were unsanitary but because they were supposedly un-American. Tony learned from Gary about pain-pleasure, about the peace of bondage, and about the holy sacraments of licking boot. Tony had his nipples slapped and stretched and pinched so tight that all he could do was scream for more of the same excruciating pain and hope his eager hard-on wouldn't shoot. And Tony learned to get whipped, slowly, and then more as the pain turned into a wonderful glowing joy, Gary stroking his back and butt gently with his hands between blows. Oh how he learned from that man to give.

And then that night they smoked some grass and Tony was sent to douche. When he came back the sling had been hung, ominously, as if it had always been meant to be. He allowed Gary to gently open him up for the first time. Tony's mind spun over and over between the unexpected ecstasy of the action and the fear of finally letting go, of giving his butt. Oh God, how much he owed to that man who had passed on only two nights ago.

Tony began to cry again, and let his sadness be swept into and blended with the warmth that Gregg was pump-

ing into him.

Yeah, it was funny that night Gary first fisted me, Tony recalled. Right after it, he surprised the shit out of me. He told me my training was over. Tomorrow night I would be initiated. Then, things would change. But Gary wouldn't say how.



Tony opened his eyes to slits and looked out at Gregg. God, how similar the two of them were. He wanted him and he wanted him and he wanted him. His butt seemed like it would never give out. Yes, the following night he had been taken to a Chicago bar, one of those places on the edge of the law. He had been stripped and shackled to the pool table. His mouth was stuffed with sweaty sock. Tony gave himself to all this, willingly. Gary began with his riding crop, slapping his shoulders, his backside, his butthole, at first gently and then harder and harder. Then he switched to a cat until red welts crossed Tony's back like latticework. Many were the moments Tony whimpered in ecstasy. He almost shot his load on the green felt of the table.

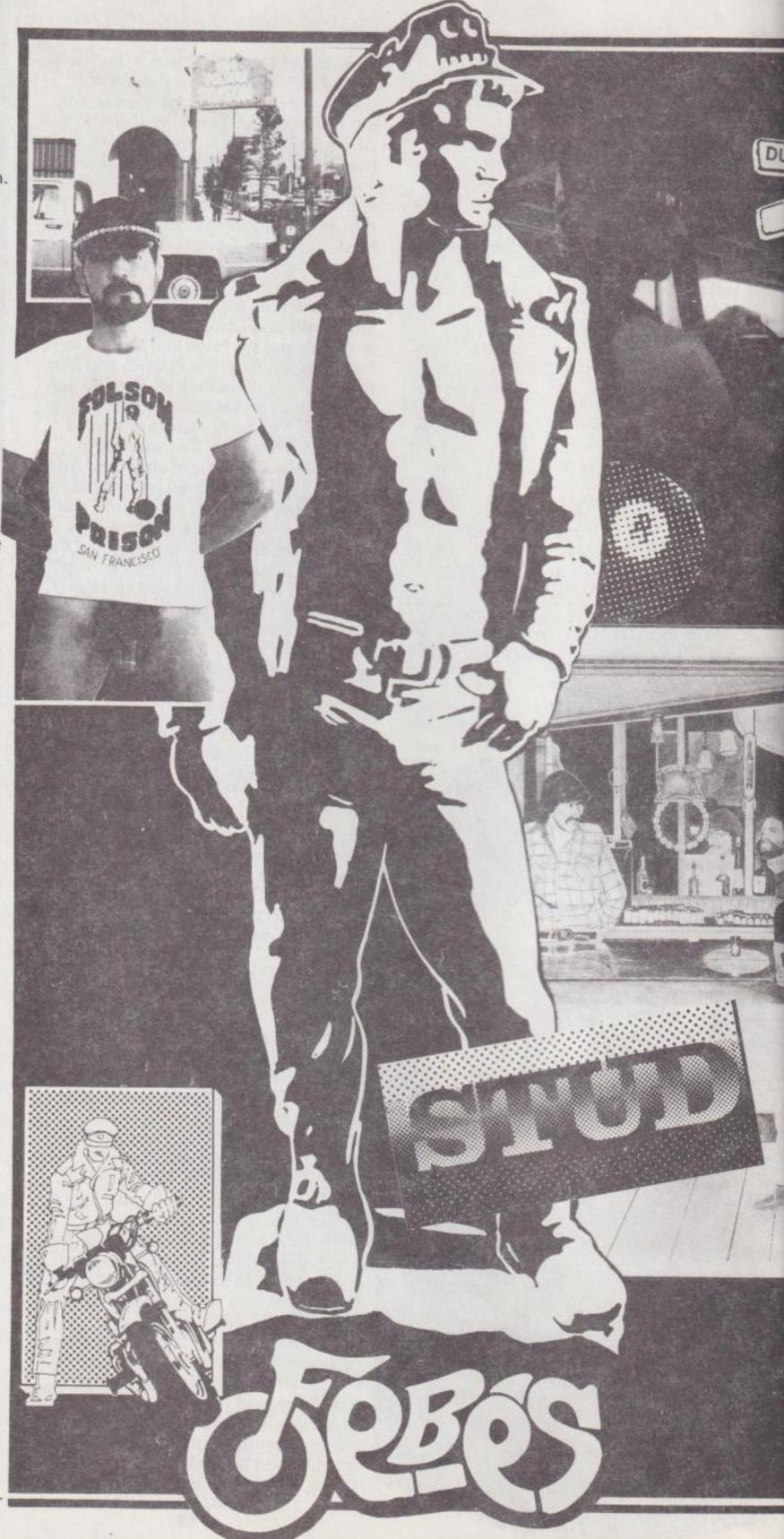
Tony looked at Gregg again. For an instant he saw Gary there. Fuck, how he wanted to get into Gregg's butt. How he needed it too. How Gregg needed to be punchfucked to the elbow, his big balls swaying as Tony's clenched fist entered and played and left only to enter again. How he wanted to pull on the chain between Gregg's tits so the nipples pulled way out from the body while the other hand plunged to full depth. Tony knew what Gregg wanted and he would give it to him later. Meanwhile, Tony was hard as hell and determined to cum.

It had been the same with Gary. That had been the big surprise. When they had returned form the bar room initiation, Gary had astonished him by stripping out of his leather jacket and jeans and climbing into the sling. "A good bottom is a good top," he told Tony. No exceptions. "Fist my butt, Sir, like I've always wanted." And Tony found that Gary's hole could be as hungry and lovable as his own.

Gregg was aware now that Eight-ball was close to cumming, so he put even greater concentration in his movements. He went back to playing with Tony's tits. It didn't take long. Tony exploded, and his cum splattered onto the wall two feet behind the sling. He let go with a piercing scream.

Gregg waited a moment before removing his hand, pulling it out slowly, allowing Tony's ass to let go, to shit it out naturally and at an easy rate. Gregg stroked the hole as it closed. Then, bending over to the floor, he pulled a black ball from his tote bag, rubbed some lube on it, and pushed it in.

It was a small token, a memory.
When Gary had finished whipping
Tony on that Chicago pool table, he
had pushed an eight-ball into Tony's
butt. Neither Tony nor the world had
ever forgotten.





He pulled the bike into northbound Guerrero Street, ran up the hill and waited behind a van for the light to change at Duboce. A beat-up Lincoln pulled up beside him, teenagers gawking. Him or his bike? Someone mouthed the word faggot, and they sped on even before the light had changed. He ignored them. They were irrelevant.

Gregg turned right into Duboce, then down the hill and under the freeway. He felt stoned. How many times had he made this trip? Mission to South Van Ness. South Van Ness to Folsom. Left on Folsom. Now it was like all his life was spinning in front of him, in the way people talk about it unreeling in the throes of death. Maybe it was just that he was tired. Maybe it was some of the coke from the night before. No, there was something unreal about all this. Something real and unreal. The posts were plastered with painted decals. CIAIDS. U.S. Out of San Francisco. Kill Faggots. He didn't need to move to feel the lump in his shirt pocket, buried under his black motorcycle jacket, that was the vial of cultivated HIV. Unreal. The virus that was killing him and half the joy of California, one by one. The virus that would finally hit home in the target it so richly deserved.

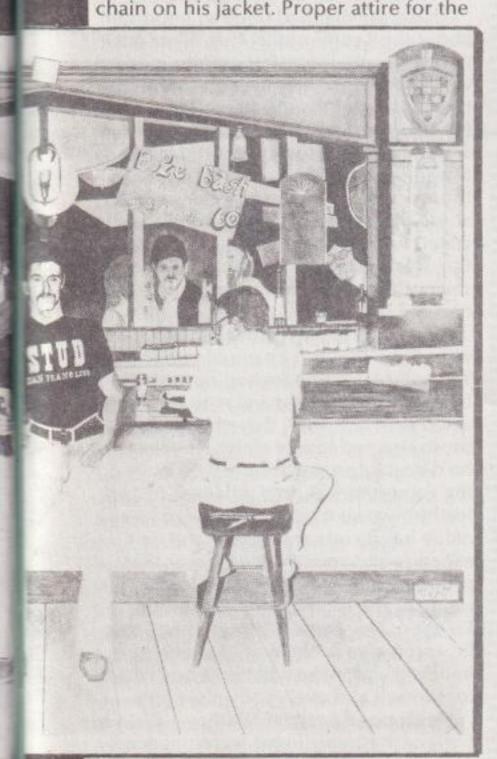
The light changed before he reached Folsom and there was no oncoming traffic. He took the curve in a continuous sweep, it was what he best loved about this motorcycle as an extension of his body. The slightest shift in muscle or limb and his machine responded in continuous, sweeping motions as it did on Sierra highways, coming down the great curves from Miwok to Sonora, or the descent from Tollhouse to Prather,

or the long, winding rides through the oak woodlands below, where in little hollows, cottonwoods are tucked into stream crossings, and lacelike grey pine break the monotony of the oaks. Those had been trips to runs, many of them: Satyrs and Barbary Coasters and SFGDI's and Constantines. All these trips came back to this street and to its memories, this street from all worlds and to all destinations, the Leather Mile.

Here was the Oasis, a straight, yuppy hangout that had been in its lifetime so many places. The Covered Wagon and the Leatherneck and the Drummer Key Club and even for a while the Gold Coast. They had laughed at the Leatherneck, some of them. Stand and Stare, they had called it. One of those places where the Castro queens who supposedly got dressed-up in leather came down to pose. But Gregg doubted whether this was really so much the case, whether it was more a sort of South-of-Market put-down. He'd met lots of hot men there, men who were still friends (where they were still alive). He'd met some of them on the crowded sidewalk after closing.

And there across the street, its venerable old sign desecrated in pink graffiti, the bar that had been Febes, one of the oldest on the Mile, with such a rich history of club meetings and friendships that even the television news touched on its closing, and those that always remember, those at the Ambush, held a retrospective in honor of that warp in time, that bar that reached back into the days of the first Gay bike clubs, those days of awakening hopes among forebrothers that were to explode in the Empress Jose's run for supervisor in the West, and Stonewall in the East. Paradise Garage, the hot pink letters screamed now like an obscenity; the bar was no more than a cheap overflow to the Oasis. Oh Christ how many times in riding past what had been Febes had Gregg felt so cheated that he could have firebombed the place.

Was it really a conspiracy, these yuppy straights, taking over this sacred turf: He had to remind himself that they



boots, chaps, a leather shirt-even a

significance of this last odyssey through what they had once called the Valley of the Knights. Last night, he had loved one final time and with every bit of the essence that leather meant to him. There had been titwork and assplay and slapping and loving that were intense and inescapable. Today he had to be inconspicuous.



could be friends, that they often were. Was it opportunism, the shifting economic conditions? One couldn't run small, low-key bars in an area with increasing rents and absurd insurance rates. Or without heavy tourism. AIDS had helped to cut that support. Sure, yuppy straights could at times be tacky, but he had a sense that they were more

bewildered. Some of them had secretly admired the Gay community. Some of them actually had Gay friends and shared in Gay hopes and enthusiasms for new ways of life. Some of them had learned how to let go, to indulge. Others had even tried to emulate the Gay community's free and easy lifestyle. Now they were frightened, aghast at the course AIDS had taken. But many were too frightened to feel anything else. The South of Market straight club scene had taken off with a bang and fizzled; it showed little sign of taking off

Gregg stopped at Tenth.

Down there had been the Arena and the Stud and Chaps and the Ambush. He could never forget the Ambush and the dreams it held between its walls. He had met Tony there. Not Eight-ball, but that other Tony who long ago introduced him to the club scene back in the days of places like Folsom Prison and the Boot Camp. Back when those sleazy parties like the Warlock's Witches Christmas or CMC Carnival in the basement of (how appropriate) Seamens Hall down on Fremont Street, parties that drew brothers from all over North America, flying in, riding in, to be here along the Leather Mile. Tony was dead now, but he had given Gregg one of his greatest gifts: how to ride a bike as part of one's self.

That was the era Gregg had come out into leather. Leather was not a rebirth of his Vietnam psychoses. He hated those memories. They were as cold and as unappealing sexually as he could ever have believed. Maybe he had gone into the Marines with some yearnings for brotherhood. But he had felt above that, he had disdained it. He was a leader, whether or not they made him one. He was a hero to himself. He had never expressed his latent homosexuality, least of all his leather desires in Vietnam although he sure fucked the Oriental women. But coming with an uptight ass is like having tea and cakes, possibly meaningful in other contexts.

When people like his now-dead friend Tony introduced him to leather in places like Folsom Prison and the Bolt, Gregg was discovering a new world of companionship that had strength. Men gave themselves and took possession of others and exchanged their souls because they respected each other, as far as that was humanly possible. It was not because they were in the same fucking War together that demanded brutality and might tolerate affection as something to make conditions more bearable. It was like boots. Boots in the leather world were a sign of hard work, of the hard top, of the submission linked to self-respect. Boots in Vietnam were

shit- and slime-covered devices of torture, feet screaming with the confinement of heat and rot. In Vietnam boots were not to worship. Today they were made to be adored. When Gregg fucked today he tried not to think of Vietnam and its images. Sure, deep underneath he may have longed for leather experience, but the war was not his motivation. He discovered his drive for it on streets like this one.

A block away is the Powerhouse. Gregg remembered it as the Bolt and the Brig, its predecessors. A wednesday night TAIL party. The first fist in his butt, given by that incredible priest who just glowed with magic fire and Gregg wanting it but scared, and knowing he could take it, but scared, and this man finally going that last tiny inch, smoothing those muscles open, so that Gregg would never go back, so that he came alive to part of himself that had long been buried. There he was, real and whole and feeling as wonderful as ever, a happy spirit as he could never have allowed himself to be.

That was what had been so important about this Leather Mile, that it had sustained a more intense fraternity, men with new joy in their lives and new dreams in their hands. It was undeniably Gay, yes, and as an experience it would never fail to support the larger transitions happening in the City. But there was something separate, special about the being that came to be associated with the Mile. It was a seeing: if Gay was stepping out beyond Western society, then leather was stepping beyond the self.

It wasn't just the leather for Gregg, it was all the things it changed in him. The self-realization he had never had before. The caring loving men he interacted with. Oh sure, there had been those strained lonely nights, the times he'd drunk too much or played cruising games he was now ashamed of, but leather was so much more. Every way of life has its ups and downs and excesses and rough edges. It was that proud feeling of being out in leather, of riding in the Eagle contingent in the Freedom Day Parade, proud as hell that he could love in the way in which he believed and make a better world of it for himself and everybody else.

He stopped again at Ninth.
All of the traffic lights were uncoordi-





And Robert Opel's Fey-Way Gallery and 544 Natoma where Peter Hartman had his performance space. That was another important thing about this experience: people saw it not only as living but as art and the Leather Mile had throbbed with persistent people who were damn well going to write and paint and dance and play about the glories and sorrows of their living.

Over there Ringold Alley and sites of the Trench and the Round Up and the Ramrod. And way back the Handball and the Barracks and the Red Star before the great Folsom Street fire. Memories and faces, souls touching bodies that lingered in the semidarkness. One year, after the Freedom Day Parade, he remembered how the Black and Blue put out their dishes of luscious strawberries on the bar, because it was our celebration and we deserved the best. That was a year Harvey Milk was still alive.

He looked up and down Ninth, waiting for the light to change. He was riding down the runways of his life, and the ghosts were coming back up them towards him. Those songs the drag queens belt out: in Tenderloin bars, South of Market, at the big bike-club shows: Minsky's and Casualty Capers and Folsom Follies. Those songs, full of double entendres for every faggot, leather or otherwise. They were singing them now, coming towards him along the Folsom sidewalks, their gorgeous gowns and grand airs, their arms expostulating the music. What I Did for Love. If You Could See Me Now. (They all knew that song, the theme of the Slot.) Je Ne Regrette Rien. Memories. And that the streetcorner, singing Somewhere Over the Rainbow, singing it directly, just to Gregg, so that his eyes filled with tears and the dream of all they had believed in and lived for was alive once more. He, Gregg, might not go on but the dream would not die. Maybe he'd forgotten that for just a little too long. It was like the songs. Were they popular just because they gave the opportunity to create or adulate divas, as if that were all Gay people were capable of doing?

Gregg went on with the traffic again, the years catching him at every corner, the memories pinning him down. The Folsom Street Hotel. That German, Rolf, who had almost broken Gregg's relationship with Marc and Allan, a tall wiry man. A top who was so heavy, so demanding, that other times Gregg would have wondered whether or not to trust him. He had never believed he wanted to be a total slave. Yet from the moment they met, at the Catacombs, from those very first slaps across the face that Rolf used as tokens of his affection, to the hours on Rolf's boots, Gregg knew that he would give fully and unquestioningly and he spent most of the week of Rolf's vacation collared and serving. He even took a trip to Munich to see Rolf, six months later, but whatever the impassioned letterwriting, circumstances were different and they didn't work.

Gregg had come back form Germany to California a little disappointed until he realized that he was whole already.

At that point he had taken Marc and they went hiking in Sierra wilderness. How many knew of Gregg's other passions, of his photography, of his careful







screamed intolerably for release. Gregg saw the man last year in L.A. Two weeks

DRUMMER 127

before he died.

seemed only just that his last great act

the Leather Mile.

would take place here, at the end of

#### THE INCREDIBLE LIGHTNESS

From Amsterdam to New York, from Berlin to LA, from Houston to San Francisco, sex makes a man thirsty. Bars slake thirst. A pal takes a pal out for a drink. Historically, in the awakening SodomOz of San Francisco, the sexual network of the Post-WWII 1950's South-of-Market workingmen's hotels banged out a code on the heat pipes that some bars were hotter than others.

Masculine homosexuality in San Francisco, in the late 50's, in a kind of male parthenogenesis (virgin-birth,) without taking an ad out in the papers, dared to show its don't-fuck-with-me new face. A New-Attitude bar, Jack's On The Waterfront, along the Embarcadero, north of Market, and the Black Cat, also along the piers of the Embarcadero, South of Market, reared their butch heads and roared.

#### SOMEWHERE A PLACE FOR US

Anonymous underground secret sex, exactly like the secret societies of Masons, Moose, and Elks, decided it needed its own meeting place. Gravity sucks, and when sucking is a man's gravity, that gravity, as wordless and ancient as following a sexy man down a deserted street, caused the underground seekers and suckers, like the Roman Christians in the catacombs, to somehow, maybe with that sixth sense gay men have, come out, rise, and converge in places they can call their own: especially along seaport docks. (And, ha! Hasn't such convergence always been the great fear of every straight-bar owner that his pub might turn gueer? As recently as the 1988 TV season, that fear fueled an episode of the otherwise liberal sitcom, Cheers.)

#### TELL THE JOE-BLOW YOU JUST BLEW

Just how does underground sex, London to Chicago, become institutionalized? Usually word-of-mouth. In the late 50's/early 60's, savvy Cabbies, who always know "what's hot/what's not," drove new guys looking for action, down to, say, Baghdad-

by-the- Bay's Embarcadero, because the taxi-man knew the pier-side cruising eventually led to a drink; and to have a drink a man has to go to a bar where he can butch-flirt and make out with some "audition" foreplay with his pick-up trick before taking him home to hit the horizontal High

C's of the full Ring Cycle.

That very "word of mouth," because it was oral, and because it was always changing as modern gay sex invented itself, evaporated like summer night-voices into thin air. Bars came and went. Posters for bike runs disintegrated. Everything was underground and throwaway: especially the early gay newsrags. Princeton and Stanford anthropologists weren't exactly preserving the artifacts and events of our class-trash subculture; like everyone else they were down on their knees in the backroom toilets.

#### CAN YOU SAY, "LEATHER HISTORY?"

Besides, in the age-old traditions of prejudice, homosexuality, nearly always verboten throughout history could hardly leave an overground record of its forbidden selt. After all, gaiety is lighter than air. That's why fairies can fly and disappear without a trace for their own protection.

But we're no longer afraid. We're Stonewall Proud.

The A-Word threatens us as an endangered species.

We want our history, which gives us our identity, told.

Thus the necessity to try now to piece together how the sub-sub- culture of homosexuality, International Leather, ignited into the incredible lightness of being-both worldwide and especially in the leather-weather Mecca of San Francisco.

#### **BUTCH ELEGANCE:** A TASTE FOR RUFF STUFF

In elegant San Francisco, by luck of blue-collar location, Jack's and the Black Cat emerged as the first Hot Spots for high-

toned locals (with low-toned libidos) slumming down from Nob Hill, after supping at the piss-elegant Gordon's, to the rough facade of the Embarcadero piers. Both bars seemed to ignite simultaneously. While Jack's was for cruising and drinking, the Black Cat was the same—on the first floor: but downstairs in the basement, buddy, the first "back room" was packed with nasty men in unzipped leather.

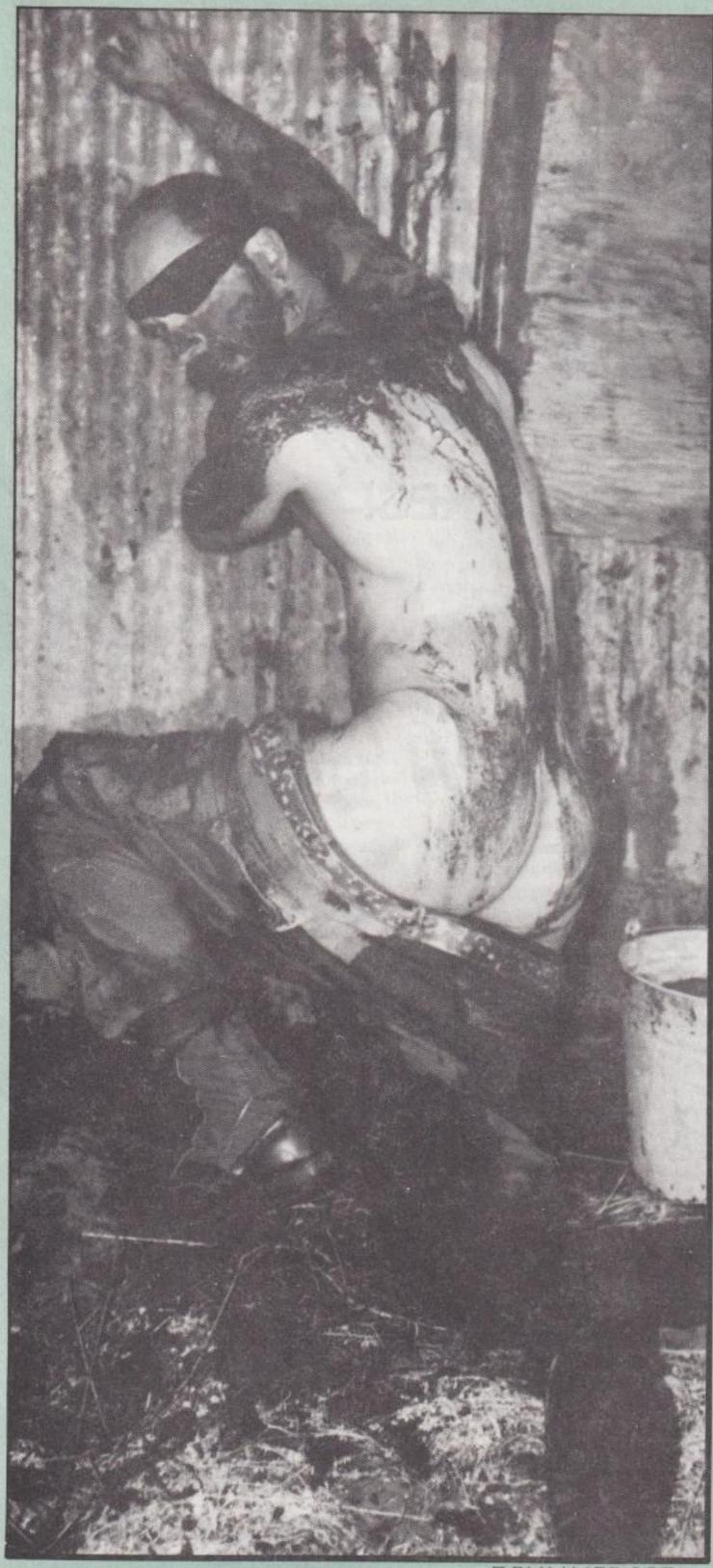
Hot on these archetypal butch bars' boot-heels, and much more selfconsciously, certain bars, overtly catering to leather money and action, specifically Lenny's 527 and The Tool Box, were creating themselves out of the smell of leather and man-to-man sex in the air. North of Market, Leonard Mallette's bar, On The Levee, was butching itself up to leather, having been known previously as the Tin Angel.

#### FROM PAYOLA TO GAYOLA

Cops, second only to queers, know where the acaon is. And cops always know a good payoff when they see one. As word spread that Jack's and the Black Cat were the latest fag bars, more than once, the SFPD (same-ol'-same-ol' as every other PD in every other city, town, and village) was spotted dropping in to have "a little look around" and have their palms crossed with silver. Bar owners don't pay Badges for protection when the protection isn't needed. The cops' arrival is the objective evidence that the Black Cat was a fully turned-out queer bar, and a new-style tough masculine bar at that! Some of the butch cops must have scratched their short-circuiting heads!

The very young Ron Ernst, not-yet-then the owner of Castro's landmark Jaguar Bookstore, in 1961, was stopped outside the Black Cat by a cop who asked him, "Do you know what kind of bar you were

Ron confesses he batted his lashes, hummed a chorus of "Over the Rainbow,"



### J.D. Slater is Dirt!

photos by Jack Fritscher's Palm Drive Video

The Grunts called him "Dirt." Two tours in-country, he had Nam in his blood and his blood pumped through the heart of darkness. He was a demolitions expert. A loner. He had been a Tunnel Rat, blowing up VC catacombs. He left Nam in '75, one of the last to be choppered off the roof of the besieged American Embassy. The polished Brass checked him out wordlessly. He was silent. He was bleeding from the eye. Mud caked the soles of his boots. Mud caked the cleats of his soul. "Dirt" had been out long, maybe too long. But that was then. This is now. "Dirt" can't shake his need for the adrenaline rush of Nam. Hungry to prolong his military action, he spends weekends at various camps around the States. He's a crackshot at the new sport, the new national craze, "PAINT BALLING." You say you have a "Soldier of Fortune" fantasy? Meet "Dirt."

If you dare, if you have a taste for Mercenary Military action, you might meet him, dressed like you, in full camo gear, face painted the color of jungle foliage. These days, PAINT BALLING is a weekend sport favored by nostalgic Viet Vets and young gung-ho guys who regret they weren't old enough to have tasted the fetid air and

action of Nam.

PAINT BALL Weekend Warrior Camps exist. Rugged men pay their weekend dues, sign up, gear up, eat in messhalls, sleep in barracks, and play PAINT BALL war games by day and by night. For them, hunting each other down, shooting each other with PAINT BALL guns, splattering red paint across the guts and chests of the "enemy,"

counting their "kills," is weekend sport.

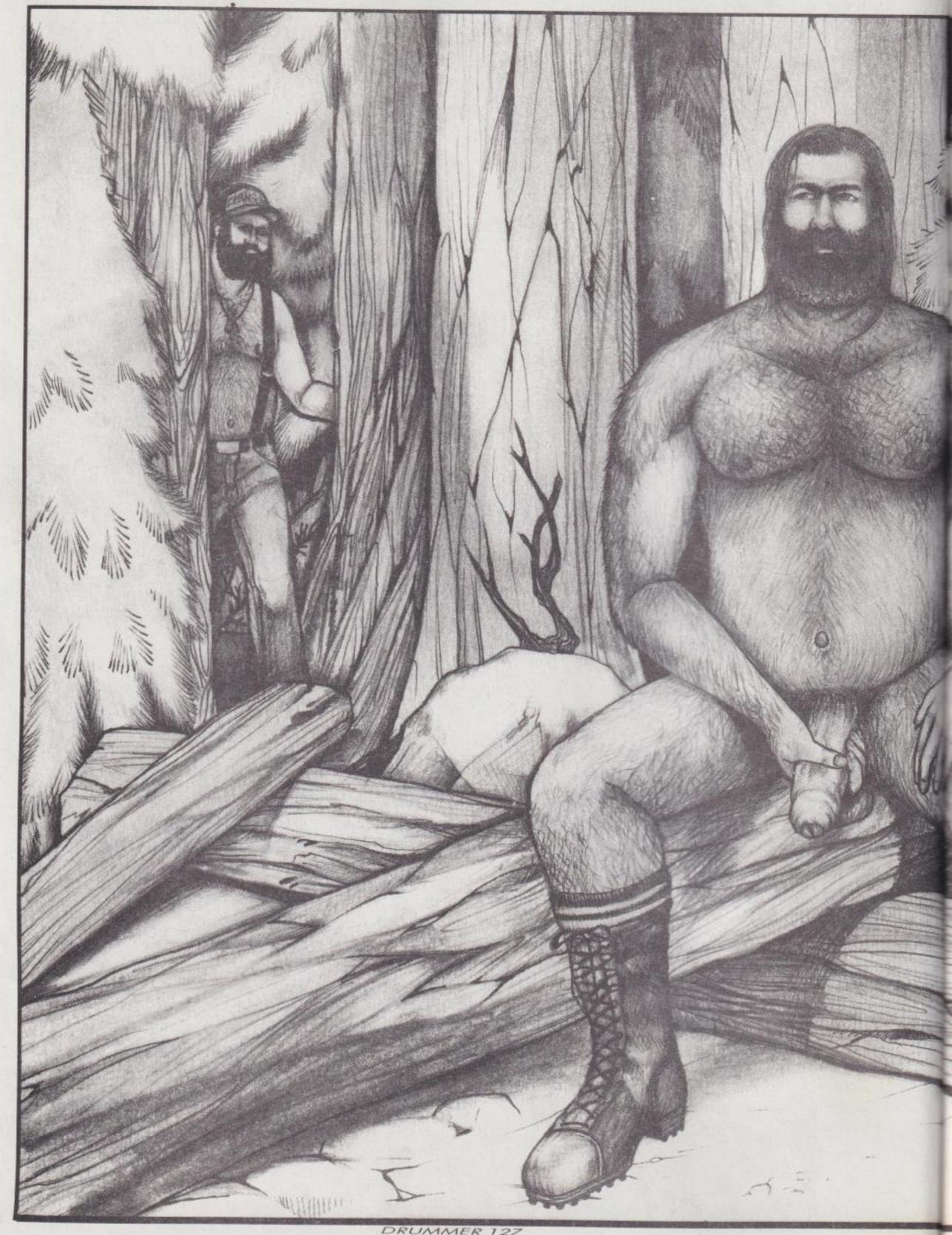
Not for "Dirt." For him PAINT BALL is beyond real. What is sport for some is F-L-A-S-H-B-A-C-K for him.

Captured, tied hand and foot, thrown into an isolation hootch, "Dirt" timewarps from the sport of the PAINT BALL camp to the Mekong Delta of his heart where his blood, thick as primal slime, runs to the horror, far beyond the bright lights of Saigon, into the jungle where men enter as soldiers and exit as manimals.

J.D. SLATER IS "DIRT" in P.O.W. MUD AND OIL, 85 mins, \$39.95, plus \$4 P&H, Palm Drive Video, PO Box 3653, San Francisco 94119. State the following: 1) mail by USPS or UPS; 2) VHS or BETA; 3) and that you are 21.











## Story by Michael Agreve

Drawing by W. Bruce Lee

Out here in tall timber country it takes an awful lot for a man to become the stuff that legends are made of. It takes hard work, hard drinkin', and plenty of hard dick to get the kind of reputation that another logger can respect. I oughta know. After years of drinkin' and whorin' with the best, all you have to do is mention my name and guys'll be runnin' their mouths off with one of the many stories told about my legendary nights on the town. Some of those stories are even true, or at least nearly so. Most are just versions of the kind of stories that have been makin' the rounds in loggin' camps for years. But no matter how true or untrue those stories are, there's always been one man whose reputation made even the most strait-laced mountain men piss in their boots.

I'm talkin', of course, 'bout Big Red: the only man whose name brings fear into the eyes of some—and desire into the hearts of others.

For years I had been hearin' the stories 'bout Big Red's legendary pole and how he would use it to hook into man, woman, or animal, dependin' on what was available at the time. Some said he had a dick as thick as a redwood an' just as close to the sky once it's through growin'. Others said it weren't so much the size of the thing as the way he had of usin' it to chop down anything that came in his path. 'Course, there's still those who say that Big Red don't even exist at all, that he's just another one of them legends that growed up out of some poor pisser's overactive

# Don't bother countin' inches ~ You can't count that high"

imagination. As for me, well, I always kinda liked to believe all the stories were real, an' that maybe one day I'd meet the big dude face to face.

See, I'm kinda partial to tall timber myself, especially the kind that sticks straight out from between a man's legs. Like most of the men out here in the wilderness, I make do with that I can get. An' since most of what you can get 'round these part's got a dick attached to it, well, most of my nights are spent with my lips hooked onto some fucker's pole. So you can guess what all those stories 'bout Big Red's jumbo sized prick did to me. An' you can guess how I felt when I finally got a chance to turn some of them thoughts I was havin' 'bout Big Red into action.

Yeah, I made it with the man all right. Guess it was bound to happen sooner or later, what with him an' me both bein' famous for the kinda meat we keep between our legs. Only it didn't happen easy-like. It happened after I had spent a couple of weeks lookin' for work. Things weren't too good right then. Most of the loggin' camps was closin' down. I finally wound up somewhere in Washington State, followin' up on a tip I had heard through the scuttlebutt. Someone was sayin' that there was real money to be made up there. Only trouble was, it was real hard work. Logs had to be hauled down rivers, just like they did in the old days. An' the accommodations weren't exactly the Hilton. Fact is, it was more like it was in the old days, when you had a crew of men sharin' a bunkhouse twenty deep. That suited me fine, though. I got to see plenty of rock-solid bodies sportin' a couple days' sweat an' smellin' like they was tryin' to give the skunks a run for their money. But it wasn't until I had joined an even smaller crew further up the mountains that I got the best reward of all: Big Red.

See, I was just gettin' myself settled in the small camp when I decided that it was time to do somethin' 'bout the two-days' funk that was greetin' me every time I raised my arms up. I coulda gone to the showers, but instead I decided that I'd do like they used to do way back when only streams and dicks pumped water. I headed down toward the river, walkin' down a narrow trial, thinkin' 'bout how beautiful it was there in the mountains and how lucky I was not to have to hole up in some big city. Before long I started daydreaming 'bout an old cocksuckin' buddy of mine, wishin' he was right there to do somethin' 'bout the way my dick was dancin' up and down. Finally I decided it was time to do somethin' 'bout it myself, so I turned off the trail and found myself a place to sit

and jack off.

I was just gettin' into it when I spotted somethin' movin' through the bushes. . . a flash of somethin' red. I stood up real quick, more worried about bein' seen poundin' my pud than anythin' else, when it suddenly dawned on me what I must be lookin' at. It wasn't nothin' more than a carrot-top mop of hair peekin' in an' out of the tangle of shrubs 'longside the path, but right away my heart began to pound. I thought about all those stories I had been hearin' 'bout Big Red. I knew there was plenty of other redheaded loggers out there. I had known more'n my share in my day. But somethin' 'bout the sound of the man's boots on the trampled ground made me think that whoever it was movin' through the bushes was sized like a bear. I couldn't do nothing but follow.

I stuffed my dick back in my pants an' started down the trail. I hung back some, catchin' a glimpse of him ever' once in a while. Once I saw a bare leg, covered in a tangle of hair. Another time all I could see was a stick of wood movin' from side to side like it was a hatchet cuttin' through the underbrush. That seemed real strange, 'till I realized what I was seein' wasn't a piece of wood at all. A bell went off inside my head and I knew I was right. The man walkin' through the woods in front of me could be none other than Big Red himself. It wasn't no stick he was wavin' from side to side as he made his way bare-assed toward the river. It was just the goddamnedest, biggest dick I had ever seen on any human being before.

It wasn't just the size or thickness of the thing that made me stop dead in my tracks an' take a couple of hefty gulps of mountain air. It was the way it had moved from side to side, its knobby head lookin' like the gnarled end of a tree trunk that's been dug up, roots an' all. I had only seen it for a couple seconds, but I knew I would never forget the way it wore its tightly draped skin like somebody's idea of what a stone age club oughta look like. Not even my own nine-inch pecker could match it for size.

For a second it felt like the ground under me was gonna slide down the steep hillside. I had never been so weak-kneed before in my life. Only after I blinked my eyes a couple of times did I realize that it wasn't just the man's dick that was sized for the great outdoors. Catching a peek at him as he made his way straight across a clear stretch of land, I realized that everythin' 'bout him was Paul Bunyon sized. His ass cheeks resembled somebody's idea of a watermelon crackin' open an' ready to spit out its seeds. I guessed his size to be 'bout six feet six inches tall and his weight a scale-bustin' two hundred fifty pounds. Hell, even his feet were giant-sized, probably size fourteen at least—provin' what they say 'bout foot-size an' dick size. Only after I had totalled up all the figures in my head did I look down an' see just what the sight of that oversized fucker was doin' to me.

I wasn't surprised to be sportin' a boner that was threatening to bust through my pants any second. I wanted desperately to take it out again an' pump it up 'till it dropped some of its juices on the ground. But I knew if I did that, I would maybe miss catchin' up to the redheaded bear. So instead, I continued to snake my way down the path, hopin' Big Red was headin' down towards the river same as I was. No matter what, I had to get another look at the real-life Bigfoot who had just tramped through the bushes. Even if all I ended up with was another look at his cock, that would be enough to keep me happy for plenty of nights to come.

I walked as quickly and as quietly as I could. I knew he hadn't seen me so far, an' I was intendin' to keep it that way. I knew how dangerous bears could be, 'specially when they're mindin' their own business an' some fool comes nosin' up to 'em real curious-like. But I stopped thinking 'bout bein' cautious once I got to the bottom of the hill an' got what was one of the best views of a human being any man could ever hope for.

There was Big Red, all two-hundred-fifty pounds of him, chest-high in the river, singin' at the top of his lungs. 'Course, what came out wasn't exactly music like most of us know it. But then, I wasn't exactly after Mozart, either. No, it was Big Red I was after. An' it was Big Red I was starin' at.

Up close the man was even more amazin' than I could ever hope for. Not only was he hung like some prehistoric beast, he had a body full of coarse red hair that made me think of drawings I had seen of Wooly Mammoths in school books.

Yeah, the man was giant-sized, all right. Underneath that incredible pelt he was sportin' was a body as rock solid as the trees swingin' overhead.

Every muscle rippled as he lifted one leg, then another, high into the air as he walked across the half-dry riverbed. His face wore a grin that only comes when a man is as free as the birds dancin' overhead. Two sets of perfectly white teeth shone out from a thick beard an' equally dense moustache. I watched the drops of clear water run down from his hairy face onto his beefy chest, endin' in a waterfall just below his well-packed crotch.

With the confidence of an animal aware that there's nothin' bigger around to give it trouble, the man strode onto the edge of the river. Then he walked over to a nearby outcrop of rock an' stretched himself under the direct rays of the sun. He closed his eyes, givin' me an opportunity to study his face up close for the first time. From the looks of his body I would have guessed his age to be somewhere near mine: thirty years or so. But as I watched the sunlight illuminate the tiny creases around his eyes I realized that he was a lot older than that, maybe by ten or more years. That suited me just fine. I was always hot for a man who had a couple of years on me. More than once I had been grateful that some "old timer" had taken a shine to my dick. Now, as I watched Red's tool flop to one side of his tree-trunk of a thigh, I realized it was my turn to return the favor.

Still cautious, I walked down towards where he was lyin'. I made no bones 'bout tryin' to be quiet. I wasn't gonna go sneakin' up on this man. I made sure that I kicked up plenty of dirt as I moved towards him, still not sure what-I was gonna say once I got up close. When I was finally in his shadow, all I could say was one word.

"Red?"

He didn't move a muscle.

"You Big Red?"

Once again, there was only silence. I thought 'bout turnin' back and walkin' away when suddenly his mouth opened up an' his voice came boomin' out.

"Bout time you stopped sneakin' 'round and showed your face like a man."

My mouth hung open. So he had knowed I was there all along. "Seems to me that when one fella starts followin' another man the least he can do is say what he's got on his mind."

He turned towards me and opened up one eye. I could see the coldness of the mountain water reflected in its blueness.

"It also seems that when one fella starts lookin' at another man's dick like it was the first one he ever saw, that fella's got more on his mind than startin' up a conversation."

I looked down at his massive cock, aware that my eyes had been traveling between it and his face ever since I had got the courage up to come closer.

"Don't bother countin' inches. You can't count that high. 'Sides, it gets a lot bigger once I start playin' with it. If you're interested, I can show you just how big it can get. If you're not interested, I'd be real happy if you'd head back wherever it is you came from."

I thought for a minute. There was no denyin' that I was turned on by the fucker. My dick was playin' jump rope inside my jeans. I just wasn't sure that I was ready to just chow down on his dick without at least gettin' a couple hours worth of slow burnin' in first, though. Quickies have never been my scene.

"Well, what's it gonna be? You gonna waste my time just lookin', or are you gonna start puttin' your mouth where your eyes been?"

I didn't have to think about it much more. I moved closer to where he was lyin' and reached out for his now half-hard cock.

"I ain't just lookin, if that's what you're worried about. I'm prepared to show you just what I can do once I got a good dick to work on. Only I ain't prepared to let you just get your rocks off, then disappear into the woodwork. I been thinkin' for a long time what I'd do if I ever got hold of Big Red in the flesh. Now I got you, I ain't about to let you go once I got your wad out. That ain't the way I work. I want your dick, all right. Only I want it real slow and for a real long time. Now, if you can deal with that, I'm prepared to go the distance. If you're not, well, it was nice finally meetin' up with ya."

It was his turn to be speechless. For a second I half expected the furry giant to lay into me with one of his club-like hands. Instead, he stood up in all his towering glory and wrapped one of his tree-like arms around my shoulder.

"Damned if I ain't met up with a man after my own heart. You know how long it's been since anybody's wanted anythin' more'n a quick licka my dick? Boy, you don't know what you just done for Big Red. You just made my day. You just made my fucking day."

I watched him as he pulled in closer towards me and let his body touch mine for the first time. It was like suddenly bein' connected to an electric generator. First, the tinglin' started at the point where his oversized dick was touchin' mine. Then it ran down my legs as I started drippin' precum down my jeans. Sparks started flyin' as his hands reached towards my crotch an' popped open the buttons one by one. In another second, his hand was pullin' out my cock an' gently strokin' it with one hand while the other had made its way across my chest onto my nipples. Instantly, my tits started matchin' the erection my dick was throwin'. From my head to my toes sparks were flyin' out, threatenin' to light up all the dry timber 'round us. I looked up into the man's eyes and drew him even closer to me. Instantly, our bodies ignited. If we didn't do somethin' 'bout puttin' out the fire real soon, we'd both be turned to ashes in another minute.

"Hey, Red, how 'bout you'n me headin' back to one of them empty cabins 'fore we start burnin' up the woods?"

He hesitated for a moment, then nodded his head. We both knew that it was goin' to be difficult bein' in the same camp an' knowin' that there was more between us than just friendship. As we made our way back up the path, I could sense that Big Red was thinkin' real hard 'bout what the other guys would say if they caught us suckin' each other's cocks and makin' love like we was a pair of bull moose in heat. It was one thing to help a buddy get his rocks off now an' then. It was another thing to hold a man close to you and suck face for hours on end. But as we made our way into the tiny cabin I had spotted on the way down to the river, all them kinda thoughts started disappearin'. We were far enough away from the main camp that nobody'd come visitin'. More than that, we were both too fuckin' hot for each other to give a damn what anybody else would think.

"Hey, Red, mind tellin' me one thing? What made you so sure that I was itchin' to swallow that dick of yours? I might justa been one of them curious type fellas who only want to see if you match up to all the stories they tell 'bout ya."

"You mighta been. But you wasn't. Big Red ain't the only man what's got a reputation. I heard 'bout you way back in Montana. Only what I heard wasn't what most of the guys was tellin'. What I heard came from guys what knew what they was talkin' 'bout. Guys who grab cock first then say 'scuse me later. So I figgered it was time that we met. 'Long as I was headin' up this way I figgered I might as well take care of my own tall timber, an' maybe yours in the bargain. . . Anyways, a friend of mine pointed you out to me when you wasn't lookin'. The rest was easy. I followed you down towards the river, shucked my clothes an' started paradin' the one thing in the world I knew you wouldn't be able to resist —guess it worked. It got you hooked, didn't it? Now, let's start seein' just how far it's gonna get me now that we've finally cut the ice. . ."

His voice trailed off, leavin' me a couple seconds to think 'bout just what kinda reputation I had in some circles and just what kinda reputation I was gonna have now that I had finally caught up with the famous red man of legend. But those thoughts soon were pushed into the back of my brain as Red moved closer to me an' grabbed me in a bear hug that knocked the wind outa my lungs. I half expected him to follow it up with a jab to the ribs. Instead, he leaned his face in towards mine and pushed his fur-lined lips up against mine.

The last thing in the world I had expected from the towering giant was a soul kiss. But as his tongue entered my mouth and began to explore every inch of it, I realized that there would probably be a lot more surprises in store for me before the day was over.

Sure enough, the man slowly maneuvered my body across the room an' onto the bare mattress on the cot that stood in the far corner. In another second, his bulk was planted on top of mine, pinning me solidly to the faded striped fabric.

"Now, let's see if what they been sayin' 'bout you is true. Let's see how you handle Big Red's pole."

So swift was the change from gentle giant to swaggering forcefeeder that I hardly had time to catch my breath. I realized that no matter what he said or did, part of him would always act like the wild animal he so

# "Just lean back, boy, Big Red's gonna take good care of that dick of yours"

closely resembled. As he moved his body upwards on mine I could see his eyes pleadin' with me to let him do things his way, even if only just this once. It was an unspoken plea that I just couldn't ignore. With his massive cock poised just an inch or two away from my face all I could do was open up my mouth an' prepare my jaws to receive the pounding they were about to get.

I looked directly into the narrow piss slit peekin' out from under its thick blanket of foreskin an' let my tongue move outward over the deeply wrinkled flesh. It tasted like the man himself: sweaty an' hot. As he moved his cock slowly towards my lips I groaned with the knowledge that soon I would be suckin' on his legendary dick. I wanted it more desperately than I had ever wanted any other cock in my life. I was prepared to bear whatever pain it was going to cost me to swallow every inch of it. He knew that. As he moved his dick in closer for the kill, his hand brushed against my smooth shaven cheek. With a gentleness that belied his size, he caressed my skin. Then he thrust his cock deep inside my throat an' made me swallow each and every impossibly huge inch.

It was impossible to breathe. Only when he brought it back up out of my gullet was I able to inhale fresh air. Then, as he rammed it back down into my waiting mouth, even that air was sucked out by the force of his downward thrust. For what seemed like forever, I struggled to stay alive as my throat muscles were repeatedly assaulted. Only after what seemed like a year's worth of face fuckin' did I finally begin to relax an' enjoy the way his prick filled my throat so completely.

With every slap of his huge balls against my chin I could feel my body vibratin' with pleasure. He was takin' me beyond the place where pleasure comes from just havin' a dick buried down your throat, into another world completely. My brain was ridin' high on the full feelin' I got every time I swallowed another inch of his oversized prick. It was like all the dicks I had ever sucked on had suddenly been joined together into one mass of skin an' bulging veins that was mine to enjoy. I was bein' rewarded for all those nights I had gone to sleep wishin' I had something to suck on 'sides my thumb. But his dick alone wasn't the only reward I was gettin' for my effort. As the slow, even thrusts of his dick down my throat went from pain to intense pleasure, I knew that it was only a matter of time 'fore all the dick lickin' produced the desired result.

As sure as shootin', it was only another couple of minutes 'fore I was thinkin' that I would drown in his cum. As I had begun to adjust to the

feelin' of havin' so many inches stuffed inside of me I had started grippin' his shaft with my lips, milkin' his cock as it moved slowly up an' down. That was more'n he could stand. Hell, it was more'n any man could stand. His breathin' had started slowin' down at about the same time that his body had begun to vibrate like a bow strung 'cross a fiddle. He started pantin' like an animal. Then, he increased the time between the up and down strokes of his cock inside my throat. For a second I panicked as I gasped for air. But as I began to taste the watery trickle of his precum slidin' down my gullet, I knew that I could hold my breath for as long as it took him to let go of his load.

Fortunately it wasn't all that long. The minute I began slidin' my tongue under his foreskin, I knew that he'd be poppin' any minute. I could feel his cock vibratin' as I massaged his dick's head a hundred times a second. His face was turnin' a brighter red than his hair. Suddenly, a sound escaped from his lips that was more terrifyin' than anythin' I had ever heard comin' from an animal. It was like a bull gettin' his balls caught in a steel trap. I wondered about just how far the sound of it would carry, then stopped wonderin' about anything as his hand pushed my face down to the red-pubed base of his bear-sized dick.

In another second, my entire mouth was being filled by spurt after spurt of thick, hot cock cream. So great was the force of his cummin' that I had to clamp my lips together tightly just to hold the sticky juices in my mouth long enough to swallow. Just as I thought that the flow was about to stop, another dam-burst of spunk came flyin' out of his tube down into my throat. All totalled, it felt like I had swallowed a quart of semen. It was more spunk that I usually swallowed in a whole year, more than I had ever been given from one man before or since. I could still taste it comin' long after his cock had started goin' soft. Only when he pulled it out of my mouth did I see the flow had finally stopped. All that remained was a thin dribble of what might very well have been my spit. I was about to go for even that last remaining trickle when he gently pushed my face back down onto the pillow.

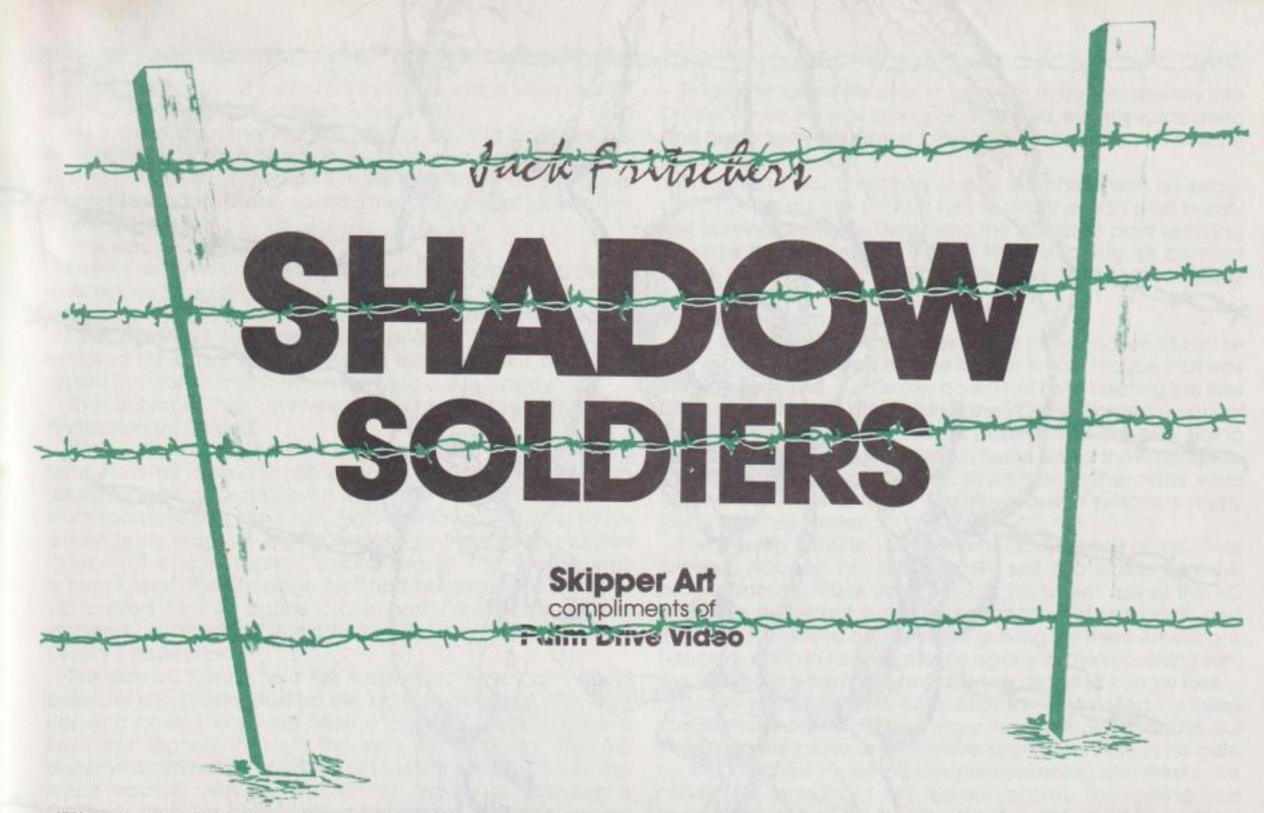
"My turn, now. You did more'n you share of the work. Now I'm gonna show you the stuff that legends are made of. Just lean back, boy, Big Red's gonna take good care of that dick of yours."

I did just like he said, closin' my eyes until all I could feel was the unbelievable pleasure of having a hot mouth clamped around my own sizable tool. Big Red hadn't lied. There was more to his reputation than just the size of his dick. As his tongue made its way across every hot inch of my dick, I knew that I'd never had an' probably never would again get another cocksucking like the one he was giving me. It was as if his mouth was some kind of milkin' machine whose only purpose was to suck and draw out every drop of cream restin' deep inside my shaft. So expert was his technique that when I finally reached the point of climaxin', it was as if a hole had been opened up deep in the center of the earth and molten lava had been released up into my cock.

As each spurt came one after the other, his mouth quickly swallowed every drop faster and faster. He was swiggin' my cock juice like it was a pint of beer, not stoppin' 'till there wasn't a single drop left inside me. I knew that it would be hours before I'd be able to shoot again. But as the giant of a man snuggled his body in closer to mine, I knew I didn't have to wonder what we was gonna do 'till then.

We would each be thinkin' 'bout how great it was that two men whose reputations were know far an' wide had suddenly found each other in the backwoods of Washington. I would be lyin' next to Big Red, my fingers runnin' through the dense mat of hair that covered his powerfully built body. He would be teasin' my nipples with his oversized fingers, urgin' them to swell so that he could claim them for his own. Neither one of us would be sayin' much. We'd both be starin' out the window, watchin' the saplings movin' back an' forth as they caught the late afternoon breeze. We'd watch the sun go down together, aware that after three long, tirin' bouts of lovemakin' we were still ready, willin' an' able to begin another. Only when mornin' came 'round would we be worryin' 'bout whether or not we was bein' missed. I figgered that by that time the guys'd have realized just what happens when two men of legend meet. We would both rest easy in each other arms. We was the biggest and the best of 'em. We was Big Red and his Li'l Buddy, two tree-cuttin' fuckers suckin' their way 'cross the western mountains. We was the stuff that legends are made of.

Hell, we still are.



"War criminal!" Lieutenant J. G. Steve Drosky, USAF, could hardly believe the verdict pronounced by the slope military judge, down from Hanoi for the mock trial. Drosky sweated in the blazing Asian sunlight. He stood, tied, in the central compound of some godforsaken village in North Vietnam. He wore the same green nylon flightsuit he had worn the day his A4 Skyhawk had been shot down.

In the last two weeks of the war, he had been streaking up the Gulf of Tonkin, under bright skies, toward the torpedo boat base at Hon Gay, north of Haiphong.

His big American-Polock body smelled ripe in the jungle heat. Sweat, darkening the nylon under his pits, ran down his skin. His cheeks, chin, and throat itched with the—how long was it?—ten-day bristle.

His hands, crossed at the wrist, had been tied tight by a young Viet Cong who had spit his contempt in Drosky's face. Drosky spit back. He had a bruise to show for it. The purple bloomed through his dark blond stubble of beard. In the tropical heat, the sun was darkening his fair skin and lightening his eyebrows and moustache.

He was hungry. He was thirsty. He needed a cigarette.

His big uncut dick itched under the foreskin he hadn't been able to reach to strip back in over a week. The VC, fearing his bullsized build, kept his wrists tied behind his back, alternately in ropes and in irons. He knew the crack of his hairy ass was crusted. The fucking slopes were intent on humiliating the best and the brightest of the American fliers every way they could.

Through each interrogation, Drosky had given only name, rank, and serial number. He was learning fast that he, and probably the other two Americans, also tied for trial and sentencing in the shadowless highnoon sun, were the only three people in the whole compound who gave a fucking shit about the Geneva Convention. Drosky had never before seen the other two Americans until he had been dragged out of his solitary-confinement cage for this fifteen-minute trial.

Drosky figured one of the two other Americans for a flier. He was strapped up spreadeagle ten yards to the right of Drosky. He stared straight ahead, as if once he had seen something so terrible he would never look at anything again. The judge's words "life sentence" hardly seemed to register on his face. Drosky calculated from the weathered look of the lean flier's body that he had been bound to the bamboo tripod for some days and nights. His flight suit had been sliced off and he was exposed: head and torso and legs. The VC had stripped him down to his green boxer skivvies and boots. His dog tags glistened against his hairy chest. Even crusted with the sweat and dust of this filthy captivity, he looked to Drosky like the kind of goodlooking skyjockey who, stateside, gets volunteered for recruiting posters.

To his left, Drosky checked out the other captured American. He had been trucked into the compound about an hour after Drosky's tied wrists had been hoisted up painfully behind his back to a tall metal pole the village children had once used to tether their game ball. Drosky figured he wasn't going to be any braver in this one than he needed to be. He wasn't any John-Fucking-Wayne; but he was an Air Force officer, a career pilot, 28-years-old, married, with one kid, a son. His shit was together. But the sight of the VC troop truck pulling into the compound with the second American had sickened him.

A half-dozen young VC soldiers, commanded by a squat burly captain with a shaved bullethead, milled around the handsome young Marine. The USMC grunt was hanging suspended from the metal canvas-cover struts arched over the bed of the truck. Unable to touch his feet to the floor to steady himself, he swung back and forth like a side of young American yeal. He was too young to be beef.

Drosky figured the kid for no more than nineteen. Twenty, tops. He was a fresh capture. The sidewall clip of his burr cut was less than a week old. He was stripped shirtless, down to his green fatigues and boots. A bamboo pole cutting into the small of his back held the crooks of his arms immobile



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against the frontward pull of his forearms which were manacled by the wrists tight across his hard belly.

He looked to Drosky like the kind of kid who captains his high school football team in the fall, and enlists the next spring, right after graduation. On the third finger of the young Marine's left hand, Drosky spotted the flash of what looked like a new gold band.

That was a mistake.

All in-country military personnel had been ordered to avoid wearing wedding rings into combat. The VC liked to use the information that a prisoner was married against him. Drosky himself, after his shootdown, stripped off his flight glove, removed his wedding ring, held it a long moment, and then tossed the gold band far from him into a rice paddy.

That act more than anything made him realize he had left civilization far behind.

Drosky found it hard to tell anything much about the kid's face. He eyes looked tough enough, though he seemed to refuse to look at Drosky, even when the VC took hold of the bamboo pole and lifted him, high and long and slow, so his whole body weight hung excruciatingly from his manacled arms in the slow march toward Drosky. The Marine was embarrassed. The bondage itself had become torture. As the VC carried him in agony close past Drosky's face, they stopped, and forcibly turned the handsome Marine's face for Drosky's inspection.

The dirty VC hands held the suspended American's head painfully still. Drosky studied the kid's mudcrusted chin and lips and nose. The young Marine avoided Drosky's stare. A fresh cut clotted through the kid's left eyebrow. The VC displayed him hanging in front of Drosky's own tied body. The squat captain with the bullethead moved in. Carrying a swagger stick, he approached the young Marine's mouth. With one quick blow he broke off the kid's two front teeth.

"You like?" the captain said to Drosky.

Drosky felt sick to his guts. It was more than blood crusted on the bound Marine's face. It was jungle filth, the kind of mud snakes slither through to kill things that only come out at night.

The slope captain threatened the bound Marine with a couple of pulled-punch swings at his tight-closed lips and clenched, broken teeth. He poked his swagger stick at the dirty face and parted the caked lips. Drosky watched the swollen full cheeks of the goodlooking boy's face. Another threatening tap. The kid was scared.

The Corps had taught him obedience as the best solution to every situation.

He pulled his lips back. Bullethead tapped at his bleeding teeth. Another tap. Hoisted in midair suspension, he hung helpless. He parted his jaws. Obediently. Bullethead nudged the tip of his swagger teasingly into the boy's mouth, then churning deeper. Poking deeper. Fucking deeper into the terrified Grunt's mouth. Past his gagging. Past his vomit.

The young Marine's body stiffened and swung defenselessly. His eyes opened wide in terror at the renewed forcefeeding. Bullethead ordered up a bucket of fetid water, and with the kid's mouth pried open with the swagger stick, motioned for the ladling of crickets and small tree frogs to begin.

Drosky himself began to gag at the same moment that Bullethead triggered, with his hardchurning swaggerstick, the gag reflex in the young Marine painfully swinging by his arms in the humid sunlight. Bullethead stepped back, and the young VC soldiers laughed, as the young Marine tossed up the dark jungle slime. They pinched his nose closed and fed a hose past his lips, through his teeth, over his tongue, and down his throat to his belly, slipping a small live snake down the tube, watching the kid's belly expand and contract with the dying snake.

Finally he raised his eyes to look the three-feet directly into Drosky's eyes. He was crying, and he said, with his voice deep and husky from the rubber tube and the filth of war, "I'm sorry, sir."

Bullethead slammed him across the cheek with his swagger, and the guards carried him to another iron post twenty feet upwind of Drosky. They hung the bamboo pole securing his arms from the ropes. But this time, stripping his combat boots from his feet, they let his toes touch the muddy ground.

Blood ran from his nose.

The other flier, the Major, seemed to have chosen to notice nothing. Drosky figured maybe he was smart. Maybe that was the way to survive. But Drosky could not help hearing the flies and seeing the pile of vomit that the VC had gorged up out of the Marine's guts. None of them, Drosky knew, was ever going to get out of this alive. Charlie was fierce about the Americans. Drosky knew enough captor psychology. The odds were against the three of them. Severely abused prisoners rarely live to tell their stories.

The young Marine, at the pronouncement of his "war crimes," stopped his sobbing. He spit two words from his bloody mouth. "Fuck you!" He spit his brown spit at the VC squatting in the hot sun. They laughed and spit back, and then, bored, moved out of range, leaving the three Americans hanging, each in his own private agony, to the scorching sun, the suffocating humidity, and the low drone of hungry flies.

Drosky realized that even a short life, sentenced by these sadistic animals, might be longer than he could handle. But he figured they were maybe more sound than fury. In his guts, he was a fighter. He felt his tongue thickening with thirst in his mouth. He thought of old football scores. The feeling had long gone out of his hands. He thought of intricate flight plans. For two days, the three men, fed only rice and boiled fish heads, were left strung up exposed to rain and sun in the compound. Drosky ran multiplication tables forwards and backwards. He picked out names for his captors: like shaved-down Captain Bullethead.

Drosky had enough fight in him to want to punch out and fucking kill the VC making a game of humiliating the American soldiers. Untied, Drosky figured he was big enough to take them all on. Fucking Charliel But he was not untied. He could not stop the VC coming out, forcing him to his knees, pulling their short fat dicks out, pissing on his face and chest, hosing him with the high-pressure force of their short, thick, rice-rocket dicks. His own Polock sweat was like a moist shield on his blond skin. He hated the drunken piss of the young VC soldiers. Most were no more than vicious teenagers.

One of the fuckers, built like Mr. Mekong Delta, came out from his hooch almost hourly. He was half-French. Almost goodlooking. Drosky figured him for the camp stud. Threatening Drosky with a pistol, Mekong forced him to his knees, causing his arms, still tied behind him, to pull painfully up past his shoulders. The shirtless Eurasian, built like a young tank, liked to order Drosky to watch him strut his stuff. When he whipped his dick out, he displayed his pizzle like some prize water buffalo at a cattle show. He was hung: big, uncut, and mean. He threatened Drosky's face with the heft of his hang.

Drosky knew a pervert when he saw one.

Mekong's piss was humiliation enough. His wagging dick, hardening, was no way, Jose, acceptable to Drosky, who knew the facts of the way life sometimes was: he'd circlejerked a couple times in high school, and let one of his drinking buddies one drunken night back at the Air Force Academy climb on top him, and bump bellies, till the cadet came and passed out on top of Drosky, who only half-endured the episode. While he'd been doing his buddy a favor, he'd been half-thinking thoughts about the girl who became, and still was, his wife.

Drosky knew, if he ever got out of this alive, some of this he'd never be able to tell her. He knew, if he lived through all this,

he'd never be able to tell anyone.

Drosky vowed to keep forever to himself how the muscular, young, half-French VC with the middleweight powerlifter's build, stroked up his big dick. He was proud to sexually humiliate the American. He liked to show off his enormous size. "We are not all small," he said, spitting into Drosky's eyes. With his big wang bobbing from his uniform, he took cash from the circle of drunken slopes who'd bet on anything. They

"Drosky felt the man's huge military rod slam deep back in his head, and then descend, penetrating down his throat. He had never felt more violated in his life. Drosky went through gagging into choking and felt himself heading down a deep dark airless corridor. His penultimate thought was refusal to die like this."

argued and wagered how far down Drosky's throat Mr. Mekong Delta's heavy artillery could slide, before the pussy American, they called him, choked and begged for mercy.

Mr. Mekong Delta liked to suffocate bound fliers on his enormous meat.

The muscular halfbreed flexed his arms and made a fist. Drosky read his threat. If he bit the frog-gook, he'd lose his teeth. For openers. In the trade-off of death-before-dishonor bullshit and raw survival, Drosky opened his mouth. Reluctantly. The rape situation left him little choice. He allowed his

lips to be parted by the knobhead of the dick. It was hard, long, and big. Mekong slammed his right fist hard into his left palm, six inches above Drosky's face. Drosky took a deep breath, and dropped his lower jaw, just the way he'd instructed his wife, but ever so much more tenderly, before she was even his fiancee.

The circumference of the monster cock raised Drosky's upper lip high enough to brush his thick moustache into his nose. He was revolted by the slick slide of the huge cockhead depressing his tongue and probing back toward his defenseless throat. The muscular in-and-out thrust and tease began. Mekong was on show. The drinking and bets increased. Mekong punched his fist and palm together again.

Queer to them, Drosky knew, was only when a man was on the receiving end. The man dishing it out was not only untainted, but was about as manly and patriotic as a soldier could be. To the VC, the sexual abuse of an American was an honorable way to insult the aggressive macho warriors who, so much bigger than Asians, dropped in full battle armor out of the sky into the forbidden jungle, lightyears from the lives they'd known.

Mekong's big fat dick forced its way with vengeance into Drosky's virgin mouth. With the bets running high as blood lust, the heavy-built VC took Drosky's blond head in his brown hands, and, pulling his dick out to the wet edge of Drosky's lips, spread his thick legs, and stanced his hard butt, for the final deep ram past Drosky's teeth, across his tongue, and finally. . .finally. . .through the raped and bleeding back of his

mouth, deep down his gagging throat.

Drosky felt the man's huge military rod slam deep back in his head, and then descend, penetrating, down his throat. He had never felt more violated in his life. Mekong held Drosky's face impaled on his cock. Drosky went through gagging into choking and felt himself heading down a deep dark airless corridor. His penultimate thought was refusal to die like this. Instinctively, with hardly any purchase around the big dick rooted in his throat, Drosky fucking goddam tried to bite the pervert's dick off.

All hell broke loose!

Mekong screamed at Drosky's toothsome lunge. Near Drosky's left ear, a pistol fired loud into the ground. Mekong yanked his bitten dick out fast. Drosky tasted the film of blood where his teeth had scrapped the cock. He wished he'd more than only skinned the gook dick. He knew what was coming as Mekong's heavily muscled arms drove the hardhanded fists into his face. Mekong beat and kicked Drosky unconscious. He slumped over into the mud, falling off to the his side. He could not reach the ground, not even for a moment's rest. His arms, still tied at the wrists behind his back, stretched beyond pain up his back, higher than his head. Half-kneeling, half-hanging, he passed out.

When Drosky awoke, he knew he was in worse trouble. The full length of his body had been completely coiled in tight hemp rope. Like wire around a spool. The VC squatted on their haunches around him, seeming to map out strategies for some mission Drosky could not make out. Occasionally one of them yelled at him and kicked him. This was it. He was sure they'd hang him by his heels, skin him alive, chop off his nuts,

and finally his head.

A truck pulled up and stopped, brakes squeaking, motor running, next to him, blue exhaust choking him. Several VC came at Drosky.

"Open mouth!" Captain Bullethead shouted.

"Back so soon?" Drosky said. His mouth was parched.

"Open mouth!"

"You guys are real oral." Drosky was no silent fool. "Open mouth!" Bullethead brooked no resistance.

Drosky refused. He locked his cracked lips together.

Bullethead took one of Drosky's blond-stubbled cheeks in each of his martial hands and squeezed hard until Drosky's

eyes winced and his mouth was forced open in pain. Bullethead signalled to an ugly young soldier. He smiled. Drosky fixed on the ugly soldier's missing front teeth. The soldier crumpled old newspaper into balls and shoved them one by one into Drosky's mouth. Drosky wished he had kicked out the ugly motherfucker's teeth himself. Bullethead kept the agonizing pressure-pinch on his cheeks. A second soldier took Bullethead's swagger and shoved the dry newspaper balls farther over Drosky's tongue and deep into his throat.

Drosky started to gag and panic. He could no longer breathe through his mouth. The hard dirty fists forced the dry newspaper rolls in until his mouth and cheeks were stuffed. He could not salivate. He was scared. Death in combat had always been heroically, patriotically acceptable. But not this.

Drosky stared hard at that ugly, grinning, broken-toothed motherfucker's mouth. He memorized the face. He would remember it if he had to take vengeance in hell. His anger saved him. He was mad enough. He'd beat these fuckers." Somehow. Someday. Somewhere. He concentrated. By will alone, he breathed around the dry wads of newsprint clogging his throat. Through his nose. Slowly. Carefully. Evenly.

Then the grinning toothless asshole blindfolded him.

The VC lifted Drosky's body, tightly coiled in endless rope, into the truck. He was helpless. For the first time in his wholesome, athletic, All-American life, he was scared shitless.

They drove him slowly in a 72-hour convoy toward Hanoi. They stopped in villages along the route to display him, the bound and gagged American war criminal. At one stop, he was sure when they took the blindfold off that he was about to be beheaded. At another village, a crowd of more than five hundred soldiers milled around, seeming intent on stoning him to death. At another encampment, he was stood bound and gagged and wired to a post in front of a firing squad, all of them recruits no more than twelve or thirteen, who for an hour were put through repeated execution drills: the command, the count, the captured American M-16 rifles, their cold young eyes squinting to the rifle sites, the raised sword, the shouted command to Fire, the empty clicks of a dozen unloaded rifles barreling in and sited on Drosky's face and chest and groin.

During another convoy stop, the VC rolled and wrapped Drosky's big body in filthy blankets that completely covered his head and face. They left him alone, unguarded, and bound in the enclosed bed of the truck. Sweat poured off his big body. Again he felt he was suffocating, dying, smothering under a wrap of dirty rags at the side of a nameless road far from home.

He vowed to escape. He struggled, unable to move any of his body coiled in the tight rope. He rolled his head side to side, as much as he could, trying like a man driven mad to get free of the smothering wool. No one paid any attention to his struggling. He was one American. One man. They were thousands. They were getting to him. His bodily functions were out of control. Everything was getting way out of control.

Within minutes, Bullethead unwrapped Drosky's head, removed the blindfold, and pulled the newspaper from his mouth.

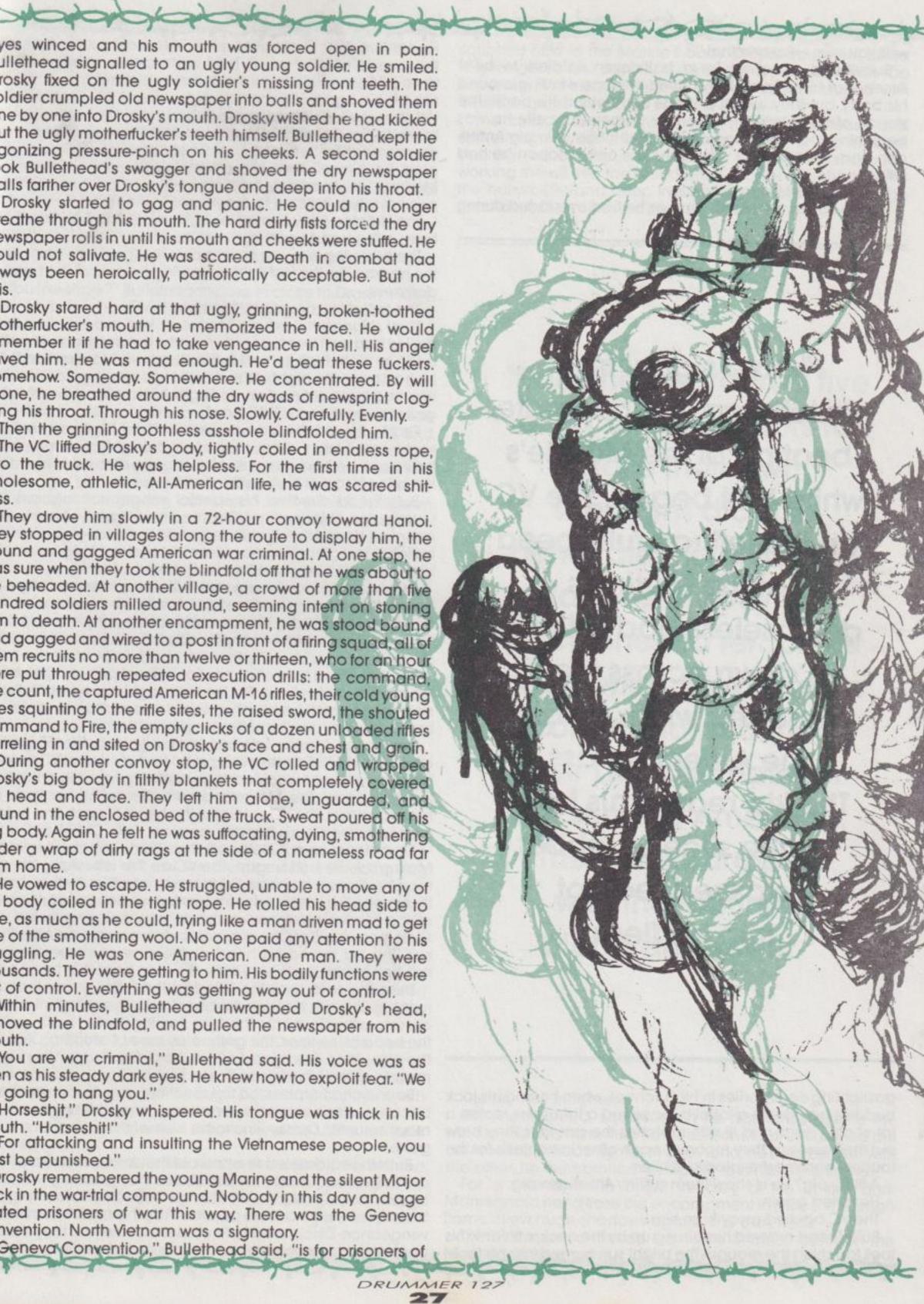
"You are war criminal," Bullethead said. His voice was as even as his steady dark eyes. He knew how to exploit fear. "We are going to hang you."

"Horseshit," Drosky whispered. His tongue was thick in his mouth. "Horseshit!"

"For attacking and insulting the Vietnamese people, you must be punished."

Drosky remembered the young Marine and the silent Major back in the war-trial compound. Nobody in this day and age treated prisoners of war this way. There was the Geneva Convention. North Vietnam was a signatory.

"Geneva Convention," Bullethead said, "is for prisoners of



war. You are. . .war criminal."

Bullethead signalled for a half-dozen soldiers to hoist Drosky out of the truck. They untied the rope winding around his body, but they kept his hands tied behind his back. The stench of his own flesh no longer bothered Drosky. He was beginning to like the aggressive smell of his own big American body. He figured it was about the only weapon he had

The VC called him a filthy pig.

Drosky cut his cheese as loud as he had ever farted during

"On a signal from Bullethead, the alternate beating of the Marine's white butt began. The VC on the left ran full-speed at the Marine's defenseless body, slicing down across the unmarred white meat of the American ass. The kid reared his head as the slice of rubber slashed red-hot into his flesh."

gaslighting ceremonies in high school, when he and his jock buddies had drunk a lot of beer, pissed a lot of piss, eaten a lot of chili dogs and lit with matches the gas-farts they blew out their asses as they mooned each other in contests for the loudest and most explosive stinkers.

A filthy pig? He'd show them a filthy American pig.

He farted again.

The VC backed away from him.

Bullethead ordered him strung up by the neck, with only his

He squinted, reconning the area. Tied near a truck, similar to the one in which the VC had transported Drosky, was the young Marine. Drosky was surprised, and not too happy to see the kid again. He was a survivor at heart, but Drosky could tell, the way Bullethead approached the kid, that he planned to waste him. Better he'd been shot dead than stand in as their amusement for a bored night's encampment. Drosky was glad he himself was older and tougher than the young Marine. His Academy training warned him the VC were perverts when it came to Americans.

The kid's too juicy, Drosky thought, much too juicy to be out here, a thousand years from nowhere.

The blistering sun was setting over the far trees, sinking into the horizon like the last light protecting them from the heart of darkness.

The twilight encouraged the hungry VC.

They stripped the young Marine naked, more naked than the kid had ever been, only six months before, showering after a Friday night high school football game. More naked than he had been the night of the day that goddam gold wedding ring had been slipped on his finger. More naked than his first group shower as a USMC boot.

Drosky figured the kid was, like him and his own son, from some small town where they never thought of circumcising their boys. He had an unusually large lip of foreskin hooding the blind head of his healthy cornfed cock.

Bullethead directed his special vengeance against the young blond Marine. The VC spread the kid belly-down over a metal oil drum. His full rounded white buttocks glowed in the twilight's last gleaming. Vagrant clouds of cooking-fire smoke blew over his body and toward Drosky.

Drosky tried to look away, but Bullethead assured him—as he feared—this was for Drosky's benefit. An experienced flier had uses; but young Marines were pleasantly expendable. Some VC hunted Americans for sport. For the pleasure of the slow kill.

Drosky wished for a chopper. For a direct artillery hit to blow them all away. Anything. But the Nam night was quiet. Only the occasional faroff boom of an explosion muffled by distance broke the low murmur of the jungle night.

The young Marine lay tied immobile over the 55-gallon drum with TEXAS OIL stenciled on its top. Two lines of VC formed on either side of his spread legs, nodding to each other and taking wagers. The Marine's bare butt was higher than his head and feet. The VC soldier at the head of each line held a rubber fan belt in his hand.

On a signal from Bullethead, the alternating beating of the Marine's white butt began. The VC on the left swung his arm repeatedly over his head like a lasso, and then, with a warcry that broke the quiet of the firelit encampment, ran full-speed at the Marine's defenseless body, arm swinging to full arc, slicing down across the unmarred white meat of the American ass. The kid reared his head as the slice of rubber slashed red-hot into his flesh.

Then the soldier at the head of the left column took his running lick with his frayed rubber fan belt, striking a red welt crisscross the slash from the right. Passing the fan belts back to the head of the lines, the grisly relay race of whipping tore first the skin, then the bloody flesh, and finally into the deep muscle of the Marine's buttocks.

Bound and helpless, his first silent courage became shouts became cries became screams became shrieking became moans, until, Drosky knew, his voice shredded and was gone.

Bullethead ordered five or six of the soldiers to stroke their own short-arm dicks to penetrate the groaning Marine's bloody ass. Drosky hated the sonsabitches mounting the bloody butt with no more passion than their quick humiliating vengeance. Disciplined to ferocious obedience, they shot on toes touching the ground. The bright sun burned into his face. command, shouting their patriotic hate for the stinking Ameri-

can. Their dicks dripped with the Marine's blood and sweat, squatted next to the Marine's body Drosky could not afford

They laughed, and spat on him, and congratulated each other like night marauders after successful penetration of enemy lines.

Drosky disengaged. He composed a list. Anything to somehow balance this horror half a world away from everything he ever knew. He'd buy his wife a ring. He'd buy his son his first ball glove. He'd buy himself a car stereo. Some cassettes . . . A goddam hunting rifle. To kill the goddam sonsabitches. His fear had been one thing. This horror. . . this atrocity. . . was another. Drosky had heard of Mylai, and worse; but all the fucking politics and all the fucking villages-wasted-to-save-them had nothing to do with this boy's personal final agony.

"You like show?" Bullethead spoke in close to Drosky's face, puffy from the noose of rope tightening slowly around his

neck.

Drosky spat at him.

Bullethead smashed his face with an uppercut.

The VC toyed with the Marine. Intent on playing him out. They untied him from the oil drum. He punched out at them with what was left of his husky strength. Drosky was glad to see he had some fight left. The VC wrestled him to the ground, and staked him out spreadeagle on his back. Bullethead ordered the Marine's wedding ring pulled off his finger. He pointed with his swagger stick at the dirty blond penis. The VC laughed at the size of the finger-ring compared to the thick American dick. In one rough-handed minute, they spit-worked the Marine's big cockhead through the ring, and forced the gold band down tight around its root.

The pressure of the hands pulling, forcing, stubbing his dick through the metal caused the whipped and spreadeagled Marine's cock to stand at full attention. Drosky watched the helpless kid look in horror at his own dick, hardening against his will, flopped back on his dirty belly, then rising, turning, filling—its thick veins made thicker by the strangling pressure

of the ring.

A dick on a naked man, bound, and exposed, full of heavy unmilked sperm, aches to blow its pressurized nut off. The Marine's body, caked with sweat and dust and slime, was too resilient. He was taking too long to die.

Drosky knew what was coming. He watched the involuntary hardening of the Marine's cock. He watched the filthy shaft of the abused dick writhing, filling, rising. He watched, unbeliev-

ing.

The big USMC dick pointed straight up from the spreadeagled body. The shaft, rooted in crud-caked blond crotch hair, was dark with dirt; but the pressure of the wedding ring forced open the big lip of uncut foreskin.

Drosky could hardly believe the size of the big wet pink head rising rosy-clean and bulbous, crowning the boy's huge shaft, with the heavy collar of foreskin rolling back under the intense pressure.

The head glistened above the filthy tortured body. A drop of clear lube pearled up in the Marine's piss slit. It rose, bubbled bigger, then flowed slow and wet down the shaft of filthy cock.

The VC gathered in close, cutting off Drosky's view. Something in him made him think how fucking proud he was that these envious slopes could see a beaten, tortured, bound American male body with enough balls to affront them with dick harder and bigger than they had ever seen before.

The young blond Marine's erection was his ultimate "Fuck you, asshole!"

Bullethead ordered his soldiers to stand back. He wanted Drosky's view clear and unobstructed. With a pointing of his swagger stick, Bullethead signalled for a renegade Montegnard scout to carry out the finish of the night's entertainment.

The Montegnard, from a primitive village time had forgot,

squatted next to the Marine's body. Drosky could not afford any longer to feel sorry for the kid. Any feeling now was too expensive. He tried to think of nothing as he watched with increasing disconnection from the scene.

The naked Montegnard rubbed something, grease and something, across the broad hairy chest of the Marine, stroking the curling mat of blond fur almost sensuously, working the oil into the blond brush, across the chest, down the hairy belly, and deep into the crotch around the huge erect dick. The young kid's body glistened in the firelight.

"Bullethead ordered five or six of the soldiers to stroke their own short-arm dicks to penetrate the groaning Marine's bloody ass.

Disciplined to ferocious obedience, they shot on command, shouting their patriotic hate for the stinking American.

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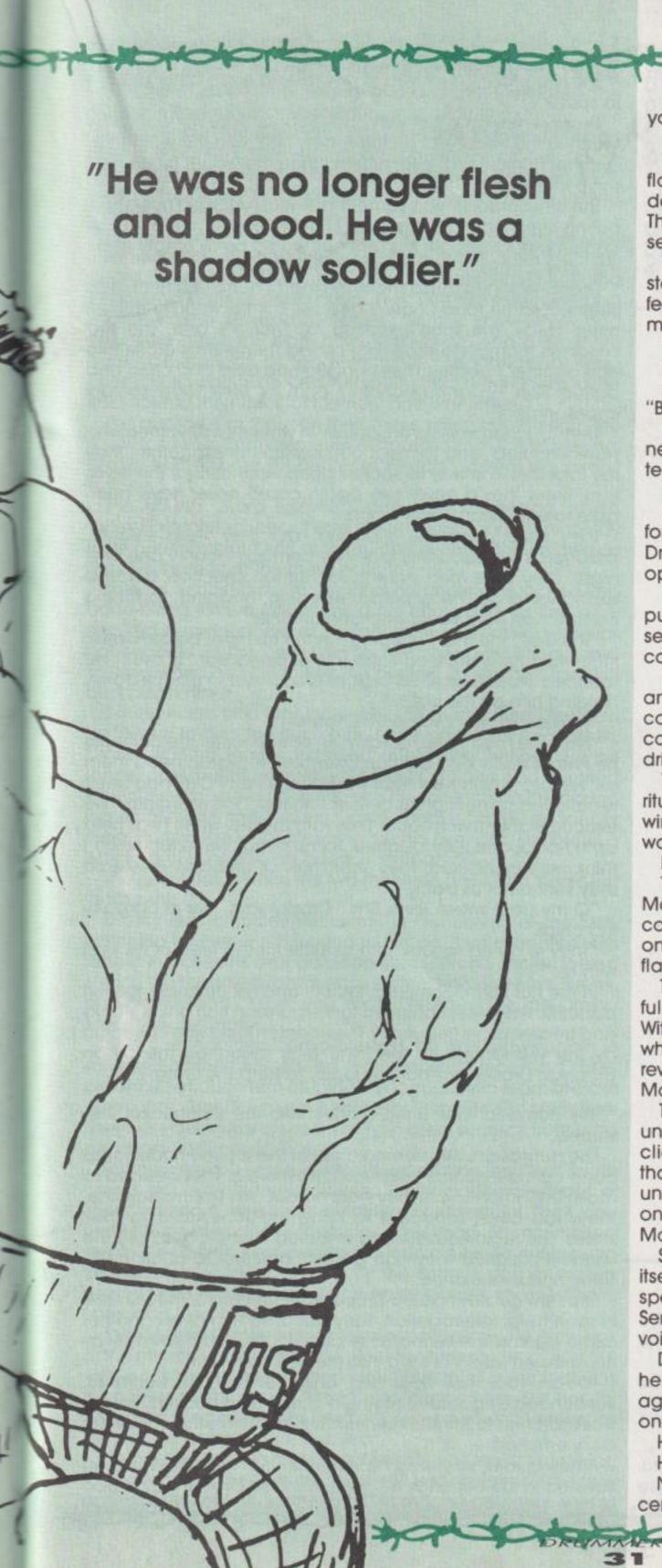
The sky was moonless.

The Montegnard, squatting on his haunches next to the Marine, slipped his hand into his breechclout, and pulled out an American-made lighter. In one hand, he held his rifle. With the other, he thumbrolled the lighter to a flickering flame.

For a moment, the bright intensity of fire in the dark Montegnard hand froze the encampment in place. The small flame threw huge shadows against the dark trees.

The Montegnard moved the flame in close between the Marine's oil-slick pecs.





Drosky saw the smooth rlipples reflect in the flame.

In one swift move, the Montegnard touched the flame to the young Marine's chest.

Ignition!

The Marine's chest flamed up in twin mounds. A fast burning flash of grease and hair crossed his chest, then raced fuse-like down the length of his furry belly to his grease-packed groin. The flames exploded around his heavy-haired balls, and seared up the flesh of the huge erect cock.

The Marine's body arched taut against the spreadeagle stakes. His wristbound hands turned to fists. His anklebound feet pointed toes down. The flash of flames burned for no more than seconds, but Drosky counted them an eternity.

The tortured Marine had no voice left to scream.

Drosky shouted for him.

Bullethead moved in close to Drosky. "Bo rown," he said, "Bo rown." "Bow down."

Drosky understood. He was on his toes, hanging by his neck. Bullethead wanted the American to bow down. He was tempting Drosky to hang himself.

Drosky stared instead out into the heart of darkness.

Bullethead raised his hand and with toughened fingers forcibly turned Drosky's face toward the Marine, and when Drosky closed his eyes those fingers ungently pried them open.

The Montagnard unsheathed his knife. With one hand he pulled large pinches of muscular flesh from the Marine's seared chest and sides and belly. With each pinch, he carefully sliced the blade through the skin.

Drosky prayed the kid would die in shock; but the strength and health of his young body held off even that brutal comfort. He writhed in the tight bonds as the Montagnard carved superficial flesh wound after flesh wound. The knife dripped red in the firelight.

The VC were losing interest in the renegade Montagnard ritual. It was night. They were tiring of their deathsport. The winners wanted to collect from the losers the wagers they had won.

Bullethead nodded at the Montagnard.

The dark face grinned. With his knife, he skillfully skinned the Marine's uncut penis from head to base. The raw shaft of the cock foamed red. The Marine, his hoarse voice reaching for one final scream, opened his face: mouth and eyes and flaring nostrils.

The Montagnard reached down for the one big handful of full blond balls. He slipped his blade deftly in under the sac. With once clean upward stroke, he castrated the Marine whose eyes, turned to Drosky, saw nothing more. Not even the revolver that Bullethead forced deep down and back into the Marine's open, screaming mouth.

There was only one bullet in the gun. Drosky agonized each unmerciful moment as Bullethead grinned and clicked, clicked, clicked the chambers, prolonging more for Drosky than for the Marine, to whom nothing any longer mattered, until, finally, after the fourth slow click, the hammer found the one loaded chamber, exploded, and blew the handsome Marine's face away forever.

Something drained out of Drosky. Something subtracted itself from his soul. He heard sounds, like other voices speaking. They were saying: "Steven Drosky. Lieutenant J. G. Service Number: 8291930." But it was not other voices. It was his voice in the darkness, mumbling in the sleeping camp.

Drosky knew deep down in the hollow growing in him that he was a prisoner, that no one would ever touch him tenderly again. The life left behind him had been a good one. Now no one even knew he was alive.

He was no longer flesh and blood.

He was a shadow soldier.

No one who cared for him or mattered to him even knew for certain any longer that he existed.

certain any longer that he existed.

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For eight solid months, deep in the solitary confinement of a fetid tiger cage somewhere near Hanoi, Drosky fought to keep his sanity, and as much physical strength as he could nurture off the tin-plate diet of liverish meat paste, cut sometimes with pieces of pork fat; watery pumpkin soup; and small loaves of French bread pocked with weevils and rat feces.

Guards walked over the grates above him. They ignored him. He exercised. He meditated. No one spoke to him. He did not exist. He scratched designs on the wall. No one listened when he spoke. He pulled lice from his filthy prison clothes. He

"The two prisoners pulled themselves close into one another's bodies . . . They touched in ways unspoken. In ways that only men who have endured long torment can comfort one another . . . They were complete strangers, but they were soldiers, prisoners, men suddenly together, perhaps for only one

knew other Americans were nearby. He had heard, on two occasions, a man's far-off whistling of "The High and the Mighty."

brief night."

Drosky was sitting on his wooden cot, meditating, when the first American he had seen in nearly a year was pushed into the small cell. He looked like a dirty wet rag.

The two men stared at each other.

It was the longest moment that Drosky had ever lived.

Longer than all the solitary confinement. Longer because recognizable human touch was only an arm's reach away.

The two prisoners moved slowly toward each other unable to speak.

Drosky knew only that with one second more without some touch in the middle of all this lonely hell, with the warmth of another human so close, after so long, he would crack and snap forever.

The other prisoner was some shadow of his former husky self; but his eyes, staring unbelievably at Drosky, burned bright as coals. He had thought this new cell would be as empty as all the other cages in which he had been kept.

Drosky reached out to shake the man's hand. Their firm grips seemed some long-unused gesture, from a world a million miles away. The man reached for Drosky's arm. The two prisoners, complete strangers, pulled themselves close into one another's bodies. They hugged and held and cried and patted with an understanding born of their long solitary imprisonment.

They touched in ways unspoken. In ways that only men who have endured long torment can comfort one another. They iay together in a way to soothe deep wounds that the wives they knew they'd never see again could never have been able to understand and reach.

They were complete strangers, but they were soldiers, prisoners, men suddenly together, perhaps for only one brief night. They were men starving for human affection, tenderly exchanging all the grinding, weeping, hugging, laughing consolation they could give one another.

"The war." The man whispered in the last chill before dawn. "The war," he whispered softly into Drosky's ear, "is over." He touched Drosky's startled face, and soothed him back down, holding him on the cot.

"Home!" Drosky's voice was hoarse.

"No." The man spoke quickly. He could not let the defenses he knew Drosky had built up crumble. He would need them ail. He told Drosky how nearly eight hundred POWs had been repatriated some months before. "We lost," the man said. "We evacuated Nam with honor. They told me that when I was held up in Hanoi, and they laughed. Some honor. We surrendered. I think we surrendered. They sent most of us back. They said they sent all of us back."

"O my dear sweet Jesus Shit," Drosky said, "we're bargaining chips."

"They're going to fuck with us until they're tired of fucking with us."

In the hot July, depressed, Drosky and his cellmate lost all appetite. They were shackled to the bunks in iron ankle stocks and beaten more frequently. The uneaten food was collected by the Vietnamese to feed the pigs raised on the prison grounds. Drosky was no way ready to help the enemy.

He dumped their uneaten rice into the slopbucket they shared.

The guards usually steered clear of the loosely lidded slop cans; but new guards had replaced the old. They needed to make their impression. They were harder, less lax in discipline. They had been schooled to bring the Americans to their knees. The regime had finally revealed their plans to use the shadow prisoners they had denied, and would continue to deny, had ever existed.

The new guards hauled Drosky from his cell for the first time in months for interrogation. They accused him of yet another crime against the Vietnamese people: he had thrown away his uneaten ration of food into the cell slop can.

For an hour they beat him, and then with his cellmate, surrounded by guards carrying a dozen slop buckets, Drosky was marched to the shallow mudwallow where the cans were daily emptied.

A new guard, so young he was vicious in the enjoyment he savored in the beatings he gave, handed Drosky a bamboo screen. His meaning was clear. Drosky and his cellmate were

to use the sifter in the mudwallow to reclaim the rice Drosky had thrown away. The young guard drove them into the wallow with a rubber truncheon.

Calf-deep in the slime and mud and filth, the two prisoners were forced to kneel. The guard, in heavy rubber boots, waded in behind them. With both hands on a bamboo stick, he forced Drosky's cellmate's head toward the bobbing surface of the pit.

For long seconds, Drosky feared they were going to make them eat the stuff. Negative, Drosky thought, I'll die first. But the guard pulled back. He knew other plans existed for keeping these Americans as prizes of war. Their skill with weaponry and English was to be used sometime; no one knew when; and they were more valuable alive than dead. And alive, there were vast periods of long-nights of vengeance, of long chances to discipline and humiliate and break them to be tractable to the needs of the new post-war regime.

The guards kept them on their knees sifting the rice from the muck for hours. Both men were exhausted from the screening. Drosky had to hold his cellmate's head up from the slimey

surface.

The young guard laughed, and said something, which Drosky interpreted, about how the two Americans at night lay together. The guard spit at them, and ordered the soldiers to remove them from the mess pool.

They were hosed down. Drosky's cellmate was locked into bone-biting torture cuffs behind his back, and his feet were secured in metal stocks at the foot of his cot. Drosky, who was not secured in the cell, had to help him with his pajama trousers when he had to use the bucket. Drosky had to wash and clean him.

Bound hand and foot for weeks, the man asked Drosky to be tender to him, to touch him, to lie upon him for warmth. Drosky was no longer surprised at his own feelings. He no longer cared what anyone would think. No one who counted would ever know how relieving was his contact with the bound flier whose only relief was in Drosky. Finally, Drosky no longer even started the night sleeping on his own cot. He found a way to curl in next to his bound companion.

The new guards woke the two men late one night, and beat them both.

Drosky was clubbed senseless in the corner of the cell, watching his friend, still bound to the cot, being beaten with rubber truncheons and bamboo sticks. Drosky remembered seeing the thrashing man's nose flatten, turn sideways, break, and gush blood. "I love you, man!" That was the last Drosky saw of his cellmate.

When he regained consciousness, he was alone again in solitary confinement. In the slow grind of months, Drosky picked up enough with his pidgin vocabulary to learn of other Americans shot down years before over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They were being transferred slowly, in great secrecy, from Laos and Cambodia, to Hanoi.

The new regime was expert in re-educating the fliers. Some caved in under extreme torture. Some cooperated out of sheer boredom after years of solitary confinement. The Communists needed the Americans they had shadowboxed away. The US fliers were needed to train a new wave of young VC troops how to repair and fly the planes and choppers abandoned years before in the hasty retreats from Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

They teased Drosky with newspaper clippings. He grew sick at the mention of the term MIA. He wasn't missing in action. He was a prisoner of a war he was still fighting, of a war that was long over as far as the world was concerned. But not for Drosky. As long as he was held captive, he vowed to resist as long as he had strength and life.

No one, he knew in his heart of hearts, was really, truly trying to negotiate for the MIAs about whom Hanoi claimed to know nothing. He could hear the other American prisoners, voices

muffled, in faraway cells. He learned to tap a code on metal pipes that brought coded messages back. For some, there were small brutalizations, in the cages, on the spot. Others were taken off to full-scale torture sessions. Men were disappearing from their solitary cages. Drosky knew that some of the disappeared were already teaching in classrooms. Those who refused were murdered.

Drosky needed to survive. In every way he could he flipped the bird. He hated the enemy. He hated them when they finally decided it was his time for higher education. He hated them

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'I love you, man!'
That was the last Drosky saw of his cellmate."

as they broke into his cell, surrounded him, and dangled the coils of torture ropes before his face.

He was determined.

They were determined.

They would make him of use to them, or they would kill him.

Finally it had come to shit or get off the pot.

Drosky felt a thrill of fear.

In the boredom of interminable solitary confinement, he had almost begun to welcome the rough touches of the



guards.

They pulled Drosky's arms behind him, tying his wrists together. He was blindfolded, and his shorts were ripped off, exposing his buttocks, balls, and dick. The guards punched his gut and kicked at his ass and shoulders. One kneed his nuts and sent Drosky sprawling to the floor, scraping his face. He rolled on his side. Winded, he felt hands binding his ankles tightly together with coarse rope. They rolled him onto his belly. The guards took the long torture ropes, cut to precise lengths, and tied light half-hitches up Drosky's left arm from wrist to shoulder. As each loop was strung, a guard stood on Drosky's arm, and pulled the rope tight into his lean muscular flesh. Again, the rope was wrapped a few more inches up Drosky's arm and tied into a new half-hitch. Every several hitches the guards stopped and slapped Drosky's forearm and biceps like some salami to be coil-wrapped as tight as possible.

Then the guards half-hitched Drosky's other arm.

The bondage was torture and pain itself.

Three guards pulled Drosky's separately bound arms together behind his back, and tied his tied arms together, passing ropes even tighter around on top of the first bindings, wrapping them excrutiatingly together: wrists, forearms, elbows, all touching, and then, with their booted feet standing on his arms, they cinched tight against each other his upper arms, all the way from his elbows up to his broad shoulders, until his shoulders were nearly touching.

Drosky felt both shoulders begin to pull out of the sockets. He was in total pain, but its center was in his chest which strained out from the tension of the ropes pulling his shoulders back above his bound arms. His arms had already lost all feeling. They were swelling, deadly gray, and cold.

Then he felt their hands tying his legs in tight half-hitches from his ankles up to his knees.

Drosky thought this torture-bondage was the worst he had ever suffered.

Until he felt them raise up his torso.

Until he felt them raise his tightly trussed arms by the wrists, up, backwards, up his back, and above his head.

Until he felt the guard's knee forcing his back forward.

Until he felt the knee's pressure on his back, forcing his face down past his dick and balls, until his nose was between his knees, and his blindfolded eyes were squashed against his legs.

Until he felt the hands pulling his dislocating arms by his wrists back up over his bowed-down head, tying his wrists pointing straight up from his shoulders to a rope that stretched taut forward and down to his bound ankles.

Until in the room with the piss-soaked floor, there was only his screaming, his mouth muffled against his own naked

thighs.

Drosky concentrated against their vengeance. . . to give no information or take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades...Their knees and hands bent him expertly...to continue to resist by all means possible. . .knowing in their long experience with torture. . .to make no oral or written statement disloyal to my country. . .that they were too vengeful to let him escape by dying. . . to give only name, rank, service number and date of birth. . .knowing he could only stand so much immobile, suffocating, wrenching, spasming pain. . .that I am an American fighting man. . .one word in the shadow of this killing pain. . responsible for my actions. . .that in all this torture, one word from him, one word ...one word only, one word he could never say. . .dedicated to the principles which made my country free. . . one word that could stop them. . . to trust in God. . . one word no one a world away would ever, could ever hear him say. . . and in the United States of America. . . one screaming, broken, thigh-muffled, gagging, pleading yes. Yes. YES!



Most often, I use this space to talk about issues related to SM/Leather relationships. This time, I want to go over some ideas about your relationship with your Self. It's important because, after all, YOU are your only constant companion.

Besides, developing a healthy relationship with all the parts of yourself places you in a better position to have healthy relationships with others. Most of all, I am concerned that many of us have painful relationships with our sexual selves—let me explain.

When SM and Leather themes first began to emerge from the mists of my own adolescent horniness, I was scared by them. As I began to discover the world of leathermen, I felt both excited by it and worried about myself. If I were to explore my real desires, I feared that I would some-

how be destroyed by them.

I can remember the vague dread that there might be some hidden point past which I could never return to the vanilla world. I would be swept away into some lifestyle that I could not control. It was awful. It was made worse by the fact that I could tell no one about these inclinations or the fears that went with them. I was excited, scared and isolated. The world of SM/Leather was like an accident: I couldn't look at it, and I couldn't look away either.

My experience is not unique; I know that there are many people who also feel trapped somewhere between their desire for this sexuality and their fear of it.

By now, I have had the chance both in and out of the therapy room to spend time exploring the issues that surround people's fears about the SM scene. Several general themes have emerged.

First and foremost, it seems that many guys with SM/leather interests are loaded with SHAME about having them. The shame may come from the belief that it is wrong to enjoy yourself too much, or to be too much different from everyone else. It may also come from the notion that there may be something evil or Satanic about SM/Leather sexuality. Some feel that it is shameful to do sexual things with equipment—people are o.k.—objects are not. Our recognition that we are "perverts" caries with it the feeling that we have made a shameful mistake in our lives that

we must now hide.

American society places high value on innocence for some reason; other societies value experience, ours does not. Therefore, anyone who knows too much about sex is considered sleazy and thus not desirable. So we grow up with the understanding that it is o.k. to know about suckfuck but not much more. Other men fear that just thinking about SM/Leather sex will mark them somehow and others will know they are sleazy—the secret will be out.

As males, many of us are following an old straight script that says we are better to settle down with a virgin (or as close as we can get) AFTER we have sown our "wild oats". Some guys go out and get lots of sexual experience and then must downplay it so our potential partner is not scared by our "wild" past.

Some make it o.k. for themselves to have had their "wild" past by feeling SHAME about it now. "It's all in the past—I am (like) a virgin again" (?)!

Social rules say that straight is better than gay. The rules also say that vanilla is better than kinky. So there is hiding. And a part of us is cut off from ourselves.

WHEN WE REJECT A NATURAL PART OF OURSELVES, WE DAMAGE OUR SELF CONCEPT AND OUR CONFIDENCE IN OUR ABILITY TO HAVE HAPPY RELA-TIONSHIPS IS UNDERMINED.

American social pressure to conform is strong. Officially, we are proud of our "melting pot" image. Our actual behavior as a nation, however, reveals that we do not tolerate diversity. So there is a strong inclination to hide our differentness. In other cases, the individual who is different may wish to have his "uniqueness" removed. So therapists hear, "I am gay, can you make me straight?", or "I am kinky, can you make me 'normal'?".

SOCIETY, THROUGH OUR PARENTS, USES SHAME TO PRESSURE US INTO BEING (or wanting to be) JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.

Most often, the shame that we feel over our differentness is really just an internal reflection of social values that come from outside. In other words, we feel shame because we think we are supposed to feel it. But it does not belong to us. It is what THEY want us to feel.

THE FREEDOM TO BE DIFFERENT AND FEEL O.K. ABOUT IT MUST BE FOUGHT FOR.

Another fear that plagues us as we come out into the SM/Leather world is the fear that we are going to be harmed by pursuing these desires. Often we fear physical harm, but many also fear some undefined psychological or spiritual harm—this was my biggest concern when I was 19 and just

at the edge of this stuff.

Fortunately, no one lied to me then by trying to tell me that harm—all sorts—was impossible. My intuition had been right about the scene; one could come to some harm in various ways. Stories reached my ears about a very few guys who had been injured, some seriously. Others got lost in the stew of sex and drugs that I knew was swirling around out there. I could tell that it was not all a bed of roses.

Still the magic called me. I began to search out mentors—teachers who could instruct me to navigate a course toward the experiences I wanted without crashing psychologically, physically, emotionally or spiritually. I found them and they taught me just as they will teach you if you seek them out.

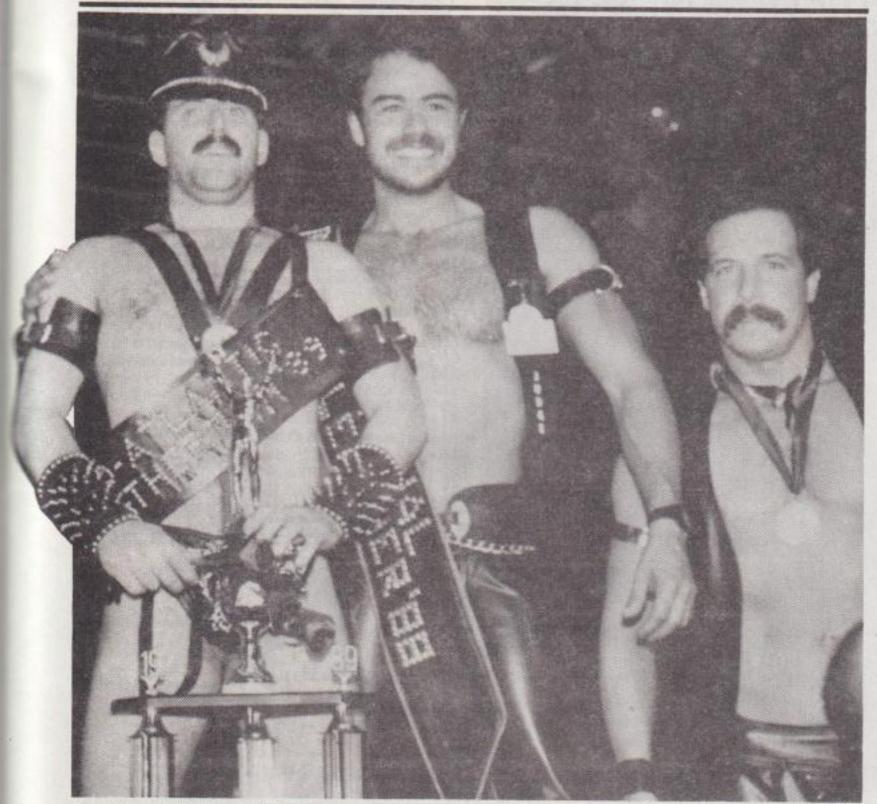
If you try to find your way in the Scene by yourself, you are doing it the hard way —there is no need. There are now over 200 organizations available to help you and teach you in this country and half that number overseas. We now have numerous publications that provide a wealth of information that was not available 20 years ago.

For those of you who feel called to this sexuality, the worst thing you can do is remain isolated in your own fear and shame. The accidents that do happen in the Scene usually happen to loners who can't or won't connect to a support system or network of like minded folks for guidance and fellowship. There is now a tribe of Leatherfolk, and it cuts across the lines of gay/straight, male/female, rich/poor, old/ young. If you waste the tribe's resources for dealing with the shame and fear, you will just hurt and hide longer. Is that really what you want to do with your time?

Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontier.

### LE41HER

# BULLETIN BOARD



#### Leather Weekend 1989

by Vern Stewart

Nearly a thousand men and women were on hand in Washington, DC the weekend of January 13-15, 1989 to witness the selection of Dan Noel as Mr. Mid Atlantic Leather, Thirteen hot men vied for the title. A panel of judges including IML MIKE PEREYRA, MITCH DAVIS, M.A.L. 88, MICHEL ROUSSE, M.A.L. 87, LOUIS BOTHWELL, M.A.L. 86, and VERN STEW-ART, COLUMNIST, did not have an easy task of selecting this year's winner. First runnerup title went to Glen Corsini of Arlington, Virginia. The second runnerup spot was captured by George Roscoe of Cleveland, Ohio. Contestants ranged from as far away as Los Angeles, Dallas and Montreal. The Weekend got underway Friday evening with the introduction of the judges at the DC Eagle. So many hot men

all under one roof made cruising a nearimpossibility. However this observer witnessed phone numbers and addresses being written on any available scrap of paper.

Saturday morning brought even more guests to the DC Eagle's delicious breakfast. Meanwhile at Tracks (site of the contest,) the preliminary judging got underway. Tracks is the perfect site for the contest due to the size and the space. Not to mention the superb staff that worked to make everything run smoothly.

The Centaur MC, sponsors of Leather Weekend, must be commended for a flaw-less weekend. Outgoing President, Hugh Gage, and incoming President, John Rocco, and all the members of the club both in front of and behind the scenes made it obvious to all who attended that love, togetherness, and the brotherhood of

### **OVERSE4S**

### LISTINGS

#### **CLUB LISTINGS:**

(The US & Canada, A-L, will be covered in the next issue; US & Canada, M-Z, in the one following that.)

Club names marked with a asterisk (\*), are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed. If you can provide a correction please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bisexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc. (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster; they may or may not have periodic meetings. (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international, membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-levi-motorcycle or social clubs. (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list yet which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed, please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Beat Ruedi, Secretary of ECMC, has polled the clubs in Europe and solicited information for this listing. We appreciate his assistance.

#### INTERNATIONAL European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs

c/o Loge 70 (Schweiz) Box 725 CH - 8008 Zurich Switzerland

Interchain (FN) Postfach 174 CH - 8307 Effretikon Switzerland

#### AUSTRALIA Cruisers MC PO Roy 57

PO Box 57 Altona, Victoria 3018

PO Box E362 St. James, NSW 2000

Griffin MC GPO 1048 Canberra, ATC 2608

Iron Tigers MC c/o Bear 6 Hillview Ave., Rowville Melbourne, Victoria 3179

Jackaroos GPO Box 5064Y Melbourne, Victoria 3001

Rangers MC PO Box 449 Spring Hill, Queensland 4000

South Pacific MC GPO Box 823 Sydney 2001, NSW

Southern Isle MC GPO Box 267 Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7001

Southern Region MC GPO Box 252 Adelaide, South Australia 5001

#### AUSTRIA CFLM

Club zur Foerderung der Leder und Motorradkameradschaft Khunngasse 18/2/26 A-1030 Wien

LMC Vienna c/o Sepp Seeburger PO Box 278

A-1011 Wien

BELGIUM

MSC Belgium

current address unknown

DENMARK SLM Arhus Postbox 370 DK - 8100 Arhus C

SLM Copenhagen Schacksgade 9, kld. th DK - 1365 Copenhagen K

SMil (Mixed S/M) SorgenFrigade 8B<sup>2</sup> DK - 2200 Copenhagen N.

FINLAND MSC Finland P.L. 48 SF - 00531 Helsinki

MSC Finland II Hameen Puisto 41 A 47 Tampere

FRANCE ASMF Paris c/o Claude Gisler 46 Av. W.I. Lenine F - 92000 Nanterre

MCRA B.P. 4545 F - 69244 Lyon Ced. 04

GERMANY Bart, Inc. Cheruskerring 47 D - 4400 Muenster



leather is what it is all about. The Mid Atlantic Leather contest, celebrating its fifth anniversary, has become as popular an event as International Mr. Leather, held in Chicago, and the Mr. Drummer contest, held in San Francisco each year.

28-year-old Dan Noel, this year's winner, is also a founding member of the
newest bike club, "COMMAND," which
was among the over thirty clubs represented at Leather Weekend. Mr. Drummer,
Ron Zehel, was on hand to meet, greet,
and witness the event, and was an instant
hit with the crowd. IML Mike Pereyra won
the hearts of all the men and women with
his charm, poise, good looks, and his ability to address the issues confronting all
leatherpeople coast to coast.

Leather cocktails, Saturday evening, with an array of food fit for a king, made a believer of any first-timer that this was truly a premier event. Weekend contest chairman, Al Santora, put the contestants and the audience at ease immediately with his quick wit and easy style while emceeing the event.

Entertainment provided by an east coast favorite, "Leatherella," had the crowd in stitches. The Leather Fashion Show put on by the Leather Rack created guite a stir. However, the Bondage show, complete with electric prod, chains, and wires connected to the "boy's" cockring, sent many in the audience into ecstasy wishing they could trade places. All eyes were riveted to the stage in the S/M Leather Store/John Rocco Production. To all of you who have been procrastinating on attending the Centaurs MC Leather Weekend, start making plans to attend next year's event being held January 12—14, 1990. Be a part of a special leather event.

Black Angels Cologne Address Confidential

FHK

c/o Postfach 3041 D - 6140 Bensheim 3

FLC (Frankfurt Leder Club) c/o Hartmut Polaschek Henderstrasse 21 D - 6000 Frankfurt am Main 1

GLSM (Gruppe Leder SM) Eicholz 56 PO Box 323448 D - 2000 Hamburg 13

LFRR Essen Address confidential

GLSM Postfach 32 34 48 D - 2000 Hamburg 13

LC Stuttgart c/o Jurgen Mack Postfach 13 12 16 D - 7000 Stuttgart 1

LM Duesseldorf c/o Alf Dahlwitz Charlottenstrasse 49 D - 4000 Duesseldorf 1

MS Panther Koeln e.V. c/o H. J. Mueller Postfach 5163 D - 4620 Castrop-Rauxel

MSC Berlin e.V. Postfach 30 39 69 D - 1000 Berlin 30

MSC Hamburg e.V. Postfach 303683 D - 2000 Hamburg 36

MSC Hannover e.V. Postfach 4149 D - 3000 Hannover 1

MSC Suedwest Postfach 1105 D - 7800 Freiburg

NLC Franken Humboldtstrasse 136 D - 8500 Nuernberg

MLC Munich Address Confidential

MSC Rhein Main Frankfurt c/o Horst Puepke Muehlheimer Str. 10 D - 6000 Frankfurt/M 61

The Rurals MC Postfach 7932 D - 4000 Duesseldorf 1

ICELAND MSC Iceland PO Box 5321 IS - 125 Reykjavík

ITALY LMC Firenze PO Box 536 I - 60100 Florence

NETHERLANDS MS Amsterdam Address Confidential

MS Rotterdam Postbus 22184 NL - 3003 DD Rotterdam

The Rurals MC Postbus 435 NL - 6040 AK Roermond

Schlechte Meiden (W) Postbus 201 NL - 11 10 AE Diemen

NEW ZEALAND Five Stars MC PO Box 3764 Auckland 41 South MC PO Box 27-180 Wellington

SPAIN MSC Barcelona AP Postal 9063 E - 08080 Barcelona

SWEDEN SLM Stockholm Box 9239 S - 102 73 Stockholm

SWITZERLAND LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ) Postfach 725 CH - 8025 Zurich

MSC Suisse Romande B. P. 3343 CH - 1002 Lausanne

UNITED KINGDOM Essex Leather PO Box 184 GB - Westcliff-on-Sea Essex SSO 7EB

The London Blues c/o Tony C. Powers 45 Gloucester Rd. KEW GB - Surrey TW9 3BT

London Boxing & Wrestling Club (FL) c/o Denby Dale 26 Inkerman Way GB-Huddersfield HD8 8UU

Midland Link MSC 20 Mapperly Gardens Mosley GB - Birmingham B13 8RN

MSC East Mercia c/o Leicester Place 24 Dryden St GB - Leicester

MSC London B. M. Box 8370 GB - London WC1N 3XX

MSC Midland Link 36 Heathmere Ave. Yardley GB - Birmingham B25 8RQ

MSC MSC c/o Frank Charles 25 Kensington Road Chorlton GB - Manchester M21 1GN

MSC North East Address Confidential

MSC Pennine Chain c/o Stuart Teale 14 St. John's Grove Eastmore Rd. GB - Wakefield WF1 3SA

MSC Scotland PO Box 28 H.P.O. GB - Edinburgh EH3 5JL

MSC Southwest c/o 57 Park Road St. Marychurch GB - Torquay TQ1 4QS

RMC London BCM / RMC GB - London WC1N 3XX

\*SM Gays (SM) BM SM Gays GB - London WC1N 3XX

SNC London B. M. Box SNC GB - London WC1N 3XX

Sussex Lancers MSC Mr. John B. Bruce 60 Highdown Road, Hove GB - East Sussex Bn3 6ED



CROSSROADS . .

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting their ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fledermaus



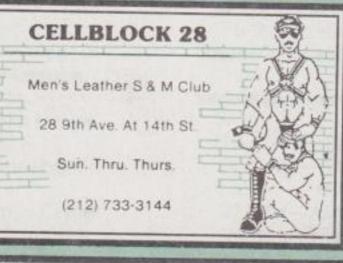






























	7 7 10 5	2	
MARCH		If you	u'd like your organization's events listed here,
22	•SM Erotic Art—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC	7	
22	•Exploritorium—Avatar—LA	28-May 1	Maitreffen—LC Stuttgart—Stuttgart
23	•Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan Selby— Endup, SF	29	*Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC *Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
23-26	•International Ms Leather Weekend in SF	30	•Shakedown Run—Rocky Mountaineers &
24-27	Ostern 1989—CFLM—Vienna, Austria		Knights of Malta—Triangle, Denver
	•Easter Caroussel—MSC Berlin—Berlin		Kinghts of Maria—Mangie, Denver
25	•International Ms Leather Contest—San		
	Franciscan Hotel—SF	MAY	
	•Entre Nous Equinox 19th Anniversary	5-7	SECT A Winning Time! Seturing MC Oth
	Celebration—Boston		•For a Winning Time!—Satyricon MC 8th Anniversary Run—Las Vegas, NV
26	Piercing with a Pro—Avatar—LA		•Anniversary Celebration—Utica Tri's—
27	•Support Group for Male Tops & bottoms—		Utica, NY
	VASM—Vancouver		•11th Anniversary—Highwaymen TNT—
30	Awards Banquet—San Diego Leathermen		Washington, DC
	—San Diego	6	•AIDS Benefit w/Wind, Mr. DC Eagle—
31-Apr 2	•Leatherfest—San Diego		T-Bolts—Westport, CT
	•Do A Fool '89—Tribe MC—Detroit	7	•Fifth Anniversary—Tridents MC—119
			Merrimac, Boston
APRIL		9	•NY Bondage Club—The Locker, NYC
1	•Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC	10	•S/M and the Law—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
	•AIDS Benefit w/Dan Noel, Mr. Mid-Atlantic		•Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—
	Leather '89—T-Bolts—Westport, CT		Cambridge, MA
2	•Rocky Horror Picture Show Party, NLA:	12	Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—
	Washington—Seattle, WA		NYC
	•Rally in Bergisches Land—MSC Viking—	12-15	•Zurich International—Loge 70—Zurich
	Cologne, West Germany	13	
4	•New York Bondage Club—Locker Room, NYC		*Lightning Strikes—Disciples of de Sade— Dallas
7-9	•15th Anniversary & Best Buns '89 Contest	14	•Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—NYC
	—Shipmates of Baltimore	17	•Tops & Bottoms—SM Gays—London
10	•Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center	19-21	•Sweet Sixteen—Trident International—
	—Washington, DC		Provincetown, MA
12	•Shaving—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC		•Nordic Rubber Weekend—SLM—
	Piercing Program—Dreizehn—The	20	Stockholm
	Paradise—Cambridge, MA	20	•IML Regional Sendoff—NLA:Seattle—
14	•Shaving Workshop—GMSMA—NYC		Seattle, WA
15	•West Coast School of Lower Education—		•Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15— SF
	The 15—SF, CA		*21st Annual Poker Run—Rocky
16	•Leather & Lace IV—119 Merrimac, Boston		Mountaineers—Denver
18	•New York Bondage Club—Locker Room,		•Mud Olympics II—Club Mud—Rio Nido, CA
	NYC	24	
19	•New Boys Deserve the Best Teachers—SM	27	•Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
	Gays—London	26-28	•Anniversary Run—Iron Cross—Montreal
21-23	•3rd Annual Alamo Run—River City	26-29	•Falcon Flight 5—Wasatch Leathermen MC
	Outlaws & Tejas MC—San Antonio, TX	2027	—Salt Lake City
	•Spring Run—Pacific Coast MC—LA		Bike Christening & Picnic—Empire City MC
24	•Swap Meet—Avatar—LA		-NYC
26	•The Power of the Uniform—GMSMA—	27	•Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
	LGCC, NYC		•Lone Star 8—Buzzards Peak, TX
28-30	•May Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest— NLA: Seattle		Conc Star o Buzzards r Car, TX
	National Advisory Committee Meetings		
	NLA: National—Seattle, WA	JUNE	
	•The Salute—Regiment of The Black & Tans	9-11	•Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts
	-LA	Parlament of the second	MC, Hartford, CT
	•Three Rivers Five—Pittsburgh MC—		•5th Anniversary—Two Wheelers—Omaha
	Pittsburgh, PA		•Roaring Camp Retreat—Pacific Coast MC
	•Mr. Idaho Leather—Lion Regiment—Boise		-LA



# CALENDAR

send us the appropria	te information at least two months in advance.	14	Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center     —Washington, DC
10 11	Gay Pride Parade & Rally—Boston     Ride Against AIDS—City Bikers—Denver     Mr. Northern California Drummer Contest	19	<ul> <li>Spanking Night—The 15—SF, CA</li> <li>All City Picnic—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA</li> </ul>
12	-Dreamland, SF  •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center  —Washington, DC	24 26	Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver     Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
14	•Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise— Cambridge, MA	SEPTEMBER 1-4	•Leif Ericson 1989—Vikings MC—
16-18 17	Acorn III—Oberons L/L—Milwaukee, WI     Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—SF,	11	Merrimac, NH  •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
17-18	•Viking Games—SLM—Copenhagen,	13	-Washington, DC  •Meeting-Dreizehn-The Paradise-
18	•Pride Festival—NLA:Washington—Seattle, WA	16	•Branding—The 15—SF
21	Pride Night—GMSMA—NYC  Tits & Balls—SM Gays—London	21-24 21	T-Bolts at the Bike Stop—Philadelphia Leather Pride Weekend in SF  Fortish & Fortish
23-25	•Leather & Lace Cape Escape— Provincetown, MA	23	Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan "Mr S" Selby     —SF      Mr. Drummer Finals Contest & Show—SF
24	Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC     Pride Party—NLA: Washington—Seattle,     WA	24	•Demo—VASM—Vancouver •Folsom Street Fair—SF
24-25	GAY PRIDE WEEKEND     Midsummernightsparty in the Eifel—MSC	OCTOBER	
28	•Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC	1 6-8	•Rally—MSC Viking Cologne •15 Anniversary—Knights d'Orleans—New
ших		6-9	Orleans, LA  •Living in Leather IV—NLA—Seattle, WA
JULY 1-4	•Golden Fleece 18—Rocky Mountaineers —Camp Jason, CO	9	<ul> <li>Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center</li> <li>—Washington, DC</li> </ul>
8	•Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA	11 13-15	Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—     Cambridge, MA     Provincetown Run—Entre Nous—
9-16	•18th Annual Black Mountain Run—Pacific Coast MC—LA	21	Provincetown, MA  •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—SF
10	<ul> <li>Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center</li> <li>—Washington, DC</li> </ul>	21-22	•21st Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers— Denver
12	•Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise— Cambridge, MA	28	•Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA: BC— Vancouver, BC
15 16	Bondage Night—The 15—SF, CA     Auction—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA		
19	*8th Birthday Party—SM Gays—London     *MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—     M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC	NOVEMBER 8	•Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise— Cambridge, MA
22-23	•Tour to Liege Belgium—MSC Viking Cologne	13	•Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center —Washington, DC
28-31	•Leather Pride Weekend—Mr./Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA: BC— Vancouver, BC	18 19	Mad Doctor Party—The 15—SF, CA     Leather & Lace Brotherhood Feast—119     Merrimac, Boston
AUGUST		December	
9	•Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise— Cambridge, MA	11	•Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center —Washington, DC
12-15	•Mollie Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers— Denver	15	Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers—     Denver
177.00			

16

•Christmas Party—City Bikers—Denver •Christmas Party—MSC Viking Cologne

17-20

•Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer Contest-

Charlotte, NC

# LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Mr. Townsend,

I've recently found myself in an awkward situation involving my 18-year-old son, who has lived with his mother since he was 6, but stayed with me one weekend per month. I've suspected for some time that he was gay, because his mother has spoiled him rotten and he has always been a sissy. Although I have tried to be firm with him, I haven't whipped his ass since puberty, because nothing makes me hotter than busting ass. A month ago, on his 18th birthday, his mother called to "warn" me that he had told her he was gay, and that he indicated that he was also going to tell me. About a week later he came to stay with me for five days, but said nothing. He then returned to college, leaving a note for me on his pillow, marked "Daddy."

The first thing I saw was a photo of him, shaved and wearing pink panties with little white hearts all over them. The letter, in brief, said: "Daddy, I've written this for you," and a second envelope contained a first person story: "I knew I was a pussy, my Daddy caught me wearing my panties and beat my ass for it, made me lick his boots, etc." I don't know how he had picked up on my own fetish, because in truth the whole thing got me so hot I damn near shot without touching my dick. I've used the boy's letter and photo for daily JO sessions ever since.

Now, he's coming home from college in a few weeks, and I don't know what to do. Am I sick, crazy, or what? How do I handle the situation? This isn't something I can write to Dear Abby about. Appreciatively, Daddy in Distress, NI

Dear Daddy,

I suppose it's the moral aspect of the situation that bothers you, and this is a question I really can't answer for another person. If establishing a physical relationship with your son is going to cause you such severe mental anguish that it outweighs the pleasure you derive from it, then you'll have to leave it alone. However, it's been my experience that the only sexual relationships I have ever regretted were the ones I let slip through my fingers. A few issues back I answered a letter from a son in the reverse perspective of your situation, and I told him to "go for it." I don't know how this worked out, but I'm really inclined to say the same thing to you. If you pass up the opportunity, I think you'll regret it for the rest of your days, because you'll never know how it might have been. There are lots of guys who'd give their left nut to be faced with your choice (or your son's,) and from my

admittedly jaded perspective I don't see anything wrong with giving it a try as long as both of you are willing participants.

Dear Larry,

What is the best way to clean latex toys, etc., and with what? What about enema equipment? I only use these items on myself, but I still want to be sure they are as clean and safe as possible. Is there a bactericidal solution of some kind available for this purpose? We never see this subject addressed, so please inform me.

K. H., Rochester NY

In this day of health consciousness I have seen this subject addressed many times. I don't know how you've missed it. A diluted bleach solution, or plain rubbing alcohol is going to work just fine, although you should wash off the residue afterward to keep it from causing skin irritation. As for cleaning latex appliances that are only being used on one person, good old fashioned hot water and soap does wonders. If you'd feel better using a product with a "medical" label, there are lots of them: spray disinfectants like Amphyl or Asepto, or sterilizing solutions like Glutarex or Cidec. But it is going to be harder to find these, since they are generally sold directly to doctors and hospitals by medical supply houses.

Sir:

When I suck a Topman to orgasm and he shoots his load into my mouth, it's thrilling for both of us. But unless I swallow his cum, my effort to give him a good, loving blow job seems pointless. To make him withdraw his cock from my mouth before he shoots off, or to spit out his cum, turns what should be a thrilling mutual encounter into something incomplete, disappointing, unsatisfying. It's like leaving a good play before the last act. But I'm afraid of contracting AIDS from swallowing cum. How concerned should I really be about this? Won't stomach acid destroy any virus that might be present in my Topman's cum? Also, I hear that a person can contract AIDS through a sore or abrasion in the mouth, but suppose that after taking my Topman's load I quickly rinsed out my mouth with a solution of hydrogen peroxide or some other antiseptic? Shouldn't that reduce the danger considerably? Isn't there any way to give head without major risk to the bottom?

Concerned, Boca Raton FL

Dear Concerned,

Cocksucking, as opposed to ass fucking,

is a relatively low risk activity. However, when you are dealing with a disease as deadly as AIDS, even a very low risk situation is placing your life on the line. If you have any kind of open sore in your mouth, there is no way to get an antiseptic solution in there fast enough to assure sterilization. If you insist on taking the risk, you can cut the odds a bit by following the ejaculation by an immediate rinse, gargle, and/or swallow of vodka or whiskey. But this only decreases the risk: it doesn't eliminate it. Swallowing the load seriously increases the danger, because the stomach acid is in the stomach, not in the esophagus. It's your life: you have to decide, but you should treat any unknown partner as if he were HIV positive. You may not want to miss the last act, but if there's a fire backstage you'd better get your ass out of the theater.

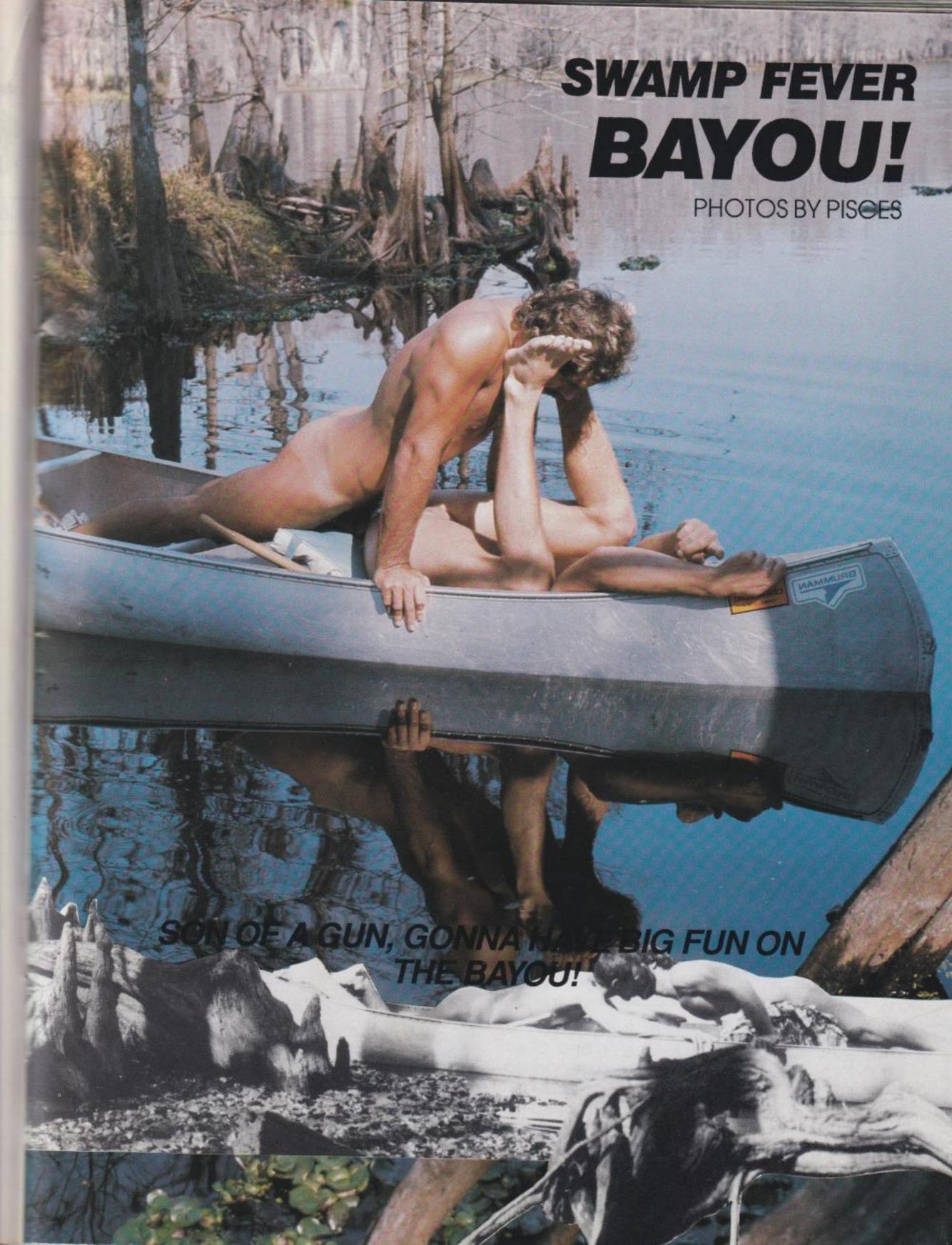
Dear Sir,

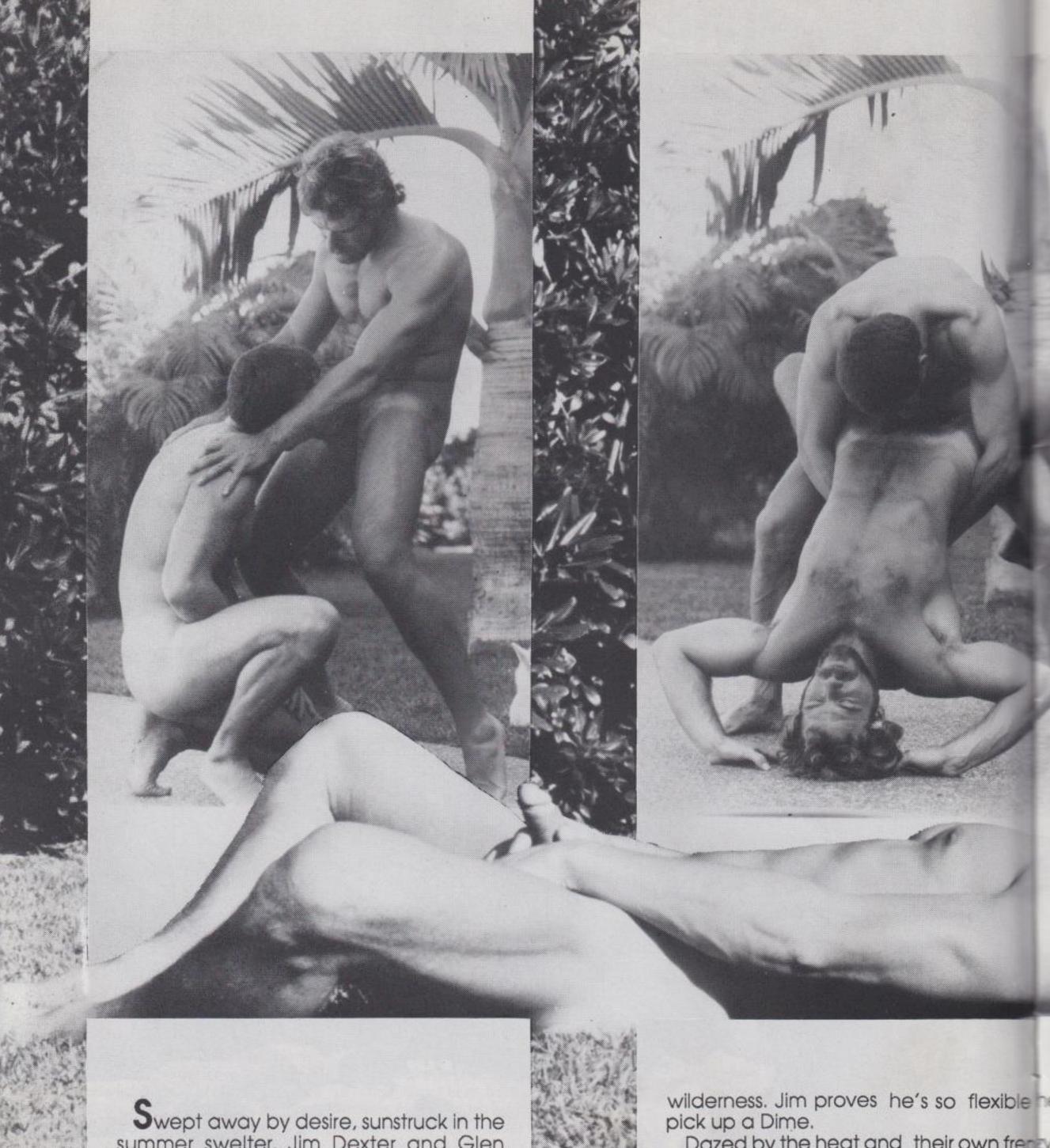
i have been with my Master for eight years. We have had a very good and honest relationship. My Master is into very heavy cock and ball torture, which i love and am able to take during long sessions in the playroom, i am very well hung, with large balls and a long, thick cock. We are both professional men and hold good jobs. Every morning before we leave for work my Master puts a harness on my cock and balls, which is very tight because of my huge size, i am expected to wear this harness all day, but because of its being so tight i remove it as soon as i am at work, and replace it just before i leave for home. My Master believes i wear it all day, because He put it on me and ordered me to wear it. i don't like this lie between us and don't know how to tell Him the truth. I don't want to endanger a great eight year relationship, but i'm afraid i'll do myself some serious, permanent damage if i obey. Please help me. i know he will listen to your advice. We get Drummer. Thank you, slave tim

Dear slave,

Your Master is certainly going to be justified in punishing you for your disobedience, but he should also be responsive to the possibility of doing you some physical damage. In his boots, I'd whip your assuntil it glowed, but I'd buy you a bigger harness.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.





Swept away by desire, sunstruck in the summer swelter. Jim Dexter and Glen Dime (Glen has the beard) surrender to

Locked in sweaty abandon, the two studs let their imaginations run wild in the

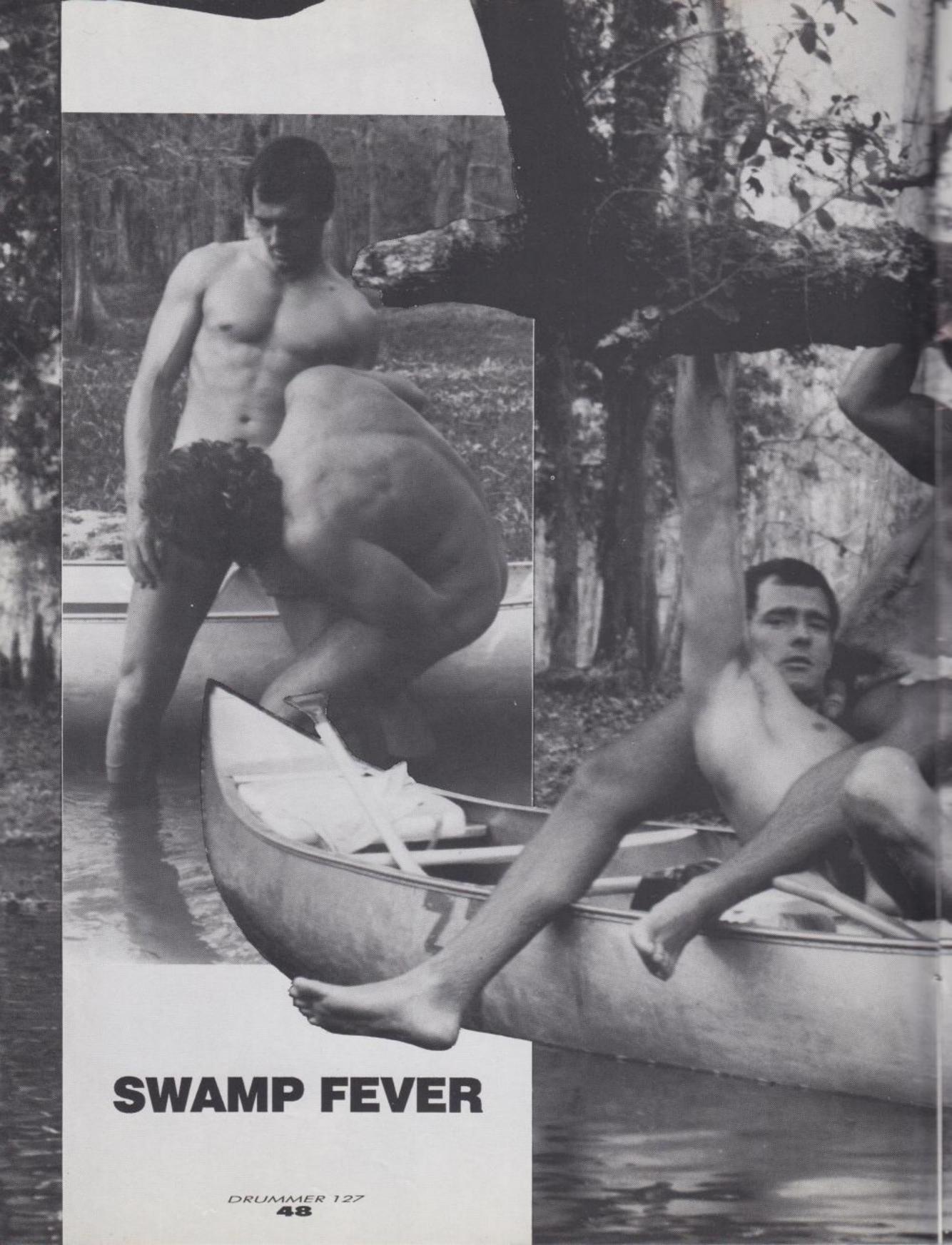
Dazed by the heat and their own freezy are sent spinning, swirling in the a hot bayou fuck.

Their heads swimming, they fall book bodies as still as the afternoon air.









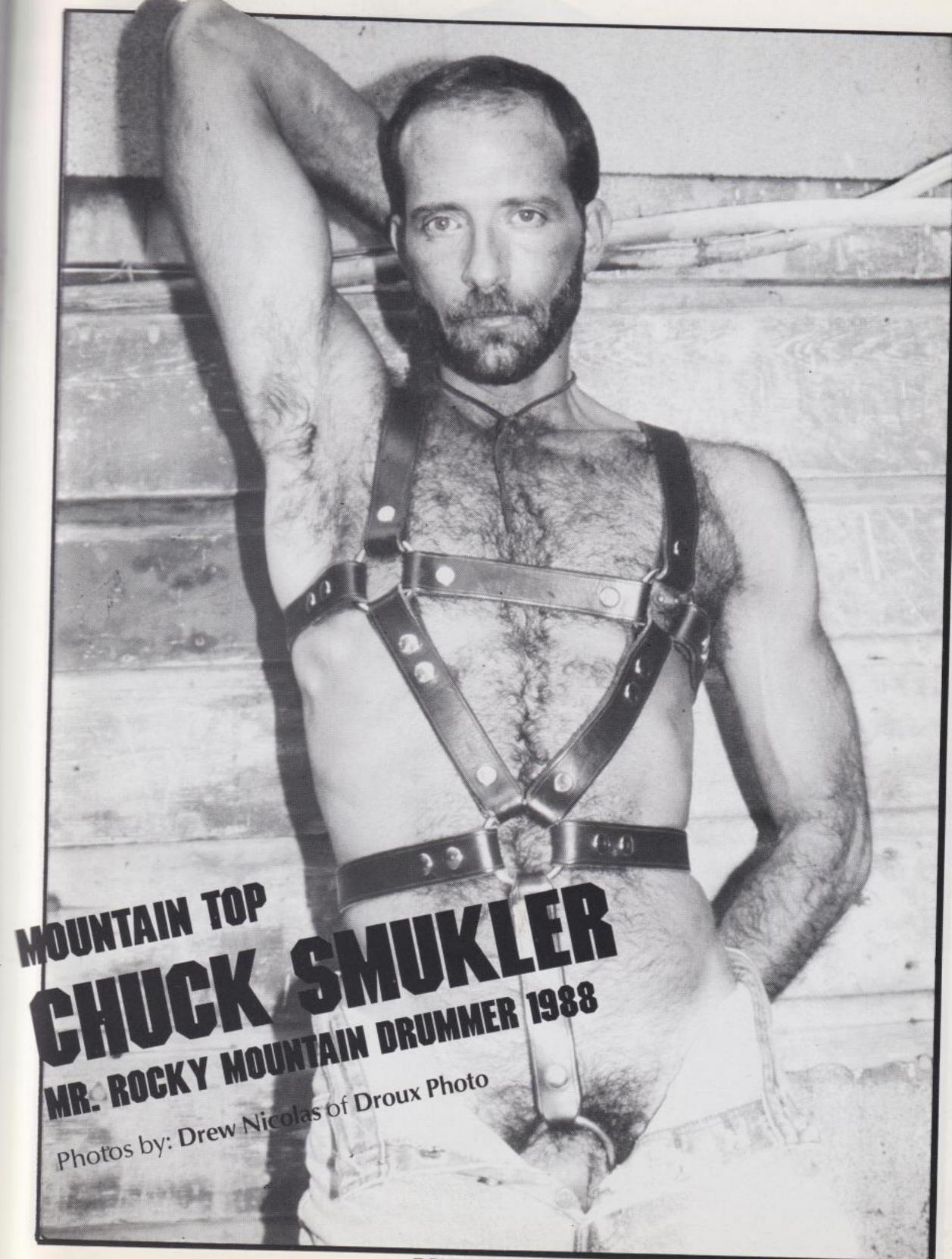


BAYOU!















is gaze is as cool and blue as the sky over Denver. A native Coloradan, Chuck was Mr. Leather Colorado 1986. He has recently finished school and has embarked on a career as an architect. After work he likes to play with tit clamps, ropes and belts.

Chuck has enjoyed the fun and excitement of being a Mr. Drummer, which has led to his active participation in fund-raising for Denver's St. John's Hospice.

Suckable Chuck showed off his kinky side in his erotic fantasy for the Mr. Drummer contest. Stripping out of a business suit, he picked up a trick and "gift-wrapped" him in bondage, showing that he can be very nimble and quick with a candlestick.

Chuck's levelheaded advice to *Drummer* readers is, "always be

Chuck's levelheaded advice to *Drummer* readers is, "always be true to whoever you are. Don't worry about what others think."

Obviously, Chuck doesn't have to worry about a thing.

—KJL





# CHUCK SMUKLER





DRUMMER 127 **58** 





### We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

**Your ad:** First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

**Print it out:** Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**Deadline?** There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 (repeat, **60**) days for your ad to appear. WE MEAN IT.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

How to reply to a *Drummer* box number: Answering a *Drummer* box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (75¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges.

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

**Phone number?** Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

**Payment?** Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

**Censorship?** No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 75¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,	Digger bargaini		
DEAR SIR: DESMODUS, INC. PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314	Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (Words×50¢) \$ Additional Insertions—×(10% discount)  Box Number (Add \$1.00)  Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)		
NAME	Payment enclosed is:   Check   Money Orde		
ADDRESS	Please make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC.		
CITY	Card No	_Exp. Date	
STATEZIP	□ Visa □ Mastercard □ American Express		
Signature:			
(I am 21 years of age or older • <b>Sig</b> I declare that I am 21 years of age or older • <b>Sig</b> I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the datum my ad is true and correct. Lunderstand that no proofs of a technical failure. Lunderstand that Desmadus, Inc. is in no way reponsible for any transactions between myself and an	my and will be a proplied to me for proposed and I would all closes recognition are a con-	te reproduction due to mistakes o	

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum) PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

AD COPY (please print)			



#### NATIONWIDE

#### TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tit work, cock/ass whipping, bondage, and getting Master's cock serviced. Am WM, 5'10", 145, 50s, moustach, have play room. No drugs, FF, scat. San Francisco. Planning visit? (415) 469-0955 or Box 6993

#### ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me, gag me, make me beg for more. You're in control (if you're man enough). Send your photo and detailed letter of intent. Box 6692.

#### LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories! Let's tie him down; gag him; roll his nipples; frig his butt; tickle him mercilessly; then milk his dick for a finale! Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control punks, thugs, cops, military, jocks, and businessmen. Mr. N.P., PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Box 6695LF.

#### DISABLED?

See: Organizations heading

#### BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please (LF6406)

#### **FACESITTING**

Safe. No scat. Top or Bottom. Letter/Photo to PO Box 204, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2L5

#### DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

#### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week-end training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

#### ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond/USMC/cop/BB, pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. Occ., PO Box 91181, Henderson, NV 89009.

#### CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

#### TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42"c, 31"w), size (8" cut) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

#### **BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE**

Seek ticklish guys (tops and bottoms) for begging, pleading, hysterical laughter. Box 6813.

#### SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

#### **GOT AN ACCENT?**

Want a blowjob? SF area but I like mail. Pref. skinny guys, smooth, dark skin. Box Alpha.

#### HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

#### LEATHER BUDDY

GWM. 45, 5'8", 145, Br Hair, Blue Eyes, who loves wearing black leather. Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair, in shape, who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192, Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

#### GUT PUNCHING/WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome, 6', 190, 28, seeks other musclemen, jocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching, stomach scissors, and other abdominal frats of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo/phone. Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520.

#### HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, tits, Leather, toys, light bondage, S/M. Write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, IN 46206. (LF6942)

#### BLOND GD/LKG FUCK BUDDY

31, 6', 190, blue eyes, moustache, thick hung dick, usually submissive. Hot, rugged, sweaty safe-sex. Truckers, travelers welcome. West of Chicago. Brad (312) 820-9088.

#### READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master. Rugged attractive early fifties. Offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. S/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Become exceptional slave once and for all! Tom. Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123. (5760LF)

#### BOY/SLAVE

Good looking eager to please hot hung Daddy/ Master, 1-519-749-0881.

#### PHOTO SWAP

Voyeuristic hedonist gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos, duos, gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on, or I'll come and photograph your scene for you. Box 2251, SF 94126.

#### YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2", 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy/ houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25, intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF.

#### LEATHER CROTCH/HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a Hungry crotch-cannibal: My leather-cock is Screaming to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself my brother, as a Sexual-Beast/Leather-Brat; Obsessed with Lust. Plug into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under our 2 Hard-On leather crotches. Yeah, fucking the machine; Fucking you! I'm hunting for Part-Time sex-slaves leading to uncomplicated, but serious meetings. You are bottom, masochist, submissive. You're younger, firm bod, healthy and workwise self-sufficient. I am 50, tall, firm bod, healthy, bearded, leathered, rubbered. I'm Top, Sadist, Master; obsessed w/FETISH-SEX in codpiece leather pants, hoods, high boots (and indulge in Black-Rubber!) Those are my DRUGS and fucking Obsessions. I'll rush our senses with Devil-Gas for a Rebel-Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your hooded-head! I live in SF. No need for "medical students" (no tubes, piercing or enemas on premises). "Live-In" NOT available. You are malleable. I'm not. Apply w/photo to: WIZARD, PO Box 640033. San Francisco 94164-0033. (6897LF)

### THEBOSS

Steel-Toe Engineer Boots by WESCO®

**eScott Martin** 



#### Vibram<sup>®</sup> sole

Stock #ST 7718-100, 18" high

......\$245.00/pair

Stock #ST 7720-100, 20" high

......\$275.00/pair



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(415) 863-7764

Include \$10 Shipping/Handling

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery

#### stock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137. (LF6508)

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks

in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twist-

ing, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping.

Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S, etc.

Safe Sex. Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or

write anytime. Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Wood-

DADDY HAS EVERYTHING except 20s-30s, companionable, cute or BB, live-in (NYC) slaveboy/son. Need sane, successful top, commitment, belonging, new HOME, dedicated life of sex service without sleaze, loneliness, or futility? Full, frank application with photo(s) now Lifetime opportunity, fulfilling lifestyle. Start a new life this new year.! Box 6324LF

#### PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5'10", 160, blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into S/M, Leather, safe raunch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352.

#### **CUM ON SON**

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex. T/T, V/A, shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship, Dad can give or take. Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo/phone—AI, Box 1356, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY NY 10159. Box 6700LF.

#### GRANDAD

Horny Sicilian Bear Dad (45) with hungry bear boy (35) is looking for a Silver Bear Dad (55+) of his own. Let's get together and teach the boy a few new lessons. PO Box 2251, SF 94126

#### EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

#### SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28/31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather, discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

#### TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top: 5'8", 153, bl/br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT, weights and FF, Bottom: 5'9", 100, br/br, curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs legs, pecs and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909.

#### ISUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control; secondary interests: leather, VA, CBTT, bondage, body-punching. One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave, dog, punching bag—your desire. Me: 6'2", 190, 35. You: 25-45, facial hair, non-fat or fem. Texas. Box 6896LF

#### LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5'9", 170#, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF.

#### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

G/W/M, 30, 6'2", 175 lbs., well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy, hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master/Dad 32-40 for lifemate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF.

#### WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician, slave-Owner seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft. Absolutely no satanists. Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

#### JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men into leather, bondage, toys, etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9221 Stockton, CA 95208-1221. For fallen angels 21 and over.

#### **FANTASIES BORE ME**

I am a Harley ridin', computer professional who lives in blue jeans, boots and leather. I'm looking for a man with similar interests to suck my dick, fuck my ass and get his dick sucked. Good man-to-man sex now, kink later. Permanent a possiblity. Box 6440LF

#### **COUPLE SOUGHT**

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop, contribute to working, trusty, healthy, open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard), and stable partners/buddies, 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF.

#### LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

#### SON WANTED

Executive Dad, 50 years young, 6' tall, 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks submissive son. Into light S&M, bondage, and long-term, loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414, Seattle, WA 98125.

#### HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

#### **HOT & HUNKY**

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinatily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126



PLUS hundreds of other Body Jewelry designs in SAFE surgical stainless and gold. Send \$8 for our complete catalog and color piercing magazine.



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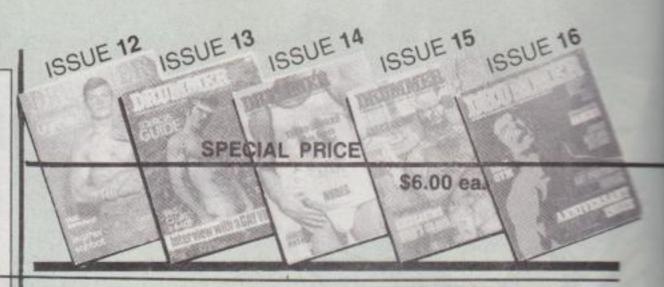
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Two hot Chicago Masters, 28/31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather, discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

#### TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top: 5'8", 153, bl/br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT, weights and FF. Bottom: 5'9", 100, br/br, curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs legs, pecs and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909.

#### I SUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control; secondary interests: leather, VA, CBTT, bondage, body-punching. One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave, dog, punching bag—your desire. Me: 6'2", 190, 35. You: 25-45, facial hair, non-fat or fem. Texas. Box 6896LF

#### LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5'9", 170#, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45+, to be dad s naked sex toy and to complete family Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF

#### LOVER/MASTER WANTED

G/W/M, 30, 6'2", 175 lbs., well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy, hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master/Dad 32-40 for lifemate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF.

#### WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician, slave-Owner seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft. Absolutely no satanists. Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

#### JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men into leather, bondage, toys, etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9221 Stockton, CA 95208-1221. For fallen angels 21 and over.

#### **FANTASIES BORE ME**

I am a Harley ridin', computer professional who lives in blue jeans, boots and leather. I'm looking for a man with similar interests to suck my dick, fuck my ass and get his dick sucked. Good man-to-man sex now, kink later. Permanent a possiblity. Box 6440LF

#### COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop, contribute to working, trusty, healthy, open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard), and stable partners/buddies, 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF.

#### LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

#### SON WANTED

Executive Dad, 50 years young, 6' tall, 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks submissive son. Into light S&M, bondage, and long-term, loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414, Seattle, WA 98125.

#### HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

#### **HOT & HUNKY**

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

#### 1989 COUNTRY BOY

Shy passive kid/boy next door (32, 5'9", 165, blue eyes, light brown hair and moustache) seeks Top. Muscular Dad/Big Brother (35-45), not a slave/Master, that can guide in both brain and brawn. Enjoy leather, uniform and western realities. Box 280388, Lakewood, CO 80228. (Box 6232LF)

#### 100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting, or passing thru Seattle—
I'd be honored to be used as your toilet/urinal,
bootwipe, boy. Singles, groups welcome. Age,
looks not relevant. Mutual filth freak OK—I'm
tall 6'2", brn/blu, stach, 200 lbs., 37 yrs. boy.
Anxious to feed Sir(s). Write: Box 6840LF.

#### MASOCHIST/SLAVE

SIR, WM, 34, 5'10", 165#, needs to suffer pain, torture & to provide total toilet service for Master, slave needs bondage, piercing, hair removal, whipping, permanent marking, fisting, dildoes, CBT & training in ass worship & total obedience, please give this worthless piece of shit a chance, SIR, Box 6839LF.

#### NYC/CAN TRAVEL

WM, 35, 205, 6'1", beard, husky, attractive, seeks younger, verbal, in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some homo, turning his mouth into your urinal and him into your on-call pet cocksucker, foot-kisser, asslicker, serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details/pic. Box 6224LF

#### LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear. 39, 511", 175 lbs, into most underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W.Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

#### DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN

Hot Australian male, 33, 6'2", 180 lbs. Lives in country beach-house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage, shaving, and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos, phone or in person. (Macintosh user) Box 6732LF. (International Postage required).

#### RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE

6'2', 185 lbs., youthful, goodlooking, masculine, Navy vet, no vices, disease free, sensible, intelligent, middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You: owner of sizable, operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discrete, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6616LF.

#### HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664

#### HANDSOME BUTCH LEATHERGOD

Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top: stud pecs, hung pierced pussy ripper, throbbing manhole enlarger encased in bulging codpiece, tan/shaved for exhibition. My rippled manhandler body needs a mature well-positioned hungry fuckmouth, pissface, bootlicker, muscleslave, pigman to suck worship juice. Tough hard action; letter, phone, photo required. Box 6835LF.

#### 300# GWM SADIST MASTER 48

wants toilet slave with thin waist. Remove shirt for inspection photo. Permanent possession open now! Be submissive and obedient. Send limits, details and fantasy. Bondage-Pain-Love. Spend 25¢ sending what you have today for results. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433. PS: 1 hope you have a very "Happy New Year".

#### **HOT TOP SAN DIEGO**

Handsome, hairy WM 33, 5'10", 180, great pecs and tough nipples. In shape mind and body. Seeks same in hot masculine bottom. Mild to intense safe scenes. Not interested in sniveling cocksuckers. Send photo, details and desires to Occupant, PO Box 16532, San Diego, CA 92116. (Box 6836LF)

#### DAD SEEKS SON

40 yr. old into B/B seeks son to coach in daily workouts and wrestling training with some bondage and leather sex. Good home and lots of training & discipline to right young man. Will help you reach your full potential physically, mentally and sexually. Write w/ photo, phone to Box 6832LF.

#### TORONTO GUY

5'8", 150 lbs., 34 years old, bearded, versatile, seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jockstraps, wrestling, leather, J/O, verbal, spit, tit-slapping and ass-belting—big bearded men specially welcome to write. Box 6830LF.

#### **DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN**

Top and bottom/Top couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Village (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe/sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gatherings every month. Write: 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshaft tradition.

#### HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

This middle-aged farmer is looking for an upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, tight butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

#### RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10", 160, beard, uncut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather, uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, enemas, catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438LF

#### **EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER**

who is also bottom into FF, dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

#### CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder. Background: college, Air Force, construction, crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising/training horses/dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

# ZEL



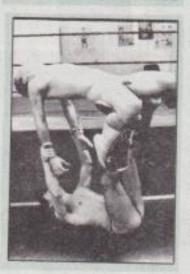
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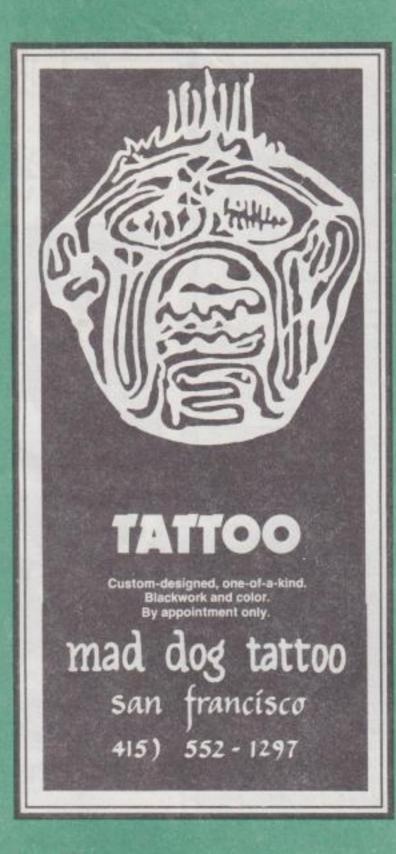
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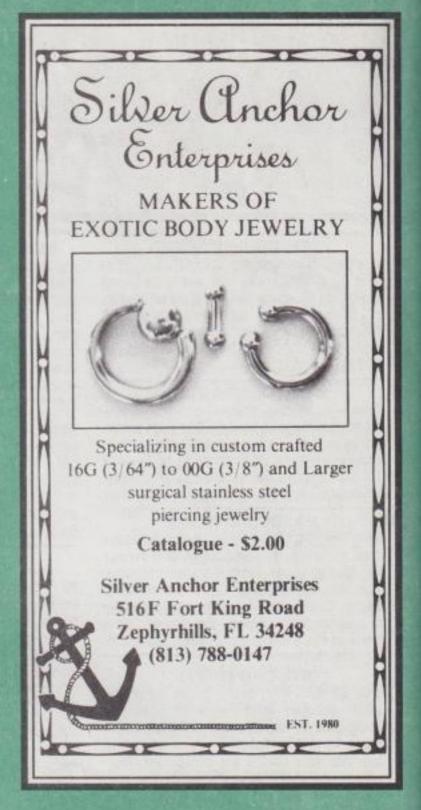
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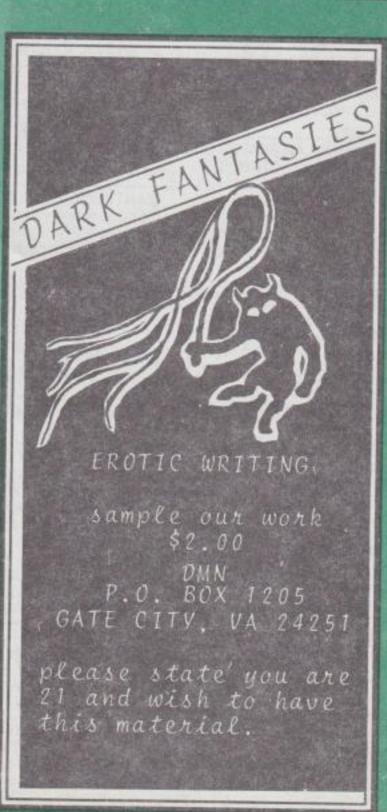


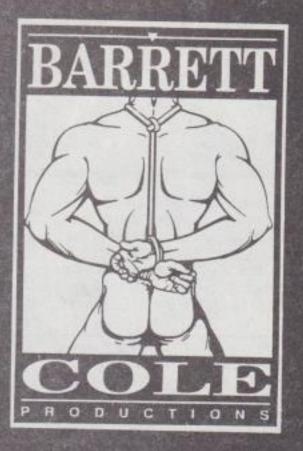
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#### **TRAINING & GUIDANCE**

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

#### SONS GET OFF ON DADDY

From wronged sons' kinky wrath, this studserving Daddy won't flinch. Hot ass & stiff nipples primed for a boot, thrust or pinch. Bound naked & gagged to stifle the screams, caused by condom-capped cock pounding his throat & hot-waxed hole's seams. For anything goes fun, call Bob (305) 274-4773 (Miami) after midnite.

#### **BRUTAL MASTERS**

Slave is looking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flogging, hoods, electrotorture, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave is 29 and likes to be punched and kicked by both blacks and whites. Box 6492LF. (International Postage required).

#### SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER

to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, beer, piss, sweat, tattoos, VA, BJ lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll cum, Buddy! Box 6347

#### HAIRY BEARDED MAN

in transition from top to bottom, seeks nationwide contacts with Masters who can handle a strong cocky guy needing domination. I'm masculine, 6'3", 200 lbs. and prefer macho hairy non-smokers into VA, leather, humiliation, bondage, spit. Also like blue collar guys and short, built daddies. Safe sex only. Box 6246LF.

#### YOU'RE THAT ONE SPECIAL BOY

any-age-young, smooth, trim, healthy, sexy, fun, true to your slaveself and all Others, totally devoted & committed to serving, servicing, loving two stable, strict, sensuous, caring 9-year monogamous Master Lovers, 40, 6'2", 170 and 57, 5'10", 165, as Their permanent property, subservient houseboy, obedient sexslave, & know you are owned, controlled & loved. Carpe Diem! Be a good boy, get naked, get down & submit to Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. (Country slavequarters near D.C. & Baltimore) Box 6702LF

#### MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

#### LITTLE MEN WANTED

under 5' tall. Hot, hairy, beer-bellied, Italian Dad, 5'9" looking for anything goes sex with hot men of small stature with big ideas. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126.

#### BASEBALL PLAYER WANTED

WM, 5'9", 150, 33 seeks All-American baseball player 33+. Pro, semi-pro, or minor leaguer who needs a Guy Friday or personal assistant. I understand the importance of discretion in your life. Not out to make trouble. I just need a baseball playin' buddy. Box 6926

#### TOP SON

Submissive Dad wanted by hot, short, straight-acting son. You: 30-48, protective, masculine, strong-bodied, quiet kind of guy who needs to completely satisfy son's needs. Your cut dick, natural, heavy low-hangers, receptive ass and throat are for son's use/abuse. Son: young 40, demanding, playful, imaginative. Let's clamp those nipples/pull, twist, stap those Daddy balls. Not spoiled yet, son has expectations of a Dad who knows his son can do no wrong. Plusses: tall, muscular. Detailed applications to Box 6927.

#### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/BOY

Master 33 6' 170 beard mustache. Slave 18-30 5'9" or shorter lean & tight assed: Start as a bootlicking dog/slave work hard to earn position as daddys boy. Your goal in life should be earning your master/daddys approval. Limits respected (safe). Photo-phone. In Chicago. Box 6772LF.

#### SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 40, 6'2", 175 lbs. brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039 (6231LF)

#### MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES FOR BOSTON MUSCLE BOY STABLE

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/ school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

#### HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 6'2", 175 lbs. working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, S/M, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities, to PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explorel Detailed letter, phone and photo. Box 6829LF.

#### PETERBILT AT LARGE

Hairy and horny trucker seeks good buddies for safe man-to-man action and a warm bed. I drive Interstates 5 thru 95, north, south and all places in between. I like greasy levis, leathers, boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. I like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload, please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Reb'L, PO Box 64094, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4094.

#### **EXECUTIVE SEEKS SLAVE**

Handsome, very muscular, dark haired executive, 35, 6'1", 180, (9" thick) is looking for a high quality slave who wants to be completely trained to be an executive assistant and to service this very HOT Dominant Top. If your body is not in shape now-it better have very good potential. If you are intelligent, loving, affectionate, obedient, and very willing to learn, you have a big advantage. You will be trained to socialize in powerful circles and you will live as a Prince as long as you serve me devotedly. You would live with me, travel with me, work with me and play with me. You would be my companion, my valet/slave and my executive right arm. I will relocate you if you succeed in convincing me that you are completely qualified. Send your detailed application (with photos and phone #) to PO Box 3697, Minneapolis, MN. 55403.

#### BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant smooth boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut, swim team captain in panties, cute gymnast meets brass knuckles, crying boystuds as pissholes, buttlickers, pets and toilets, etc. Let's exchange written fantasies. Box 6905. Canadian Postage Required. Paul

#### SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 26, novice, smooth body, 8" uncut cock, seeks muscular Top for discipline. Enclose photo with letter. PO Box 330774, Miami, FL 33233-0724

#### 40-60 YRS. SERIOUS ONLY

Tall, booted, 6", 190, 36, hot 8", in shape (into what, "most don't"), dig levis, leather, sweat, pain, tit work, oil wrestling, aroma, endurance, long sessions, etc. I like what you do. Top or bottom? Real men only. No fats or fems! Truckin' south, let's get it on. Jim, PO Box 53-0992, Miami, FL 33153 (6974LF)

#### WANTED: TRUCKER'S BOY

47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends—(209) 298-6527 Box 6057LF

#### WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, asspussy needs assplowing from hung, in-shape Tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, VA, spanking, TT, C&BT, groups, shaving. Love big cocks. No scat, FF, damage. Me: 5'5", 130 lbs, beard, submissive. Hank (312) 989-4236, Box 25182, Chicago, IL 60625. (6973LF)

#### SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse, frat hazing, military discipline, light S&M. Bottom is muscular WM, 25-35, enthusiastic, spirited. Positives: college jocks, construction workers, intelligence, correct attitude. Negatives: raunch, drugs, BBs, excessive hair. Possible relationship or Master/slave. Top is 41, 5'8", 160, HIV-neg, clean shaven. Descriptive letter w/photo, phone. (6971LF)

#### EXPERIENCED TRAINER

wants tall, muscular men for Viking warrior/ slave training. Weekend or one-day sessions. Safe sex or no sex. Financial aid available for qualified trainees. Box 6969

#### SON WANTS HAIRY DADDY

Novice son, 27, wants hairy Daddy, 45-60 and physically fit, for training in B/D, spanking, shaving, etc. Write with photo and letter. Box

#### LIVE-IN SLAVE

wanted by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is WM, 43, 6'3", 210, Bl/Gr, moustache, hung, and experienced. Immediate relocation to New England necessary. Assistance with relocation necessary. If you are not serious, do not waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 4425LF

#### WANT TO HAVE TINY DICK

Goodlooking, 35 yrs, heavy masochist/slave searching for kinky doctor or medical expert to surgically make my small endowment even smaller. Have been counselled, am very serious. Not a fantasy ad. Will pay costs, sign releases. Live in LA, but can travel to you. Anyone who can "connect" me will get finder's fee. Can be done as a scene but not necessary. Please, serious only reply. Box 6948

#### CAPTURED AND TORTURED!

Are you young, in-shape, imaginative, and searching for dick dripping adventures? WM, 30s, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile, seeks others for historical torture fantasies, challenges, in safe, sane, discreet, injury free atmosphere. Let's live those movie scenes, writhing, sweating, groaning, toughing it out! Send ideas, limits, photo. Box 6129LF

#### SEEKING MASTER FARMER

Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois to serve as serf for Master au natural, housed, live with and work as farm inhabitant, self sustaining. Box 6982

#### SCAT NOVICE

Clean shaven WM, 32, 5'11", 170, seeks other healthy, adventurous man under 35 for safe experiementation. Must be HIV-neg, clean & trim. Am primarily bottom. Uncut & hung a plus. W/S okay. Box 6983

#### **EMERGENCY—DESPERATE NEED**

Wanted: Sex Master to kidnap me, heavy torture me, rape me. Kidnap from home into severe S/M, B/D torture, into wearing skin tight jeans and leather jacket in my presence. Age 22-48 years old. Must be serious about kidnaping me. Write: Brad Jackson, PO Box 665, 24050 North Shore Drive, Lot 9, Rema Trailer Park, Eagle Lake, Edwardsburg, Michigan 49112

#### HOT PUP

30 year old, blond/blue, 5'7", 150 lbs., handsome, masculine, clean cut boy next door who can take it like a man seeks tough action Dad who is also man enough to love his boy. Rare find boy offers genuine commitment. See "Hot Pup. . ." ad, issue #122 for more details. Box 6742LF

#### SLAVE NEEDS JOCK MASTER

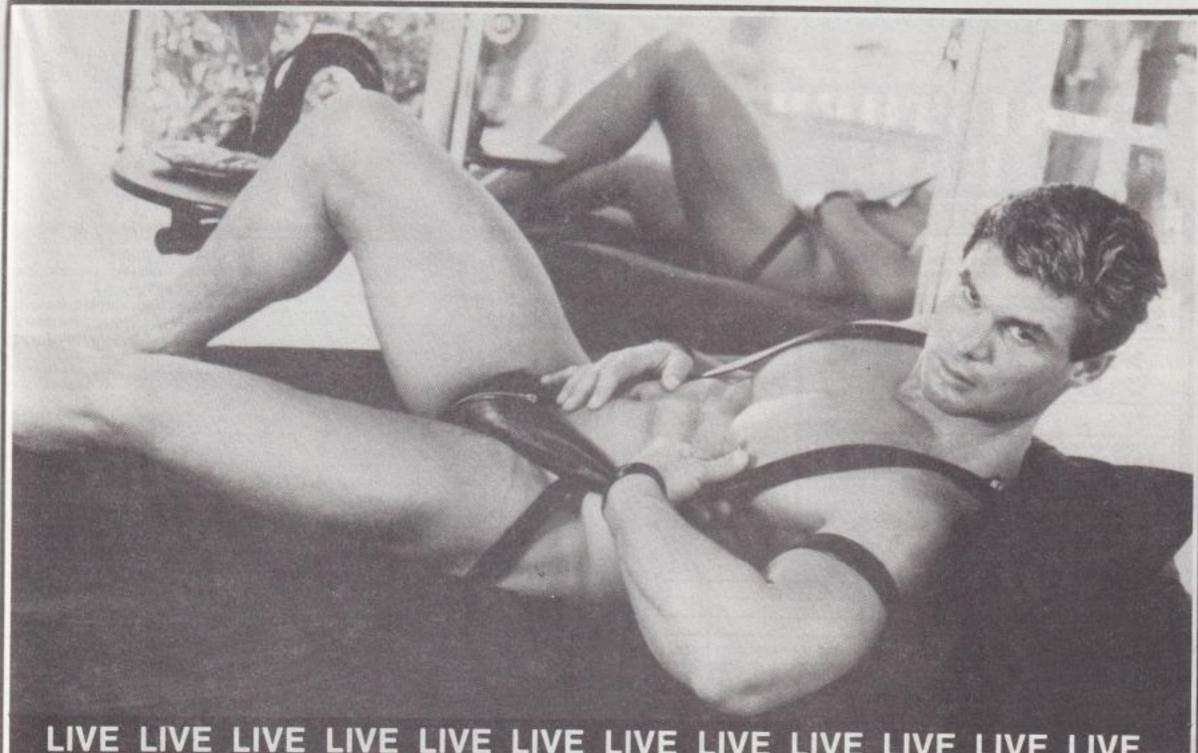
Hot 30 year old, gooklooking, athletic slave seeks great looking jock, safe/sane Master under 35 for part time/permanent ownership. No smoke, dope. Call Jeff (408) 988-1559.

#### FARM HAND

Hot muscled weightlifter, 37, and tall Dad Bondage Master, 52, need hardworking men for large farm. We offer a week or more of work, good food, fresh air, total domination. In return, you give us your labor, mind, and spirit. Hayes, Box 180942, Dallas, TX 75218.

#### ASIAN/LATINO SLAVE WANTED

32, 5'4" Bear Master requires brown skin slave. You, under 36, willing to learn at the feet of the Master. Thai, Mexican or Native American especially urged to reply with photo. Write: Ron, Box 3866, Alhambra, CA 91803



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#### RAPE

I want to buy/trade stories, photos, videos depicting rape. Send sample or S.A.S.E if serious. Box 7032

#### **BOY WANTED**

Are you 25-35, WM, muscular, in need of discipline & training and want to serve a Dominant, no-nonsense, muscular WM, 45, 6'1", 195? If you can make a total commitment, reply with photo to Box 7031.

#### RUBBER/BONDAGE IN FILTH

Cigar/Tattoos. Experienced down under bottom, 23, 5'8", needs extreme bondage in rubber/leather. Mummification, immobilization, inflatable bondage sought with forced feeding of all body filth. Have rubber suit for waste storage. Cigars, mud, grease used as I am gagged, plugged, suspended, wrapped and dumped on or in. Heavily tattooed, moustached or bearded rubber/leather Top with piercings preferred. If experience is up to expectation, you may own bottom, then complete shaving, tattooing (including head & face), multiple piercing & cock modification is your choice. In US 89/90. Box 7029. International Postage Required.

#### **CIGARS HARLEYS BOOTS & MORE**

Hot, butch, New England boy next door type who also doubles as dirty, cigar smokin', mud wallowin', barnyard pig seeks big, dirty, beer drinkin', cigar chompin', Harley ridin' animal. Staches, cigars, beer bellies, boots, tattoos and 4x4s a plus. Box 7024

#### NON-GAY BUT SUBMISSIVE

Executive, aged 51, tall, reasonable physique, reluctantly admits need for training as obedient sex-slave to a well-hung Master who would enjoy ruthlessly initiating a bound and frightened virgin in total mouth and ass submission and service to the all-conquering cock. NYC based but will travel. Box 7023

#### **BIG BODYBUILDER**

over 200 pounds wanted for permanent leather slave. Looking for competition show-piece with loyalty, obedience and endurance. Background in boxing, karate, pro ball, cop a plus. Looking for tough dudes. Hairy OK. Tattoos OK. Photos, phone. Box 7017

#### SHAVED RAUNCH PIG

S. Florida toilet bottom, 35, 5'7", 145, gooklooking, into leather, W/S, slings, seeks hot BBs, college jocks, muscular construction types for advanced toilet training. I will travel. Send photo/phone. All replies answered. Box 7013

#### DOMINEERING MASTER

40, 5'9", 165, attractive B/M, bodybuilder now accepting detailed applications with photo for raunchy, goodlooking total slave who will be controlled physically and mentally. Possible permanent relationship. Box 7000

#### BOOT SERVICE

desires response from Boot Fraternity. Into boots, skin-tight black gloves, trucks, and ass-slapping, tit-twisting beer parties. Tatooed man has size 13 linesman boots in need of attention. Box 6997

#### SM SEX SLAVE

Goodlooking, 30, 6'2", 180, bl/bl, cock hungry fucker with deep throat, nice ass & tight body. Looking for handsome, hung, horny Master/Dad(s) into hot, sweaty leather/rubber kink. Experience & interest in all forms of Safe/Sane Serious S/M. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

#### **HOT NAVY STUD**

Hot Navy Stud in great shape, hard worker, looking to hook up with cross country trucker to learn trucking from bottom up. Have excellent driving record and will relocate for right boss. 6201 Sunset Blvd, #237, Los Angeles, CA 90028

#### SILICONE BALLS. HOT GUY

wants them. Looking for information on injections. PO Box 12041, Washington, DC 20005

#### DILDO TOP

seeks submissive bottoms into dildoes, V/A (heavy), humiliation. Reply Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112-0065

#### THROAT NEEDS STRETCHING

by aggressive top who wears chaps and high boots. I like stud thick cock or whatever to fill my trap. Young bodybuilders welcome. (301) 564-1190

#### NO SHIT

Bodybuilder, blond/blue, 6'3", handsome and smart needs Genuine phychological domination and behavior control from possessive, overbearing, overprotective, foul-mouthed disciplinarian who knows who's Boss—in and out of bed. No Fantasy Crap. Need man whose fist can simultaneously squeeze my balls and brain. Picture available. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116 (5077LF)

#### DEEP RIMMING PLUS!

Open your delicious rosebud, so I can suck, eat and tongue your asshole while I relax my tight hole so you can plow it deeply with your hard piece of meat! Let me open my mouth for your piss, spit, to suck your pits. Pin my head and brutally fuck my mouth. This bottom guy, 40s, uncut, hairy, is also into temporary piercing, mutilation, cutting, fisting, cigars, giving total sexual release to my Top Guy. Washington, DC-Maryland area. (301) 248-4846

#### GLORY HOLES

Blue collar, truckers, Southern boys, Marlboro smokin' dudes. Hard turds. Horse dicks. See something you like? Talk about it. (415) 861-5463 anytime.

#### RIMMING RELATIONSHIP

Tall, athletic WM, late 30s, into rimming, FF, dildoes. Interested in meeting men of similar background with similar interests. Louisville area. Call J.D. at (502) 566-3366

#### SHAVING/HAIRCUTS

Young barber, 24, wants hot men into head and body shaving, crewcuts, flat tops, military high and tights. Also like bondage, heavy nipple and ball work, being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shear off some fur! Photo and letter to Box 7052LF

#### DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 41, blue, blond, WM, seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you are submissive and need discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict Daddy. Serious only write or call before Midnight EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240 (Box 7039LF)

ISSUE 39

**ASS-WIPE SEEKS MASTER** 

GWM, 35, goodlooking, very masculine, 5'6", 135, expert ass licker/sniffer, seeks masculine Master for long periods of face-sitting, ass-worship. Will take any amount of heavy verbal abuse, humiliation to ensure prolonged ass/face contact. Age, weight, not as important as masculinity. PO Box 6362, Chicago, IL 60614-6362 (Box 7058LF)

WANTED FAT SATANIC MASTER

I'm 5'8", 150, 37, goodlooking, bearded, curly hair, Italian, 8" cut, great cock. I'm looking for a stocky, chunky, overweight, bearded (brown/red), hairy, biker type, nasty devil with an insatiable fat cock, about 5'10", 280, up to 45 that likes to smoke/drink and eat. A nasty homebody that does not want to work and could really get off humiliating and toilet training a little slave pig. Leather aroma etc./yes. If you have big legs, belly and nasty hot ass, I would like to work for, service and worship. I'm talking one on one both knowing what each wants. Symbiosis. Serious only send pic and letter. This is a real good deal for the right man. Jim (213) 423-2490. Box. 7044

WANTED SPIRIT/SEXUAL MASTER The Sundance and other Primal Spiritual Rites are interconnected with S/M. Looking for Master of Native American, Pagan, Santeria, or other Native Spirituality who will expand my body, mind and spirit's limits to the ultimate. Any race, age. Am centered, healthy, 34, WM, obedient, kinky, trainable. Box

DOMINANT BLACK MASTER

Big, masculine male, 25, 6'1", 185, healthy, safe/sane & goodlooking seeks white, beefy, submissive, masochistic, masculine bottom to be my Yes, Sir male bull twat and totally passive leather slave. Must be real slave, not fantasy seeking Jloers. No smoker/drugs. Photo and moustache a must. Box 7037LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. I need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture, discipline, use and abuse. Box 6239LF

NASTY DAD - RAUNCH BOY

Hot professional, 42, wants pigboy 18+ who worships the taste and stink of Dad's feet, uncut dick, sweaty manhole, pits. Live-in legal relationship possible. Call (415) 550-1751. Visitel compatible.

SWISS TOPMAN COMING TO USA

Muscular, darkhaired, bearded, early 50s, 5'11", 160, good shape, perfect health wants to meet masculine, hairy, kinky leathermen, 28 to 50 for extensive assplay, titwork, optional FF, scat and mainly raunchy long rimming sessions. Write with photo also if visiting Switzerland. Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, Basle Switzerland, (5048LF)

#### ALABAMA

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

#### ARIZONA

TUCSON B/D S/M NOVICE Willing, submissive, 28, 5'11", 165 lbs., desirous of one rugged, taller leather stud. Phone/ picture: PO Box 41571, Tucson,

#### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALWAYS READY FOR IT

Hot young Black bottom wants to service tough Tops. Fuck me hard and make me suck your hard throbbing cock for hours. Share me with your friends. Enjoy leather, hoods, toys, partying, groups and more. If you're man enough, write w/photo & phone to Box

WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35, 5'10", 140 lbs., bl/bl, smooth. Primarily relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT/TT, boot/leather service. Looking for educated/ stable man to serve-hopefully on a longterm basis. SF. Photo appreciated, all answered. Box 6679LF

> **BIG BEAR HUNTING** IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10". brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

2 LEATHERMEN/ARIANS!

Hot! Hung! Built! We are versatile: 6', 160, 71/2", 23, big hands/6'3", 175, 91/2", huge hands, 35. Into leather games, bondage, prolonged assplay (dildoes, fucking, FFA), safe sex. You: similar tastes and characteristics. Photo with letter gets our asap. PO Box. 14574, San Francisco, CA 94114-0574 or Box 6631LF

"MANHORSE" SEEKS RIDER

on back or in cart. Goodlooking 33, 5'10", 140#, eager to respond to reins, whip, and spurs. MRC, Box 1256, Rocklin 95677

ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training. Into all ass raunch, especially farts, food, stretched holes, shit smearing. Need Tops, bottoms and combinations for heavy duty ass sucking service. I need dirty ass, verbal abuse, shitty cock. 41, attractive, built, obedient. Please Sir, send #. Box 6682LF.

1988 LEATHERDADDY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nationwide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous longterm relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.I.R., PO Box 1616, Guerneville, Calif. 95446. Box 6766LF

SUCK MY FAT DICK

No talk, no games, no friendship, no relationship, no bullshit, no excuses, no nothing except your mouth on my dick till I'm done. Photo/phone to Box 6990





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#### **WANTED/SLAVE BOY &** HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

GWM Couple: Moving to Russian River or Coastal area. 1st Leather Daddy Top ONLY, 38, 6'1", chubby. Cut thick 7"; 2nd Versatile Levi Type 43, 5'8" Cut 51/2", 150 lbs. Wanted: man/boy, versatile with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung-Age 21-29 ONLY. Into Jockstraps, Gym Gear, Safe & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Tongue Bath, Assplay, Massages, Kissing & Cuddling, and also into leather or levis a must. Write Sirs: Phone & Photo & Letters, for a Permanent Position & possible Relocation. Box 6408LF

#### **SMELLY COCKS DIRTY ASSHOLES**

EXCITE ME. Healthy GWM really enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on to smelly un-cut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant shitholes. Squat over me and let me sniff & slurp you clean. Make me tell you how it smells! Phone # & horny letter. Box 6371LF. Hurry!

#### HAIRY SF TRANSSEXUAL

Small, submissive female-to-male transsexual (bearded, muscular, masculine; with pussy instead of cock/balls) wants big, dominant bear for occasional/regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (without addictions, adornments/jewelry, scents/deodorants); seeking same. No scat, W/S, torture; just safe-sex, bondage. Box 6783LF.

#### SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-year-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts till I talk/submit-and then going farther! I'm 6'1", 155#, blond, athletic, 7.5" with nuts of steel! Photo. PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6776LF

#### **RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED**

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

#### **OVER DADDY'S KNEE**

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline-boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

#### ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top-red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

#### SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M . . . but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restaints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

#### ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If your place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter, and phone to Box 4988LF.

#### SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean-cut, versatile GWM, 35, wants to meet other attractive, leatheroriented guys in the 580/680 area. Open to friendship, hot j/o, bondage, 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description, and interests. Box 6561LF

#### LOOKING

Was S.O.M., into FF, WS, GP, FR A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the Slot, Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with-WM 5'6", 155, brn/brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service, trip music. Box 6554LF.

#### HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-9755.

#### ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me clean it for you. Goodlooking husky GWM, 33, seeking man who enjoys guy down in front of him cleaning his feet, pits, balls and especially his ass. Sit on my chair and let me tonguebathe you. T/T, W/S, V/A too. Box 6622LF

#### MASCULINE, REAL

Hot, masculine, real pervert, 40 yrs, 6', 180#, bl/bl, masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF

#### NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs., good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50/50 manto-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoeing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF.

#### 63-YR-OLD GRANDDAD

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck, rim, drink, & submit to V/A, B/D, G/S & Raunch. Any combination, all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF.

#### YOUNG TOP WANTED

Me: 37, 5'6", 150, W/M, hairy, goodlooking professional. You: 25-35, smooth, creative into B&D, C&BT, hoods, light S/M in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box

#### WORTHY MAN SEEKS SAME

Clean-cut, masculine, regular guy with nicelydefined 5'8", 140 lb. body, into leather, levis, B/D, would be proud to serve and satisfy very masculine, well-built, taller man capable of dominating and deserving of respect. No fat, drugs, drunks, or unsafe sex. Please write Boxholder, 6116 Merced #194, Oakland, CA 94611

#### SMALL FISTED MASTER

W/M, 39, seeks small-fisted hairy fist-Master for steady connection. Baldness a plus. (415) 285-5449.

#### **FACESITTERS, PISS & JO**

Gdlkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S. #237, 2215-R Market St. San Francisco, CA 94114.

#### HEY YOU

Boy seeks Man to play and tumble with. Boy is into mutual tit and ass work. Boy is 24, Brn/Brn, 5'11", 160. Safe only and no drugs. Box 6946

#### **EASTBAY BUDDIES 38/42**

We're hot-n-horny for bearded burly men, truckers, bikers, leathermen, uniforms, for no-holds-barred outdoor sex. If you have a foul mouth and good imagination, we're into balls, pits, tits, dicks and ass. SAFE. RICK, 484 Lakepark, #190, Oakland, CA 94610

#### TOP OR BOTTOM

WM, 29, muscular, professional, seeks others into strip searches, medical scenes, enemas, spankings, shaving or ? All scenes considered. PO 5541, Sacramento, CA 95817

#### SILICON VALLEY MASOCHIST

seeks SF bay area sadist with black leather boots needing licking and who truly enjoys whipping the back, ass, belly, and legs and spreading, weighting, stretching, and squeezing the balls of his partner. M is mid 40s, neg. tall, WM. S must be 30-50 neg WM. Not into FF, scat, WS, piercing, drugs, damage, unsafe sex. Am seeking long-term relationship with levi torture Master, Box 6957

#### X-NAVY BOY 29 NEEDS DADDY

40+ to show me he knows what he wants and how to get it. I play hard and safe. Teach me a thing or two, Dad? Bob, 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94610

#### SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

#### SEEKING MASTER/TOPMAN

HIV+, 50, male with playroom in East Bay seeks longterm Master/Topman for fantasy trips, CBT, dildoes, safe sex fucking & sucking. Box 7021

#### BONDAGE/DISCIPLINE SLAVE

WM, 37, HIVneg, seeks Master to take me into his playroom/dungeon and train me. Into whips, belts, straps, cat-o-nines, leather ropes, chains, racks, stocks, suspension, masks, hoods, gags, V/A, cock and ball torture, tit torture. I'd like to meet and service Safe Sex leather/uniform Tops. Bay area. Box

#### I NEED BRUTAL SADISTIC PAIN

WM, 33, 6'1", chubby, seeks extremely sadistic Asian, Black and other third world guys, 18-46. White guys 18-36 only! I need a brutal sadist into extreme painful C/B torture, FF, whipping, beating and real bondage. Prefer wild sadist, maybe even dangerous. I'm not kidding! Must love giving brutal intense sadistic pain, for real! If you're a sadist into giving brutal, even dangerous pain, plese write now! I have no limits, do anything you want me to, sir! Box 6994

#### **ASS MASTERS WANTED**

SF FF slave into B/D, leather in your playroom sling for long imaginative intense scenes involving T/T, C/B/T, catheters, forced poppers, shaving, hot wax, torture, 3-ways or one-on-one. Men 35 or older turn me on. I am bearded, 42, 6'2". No scat or cigars. Box

#### WANTED: MASOCHIST SALVE

Tall, gooklooking WM, 38, leather sadist seeks part time masochist/slave. Interests: leather, safe ass/face fucking, C/B/T, bondage, S/M, whips, chains, dildoes, bootlickers, V/A, piss, hoods, grovelers, slapping around, sharing slaves with other Masters, motorcycles, weeknite scenes. Photo, phone, specs to: Box 7053LF

#### UNIFORM/LEATHER TOP WANTED

WM, 33, 6', 175, boot dog needs training in care of Boots/Leather/Uniform for military/ LE type. Have many fantasies that need to be turned into realities. Interested in cigar smoking Tops with arrogant cocky attitude who want a bootlicker to use and abuse. B/D, verbal abuse, hoods, gags. Meeting preferred, photo/letter exchange possible. Box 3711LF

#### **GET SERIOUS**

eventually. For now, let's play. GWM, 26, 5'10", 190, muscular, bearded, Mostly bottom, occasional Top. Beards, big men, leather, uniforms, brains, cigars, piercings, bondage (on earning trust), pain, ass beating, whipping, cuddling are turn-ons. San Francisco and environs. Box

#### HAIRY ARMED TOP

Bear Dad looking for holes that can't get enough. Photo/phone. Box 6990

#### NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

sought by retired GWM for San Frnacisco apartment. You're 18-40, White or Oriental, drug/smoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 6123LF

#### LOVER/MASTER NEEDED

GWM, 25, 6', 165 lbs, blond, blue, goodlooking, hung, college boy, French active, Greek passive, HIV-negative, seeks dominant man. Non-smoker. Uninhibited. Vanilla to SM. My interests include Country Western dancing, Opera, Books, Music, Movies, Working Out, Sex. Box 6924

#### PLAYROOM FOR RENT

South-of-Market Bondage Playroom for rent, \$100. minimum/use. (415) 621-6294.

#### THANK YOU DRUMMER

My search for a lover/partner/playmate is over. After many ads, many replies, many disappointments, I've at last found the man I was looking for, and this was through my Drummer ad. Thanks. To those still looking, keep on trying, R.L. San Francisco

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#### PISS TOP WANTED

Attractive, muscular, hairy, hung, rugged looking Italian, late 20s, looking for a big dicked GWM piss Top that wants his dick serviced and piss drained down my throat and up my ass. Also into SM, CBT, TT, catheters, etc. Serious only, please write: PO Box 40725, San Francisco, CA 94140-0725.

#### FOR REAL?

Great looking, serious BB, 24, 6', 190 and growing, crewcut, punk-jock, looking for open-minded leather Master. No addictions but knows how to have fun, S/M, especially B/D and exploring fantasies. Punk not easy to control but needs to be broken while maintaining some degree of independence. Master must be serious BB, tall, over 200. Photo definitely. Occupant, 2215-R Market St., SF, CA 94114

#### **VIDEOGRAPHER**

28, 5'10", 160 lbs, brown hair/eyes, beard, available for taping. Single to club events. Very discreet, portable. EFP available. Box 28904, San Jose, CA 95159

CK, 3311 Mission Street, #35, SF, CA 94110

#### MEN DRIPPING WITH SWEAT

Clinging to a moustache. Cascading down a chest and back. Dripping into cracks and crevices. Soaking into jockstraps. Sliding between bodies. Do you break out in a sweat during a hard workout on your ass? Answer this ad. Me: muscle Daddy, 41, 6'4" and 175. SF but sometimes travels to Southern CA. Photo to Box 6931LF

#### ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH

Master is tired of pushy bottoms and is looking for a genuine slave. Master is 43, 6'4". 220 lbs., brown hair and eyes, is heavily tattooed and is a cigar smoker. Leather, bondage, uniforms, rubber, boots and shaving are some of my turn ons. All letters answered, but those with a photo given first priority. Reply to: 2404 California Street, #7, San Francisco, CA 94115

#### N. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 16, 484 Lake Park Avenue, Oakland, CA 04610

#### **BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM**

Very handsome, masculine, muscular, bottom, L/L. BM 39, 6'1", 178 lbs., healthy, intelligent athlete. Needs training in B/D, S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane, Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF.

#### WET PANTS EXHIBITIONIST

seeks a piss Master/Daddy to serve and worship. Need plenty of verbal abuse, humiliation and stern discipline! Dirty talk, leather, filthy torn levis/underwear are also big turnons. I'm white, 41, average build and healthy. Box 7006

#### DEPRAVED LEATHER FILTH

Freak seeks others into getting tweaked out and playing heavy leather games. Filthy talk, cod pieces, W/S, B/H, boots, Nazi fantasies, rubber, fetishes, safe sex only. I'm 41, 5'11", WM. You must have leather and a filthy imagination. Send picture & detailed letter. No relationships, just occasional scenes. Box 7009

#### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT WHITE MASTER/TOP/DADDY wanted by white slave bottom, 37, 5°11", 200 lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, being G/P, F A/P (front/rear), S/M, B/D, W/S, toys, tit play. Sincere only, Sir. Send orders & info to Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067. (LF5349)

#### LONG THICK CIGARS/COCKS

Muscular WM, 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., wants Cigar-smoking top into leather/uniforms, bondage, and rough, rough sex. I want it hot, sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45, and experienced (mustache preferred). Call (818) 889-5475 or send letter w/photo. Box 6777LF.

#### LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11pm-9am. (818) 843-5428. Burbank. Box 6767LF.

#### DOCTOR NEEDED

W/M, 5'11", 165, 41, siender, needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be as realistic and complete as possible. Bex 6741.

#### WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220#, dk hr & eyes, mstch & hry. Have live-in, full-time, KEPT, positions avail. Serious slaves lkng for a serious commitment, should send application, w/photo & phone to Marcus. Box 6728LF.

#### HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

#### WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903).

#### **EXHIBITIONIST**

33, Bi/W/M, horny and sexy; hung and hot; built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S/M, B/D, W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079. (No J/O calls) Box 6562.

#### YOUNGER BROTHER, SON SLAVE

Very masculine Big Brother/Dad/Master, W/M, 43, 6'1", 200#, dominant, yet protective, desires a younger brother/son/slave. Applicant must be 25-35, GWM, masculine/Levi/Western type guy, maybe living in Ontario or nearby. Letter/photo to: Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, CA 91710 714/597-8095, Box 6560LF

#### HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder, 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069.

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING
San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs
shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. Will become guard's prisoner and slave if
I don't escape. Looking for long term confinement/relationship, I'm HIV neg and clean,
same a must. Send detailed letter/photo.
Occupant, Box 1652, Solana Beach, 92075.

#### **COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT**

Box 6838LF.

by successful, trim-bearded, hunky San Diego W/M 42, masculine, loner, 5'10", 165, 8". Son: to 5'11", slim, 7½" plus, 22-37, Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock-ball-body-boot service. W/S, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, poppers. Write w/pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

#### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

White male slave, young, tall and muscular into bondage, discipline, masochism, and related activities seeks Master with equipment and playroom in Los Angeles county. Send phone number and interests. Box 6914

#### PRIMO ASS

Wholesome, muscular WM, 30s, craves to explore his submissive fantasies of being spanked and dildoe fucked. Muscular friendly stud needed as steady. Tim Hunt, 1187 Coast Village Road, #I-134, Santa Barbara, CA 93108-2794

#### PWA IN VALLEY

You responded to my ad "HIV POS SEEKS KINKYBUDDY", but I lost your number. Give me a call. Randy (213) 271-5352.

#### ARE YOU A FIST FUCKER?

WM/43/6'/160#, hot/deep/wide asshole seeks sensual top or versatile fist fuckers for long erotic sessions. Palm Springs (619) 321-2819

#### WEEKEND SLAVE AVAILABLE

Sincere, will-built young man seeks experienced Top who desires occasional, unlimited use of clean-cut, healthy slave. Can travel. Nude photo available for your inspection. Serious only. Box 6964.

#### SISSY SLAVES

Hot Top into slim and nasty slaves into panties, lingerie, B/D, W/S, shaving, wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs, brn hr./blue eyes, good shape. Write Bill, Box 6951. Pix?

#### SWALLOW MY PISS AND SHIT!

Chicano Master, 33, with beard, looking for a shaved, blue or green eyed dog/toilet slave under 28 with a 31 inch waist or smaller. Scumbag will be slapped, whipped, hot waxed and kept nude. Call Master at (213) 469-6829

# MENTAL/PHYS. TRAINING NEEDED Train mind and body of 25 year old br/bl slave. Serious and consistent attitude needed from Master. Slowly reduce slave to proper role. Slave has taken job in LA but can be reached at PO Box 2951, lowa City, lowa 52246

#### MASCULINE ITALIAN BB

30, seeks total top into body/foot worship, personal slavery, dog/TV training. (213) 850-6598

#### UNCUT TOP WANTED

for body worship, scat, W/S, foot/boot locking by GWM bottom, 42. (213) 654-2741. calls before 10pm please.

#### **COCK TORTURE**

GWM, 39 years old, 5'10½", brown hair, blue eyes, uncut, Greek passive, French active, 250 lbs, wants cock torture. Call (714) 774-6778, ask for Doug or write: Occupant, 1585 W. Ball Road, #G, Anaheim, CA 92802

#### **ALL AMERICAN RAUNCH**

Very hot dude with great smelly butt seeks same for shorts sniffing, fart smelling and possible scat with extra hot Man/boy. Young OK. Leave message for Bill. (213) 857-0755

#### WANTED

Independent, marine-type Daddy/Master with a strong mind and strong hands willing to take on a recruit who is equally willing to learn the ropes and take discipline when administered. Recruit is 6'2", 190, handsome and educated. Include photo and phone for quick response. Box 7025

#### TOTALLY MASCULINE SLAVE

Leather/uniforms/cigars/boxer shorts/three piece suits/Levi's/boots/slut parties/name it, Sir. Me: 6'1", 185, goodlooking, masculine, athletic, cock-sucking bottom, dark hair, blue eyes, 39. You: hot looking Top over 30, interested in expanding limits/trust of this very hungry, willing versatile bottom. Buzz. Box 7026

#### ASIAN SLAVE

5'11", 150, 38, smooth body seeks masculine White Master for weekend lite S/M, B/D, C/B/T, T/T, whips, chains, dungeon scene. Safe sex only. Inland Empire Area. Send photo/phone. Box 7019

#### DAD WANTS PONYBOY/SON

Dad, 45, hunky model, excellent shape, 7" cut, serious but fun-loving, HIV+. Turnons: leather, uniforms, rubber, spandex. Ponyboy: butch, 21-25, 5'4"-5'9", must work-out, bubble butt a must, small pony cock a plus. Into bondage, spanking, body-shaving, tits, ass training, ripe armpits and heavy gym work-outs. No drugs or smoking. Dad is willing to brain. Boys send crotch hair, photo and phone number to Dad: Box 6996

#### SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the Master of your life and want to be the Master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest: looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy. (714) 220-0513. (6566LF)

#### GLORYHOLE

Hot leather guys, 18-35, in good shape, to report to private glory hole to be serviced by a leather slave, 28, 165, 5'11" just out of the navy. Very private scene. Sessions happen often, so leave name and number if not in. Call Master Paul, West Hollywood. (213) 657-5327 (7048LF)

#### HVY ASSWHIP MASTER/DAD/BB

to fear from as directed, motivate, train, serve and get in shape. Safe, discreet males 18-35. No drugs, sex Me: WM, 39. Letter/phone/picture. Box 7060

#### BETTER THAN DRUGSTORE QUALITY AT DIRECT-SOURCE PRICES!





#### FORPLAY WITH NONOXYNOL 9!

ForPlay Sensual Lubricant is a water-soluble, greaseless, nonstaining gel. It is also colorless, odorless and gentle—nonirritating even on the most sensitive skin. This special lubricant is, compatible with natural and synthetic materials. ForPlay's extensive laboratory testing and quality meet the highest pharmaceutical standards. Guaranteed.

#### LUBE

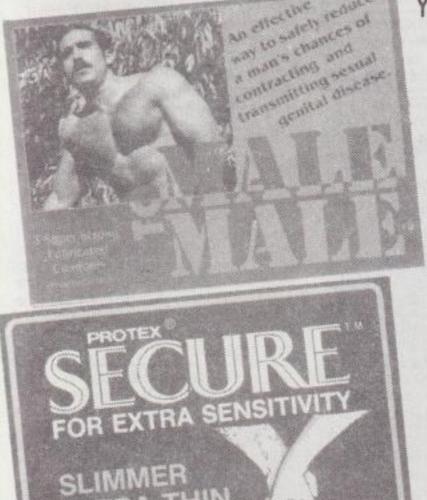
The all-time favorite in two sizes. Biodegradable, odorless, tasteless and water-soluble 100% food-grade ingredients, no additives. 16 oz. 5.95, 2 oz. 2/4.95. Specify HOT, ULTRA or NATURAL.

#### SHAFT

The purest ingredients, the slickest of lubricants. Removes easily with soap and water. 16 oz. 5.95, 2 oz. 2/4.95.

BUTTPLUG keeps his hole filled. This solid dildo is crafted to insert and stay in place until it is removed. Make him conscious of his position during the day . . . or during the night. \*Regular 8.95 Extra-thick 9.95

## FORPLAY 2 OZ. 3.50 / 8 OZ. 7.50 / 16 OZ. 12.50 ELBOW GREASE 4 OZ. 3.95 / 15 OZ. 7.50



3 CONDOMS (prophylactics) non-lubricated

ADD A BUCK (THAT'S \$1) FOR POSTAGE PER ITEMI

ULTRA THIN

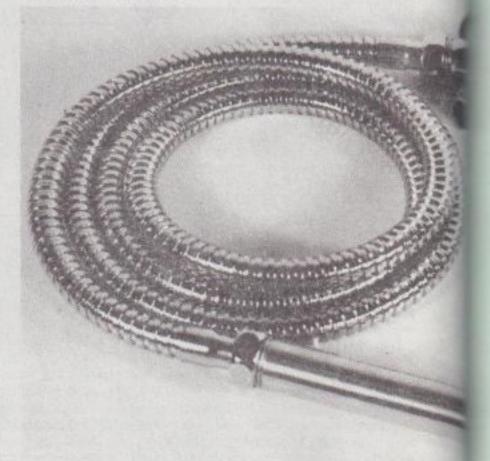
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An effective way of safely reducing chances of contracting and transmitting sexual genital disease. Three super-strong lubricated prophylactics designed for male-to-male relationships. Packed three to a package. Twelve (four packages) for only \$4.

#### PROTEX PLUS

Latex condom with a spermicide Nonoxynol-9. Ultra-thin for maximum sensitivity. A heavy-duty, yet sensitive performer. Packed three to a package. Twelve (four packages) for only \$4.



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☐ Check ☐ Money Order enclosed	for \$
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Management of the Committee of the Commi	(I am 21 years of age or older)

California residents add 6% sales tax.
Use street address for UPS delivery when possible.



#### WEEKEND L.A. SLAVE WANTED

for naked hard house and yard work under strict overseer in exchange for heavy S/M workouts Saturday nights. Definitely not for novices. Box 7022

#### COLORADO

#### FIT TO BE TIED!

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, levelhanded top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes. rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. (303) 288-4109 or Box 6780LF.

#### YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage and spanking. I'm GWM, 51, versatile, tennis, run, hike, travel. No S/M. (303) 972-4177

#### CONNECTICUT

#### FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile, seeks similar for mutual safe/sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside, CT 06878. (203) 856-2053. 9-9:30 a.m., M-F.

#### LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter. WM, 5'4", 160, 36, bearded hairy, pierced cock. Into levis, recycled beer, sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity Right stud will try? Blue collar, bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF.

#### HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive. letter. PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025. Box 6632LF

#### DC-METRO

#### SLAVEBOY WANTED

Intelligent, caring GWM, 30, 6'1", 185 seeks young (18-28), handsome, well-built boy to be my bondage slaveboy and companion. I seek a boy to serve me and to submit to my discipline and leadership, but who will also be respected as a companion. Send photo, address, phone and letter. If accepted, will receive ticket to my Washingon, D.C., home. Box 6972LF

#### **GET & SERVE A HOT MAN**

Tall, masculine, slender, in-shape, hung, Dad-Man, seeks other in-shape Men/boys. You can get lots of playing: verbal, sucking, TT, FF, rimming, toys and restraints, if you are hot, horny and work for it. Call (202) 667-6151. No J/O calls

#### SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex, 40, 5'10", 44" ch, 34" w: seeking submissive level-headed bottom men for play times in S/M, B/D, C/B/T, etc. No raunch, am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

#### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

#### **BODYBUILDER SLAVE**

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic, Lean/ muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "91/2 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy, JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

#### FLORIDA

#### **BONDAGE DUDE**

5'10", 175, 27, 8" cut, looking for young men (18-35) into bondage. Possible long-term relationship with guy who really knows how to fuck around in bed, make me pig wild. I've got a collection of leather toys/gear for restraint. submission & discipline. Hood, gags, etc. How about you? Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6496LF

#### **BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED**

active well experienced white slave desires strong rugged hairy muscled dark complexion to dark men-in tight well-worn levis, fatigues, uniforms, leather-for hot funky sex, W/S, B/D, S/M, G/F, rim. Provide your hot sweaty body, I'll do the rest. 305-324-5754.

#### BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando-27 y.o., 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM, chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF.

#### BONDAGE, LEATHER, RUBBER

Muscular White male, bk hair, br eyes, 5'8", 155 lbs., versatile, short or long term, hoods, rope, chains, etc. Wish to hear from and meet for sessions. Send descriptive letter. Box 6985

#### COCKY JOCK

30 year old hot jock bottom seeking agressive guy to adjust my attitude. Top this 5'11", 160 lb. horny stud butt. Frat hazing, BB, locker room scenes, B/D, leather, service, worship and whatever you demand. Photo/phone to PO Box 16135, Tampa, FL 33687

#### SADISTIC TORTURE SCENES

Whipping, cock, ball, and tit torture, bondage and slowly increased levels of erotic pain. Straining muscles suffering under the savage hands of a sadistic villian is the scene I'm after. WM, 42, 5'6", 145, bodybuilder. Novice needs guidance into S/M and bondage scenes by experienced S/M bondage bodybuilders. Box 7055LF

#### BOOTED DADDDY

Daddy is 55, 5'9", slim, seeks young son. Daddy into most sex, uniforms, boots, and leather. AUA member. Aids negative. Enjoys active life, gym, outdoors. Son should be aids negative, non-smoker, no drugs, straight appearing, any color or race. Photo/letter to "Sir", Boxholder, PO Box 211, Cape Coral, FL 33910 (7047LF)

#### GEORGIA

#### SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688. (LF6894).

#### ATLANTA AREA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest. responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber, bondage, dildoes, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022, Decator, Georgia 30032 (5774LF).

#### OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy, husky Dad, 5'8". You're 21-35, trim, with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated, application: Manservant, PO Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355. Box 6727LF.

#### TWO TOPS

require burly butch for basics plus FF, WS, marathon sessions in playroom with sling, 35: stocky, beard, hairy, balding, 41; slender, beard, hung. Must be versatile, well-hung. No. ego jerks or royalty. Couples, high times OK. Letter, photo, phone to #821, 1579F Monroe Drive, Atlanta GA 30324. (404) 892-1581. (6572LF)

#### ATLANTA LEATHERMAN

GWM, 37, 5'8", 145 lbs. good-looking. pierced, bearded, professional. Experience limited. Prefer to be Top, but versatile. Into light S&M, TT, BD, porn, leather, cockrings, chaps, harnesses, uniforms, dildoes. Safe only. Let's get together in my playroom, Photo appreciated. Box 6901.

#### HAWAII

#### KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me: smooth, 5'10", 160 lbs., uncut in-shape top. You: height/weight proportionate, 21-45 in greater Honolulu area. Beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF.

#### ILLINOIS

#### HORSE WANTED

6'11/2", 205 lbs., 60 yr. Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback, on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. Box 6617LF

#### **BONDING AGAIN**

43, 5'11", 185, handsome, well-built, articulate, would like to meet leather brothers for companionship, social, and possibly more. Write J.R.J., 707 South 6th #508, Champaign, IL 61820. Box 6778LF.

#### BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Hot GWM BB 180H 5'9", brown beard, 8" thick, big balls, in CF large dildoes, balls, leather, vacuum body worship. Wanted: similar daddy to EN (not boys), experienced, hairy, hung, versatile. I have equipped playroom. Letter & photo to: Deek, 3161 N Halsted #2, Chicago, IL 60657, Box 6765LF.

#### SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS/TOPS

Suck, fuck (condoms), V/A, shaving, wax, dildos, enemas, spit, piss, shit, toys, uniforms, leather, slings. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave: WM, 31, 5'10", blond, smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir, please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF.

#### CHICAGO LEATHER/BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain. FF top, but would like to be converted to bottom. Also receptive to companionship and traditional sex scenes. Am 25, 6', 185, hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, cleancut. Send photo. Box 6685LF.

#### **BLUE COLLAR BUDDY**

Chicago Area, GWM, bottom, 35, short, moustache, seeks experienced/responsible Top(s) for serious, restrictive, prolonged bondage. Hoods, gags, gasmasks, boots, leather, rubber, uniforms, unionsuits, jocks, condoms, C/B/T play, cigars, ace bandages, duct tape, mummification, immobilization, confinement, body bags, forced/controlled cigar smoking, bondage in layers of clothes. Safe sex Only! Box 6841LF

#### HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 40/41 seek to meet hot couples to share our sling-equipped playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). Only into watching, being watched (no contact). Interests: jocks, leather/levi, uniforms, Dad/son couples. Hairy a plus. No kinky, far out scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, 60641 Box 6846LF

#### DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6'2", blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, boot licking dogslave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, C/B torture, whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: PO Box 148434, Chicago, IL 60614. (LF6935)

#### MASTERS NEEDED

GWM slave, 26, 180 lbs, 6', 71/2" cut, seeking muscled, hung, cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, C/BT, hoods, VA, shaving. Expand my limits Sir, while I worship your body and fulfill your needs. NW Chicago subs. Phone, photo and orders to Box 6938LF

#### MILITARY MAN WANTED

by short, muscular 34 year old for base gym workouts. Box 7020

#### BEARDED HAIRY LOVER WATNED

26 year old blond, bearded, 6'1", 200 lb hunk, new to Chicago from Arizona, seeks a handsome, hairy, bearded lover who's sensitive, romantic, monogamous, will be my friend, lover, and soulmate. Box 7008

#### SLAVE BOY WANTED

Goodlooking, masculine, WM, 35, 6', 165, in shape, dark, hairy, moustache, dominant, seeks smooth, hot slave boy for bondage and other games. Photo required. Box 7005



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Make check or money order to: Desmodus, Inc.

Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

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NAME **ADDRESS** 

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SIGNATURE

(I am over 21 years of age)

GWM, 38, attractive, intelligent, affectionate, requires dedicated, goodlooking, masculine Black for live in service. No FF, no permanent damage. Wherever you're from, if you need to be owned, abused, loved, send information, photos. Quality life to that special one. Box

ISSUE 73

#### **HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT**

White, handsome, 30s bottom son has wet mouth, big tits, and tight pussyhole. Needs a White/Hispanic Daddy/Top(s). Son is a slut/ whore and wants to be used as such by Daddy(s) and his friends. Love to be gang banged. Call (312) 338-5528.(LF6898)

#### INDIANA

#### HOT SEX

sought with horny college jock, construction, blue collar or BB types by hot blond, 35, 5'7" 135, mostly bottom. Into most scenes, mild to wild. I'm also an I.U. student and artist seeking models to photograph for my artwork. John, PO Box 5903, Bloomington, IN 47408. (6552LF)

#### **BONDAGE BOTTOM**

wants a masculine, physically dominant, able to take command, leather wearing Gay male, any age or race to teach me the ropes! White, Gay, male, 5'61/2", 157, 60, Greek passive, French active-passive, safe sex, novice-just beginning to explore the leather world. Box 7015

#### IOWA

#### URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to lowa City: bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145 ... questing for action with men/boys/masculine others . . . deep FF as yoga; bondage, TT, nutcrushing meditations . . . Safe & sane & sincere in my needs/pursuits . . . All answered/considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF

#### ATTN: TRUCKERS/BIKERS/COPS

Slave 31, 6'3", 171, 8" to service Goodlooking, Well built, Well hung Truckers, Bikers or Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa (180-135). A real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers, Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer, Piss, Sweat, Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers, Truckers, or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number, send name, address, and a photo to: Lee, PO Box 7223. Grand Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50309.

#### KANSAS

#### FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes; WS, FF, 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer cleanshaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF

#### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/Daddy, 37, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS

#### KENTUCKY

#### **GDLKG BLACK SLAVE WANTED**

#### MAINE

#### SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF.

#### MARYLAND

#### PART TIME MASTER NEEDED

By slave/bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34, 6', 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather-clad or uniformed master (his dick, boots, body) as he demands. Not into FF, scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine, Sir. Box 6625LF

#### WRESTLING/BONDAGE

East Cst WM, 6'3", 36, needs challenge from a bruising BB/bully who isn't afraid to punish his opponent. The match: no rules, no timeouts, no mercy. Then: real ropes, real toys, real headgames. Itchin' to taunt, torment & teach somebody a major lesson in respect? Box

#### **HEAVY NIPPLE ACTION**

Masculine, muscular, 37, 6'2", 170, versatile inspired Tit Torture addict. It's like having two extra dicks! Prefer them on muscled pecs overlooking washboard abs. Photo and phone a must. Live east coast-travel nationwide and Canada. Possibility-pierce my tits . . . anyone experienced? Box 6704LF.

#### **BOOT SLAVE AVAILABLE**

to service you and your friends. Slave craves total abuse. Bondage, discipline, humiliation. All aspects of safe kink desired. Let me be your boot and shoe slave, Sir! Box 6947

#### **BLACK MASTER, SIR**

black novice in Baltimore humbly begs chance to learn from and serve patient Black Master. novice is 40, but eager to learn, les. PO Box 31512, Baltimore, MD 21207

#### MASSACHUSETTS

#### HOT LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

by submissive bottom for heavy ass beating, CBT, VA, TT, Dildos. Fantasy or reality scenes. Give me an order and I will obey. GWM 38. Also into cuffs, spread-eagled, willing to try new things. You-tough, masculine, nasty. Box 6773LF.

#### **NEW ENGLAND SON**

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., full beard, blond hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into Leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF.

#### SLAVE DOG

Novice slave wishes to be claimed by strong handsome owner. Need training, discipline, humiliation. Please, Sir, make me your dog, your maid, your property. Your slave is 34, 5'9", 155, attractive, intelligent. Please safe and sane only. Your slave does not drink, drug, smoke. Desire same. Box 6929LF



#### SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncut couple. Master is 31, 5'10", dark hair/moustache, 175 bs. His lover is 28, 6'1", 195 lbs., dark " hair/beard. Both UNCUT, HAIRY. Into all scenes and have well-equipped playroom with sling. Facial/body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect, and obedience from their property. (617) 282-7196. Tops welcome. Box 6690LF

#### SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

#### LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham/Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 1021, Framingham, MA 01701-1021

#### **FUCK BUDDY WANTED**

Hot, butch, well-built, clean-cut, healthy GWM wants same for safe, wet/dirty fun. Roles or mutual. Blond, blue, 30, 165, 5'11", 7/cut. Uncuts, novices welcome. Your scene/fantasy to: Occupant, PO Box 642, East Taunton, MA 02718

#### MICHIGAN

#### HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

#### SON SEEKS DADDY

24-yr-old WM, 145 lbs, 5'8", attractive, seeks the guidings, discipline and affection of his daddy. Son's interests include light to heavy bondage, TT, CBT, toys w/lots of assplay, safe sex, spankings, shaving?, rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same interests. Box 6832LF.

#### SEEKING MASTER TOP

36 yr old GWM, S.E. Michigan slave/bottom seeks Master Top for T/T, bondage, discipline, humiliation, spanking and whipping, fantasy and exhibitionism. Reply with photo. Box 7046LF

#### MISSISSIPPI

MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music. eather-bikinied yardwork, home and craftsrelated hobbies. Join me for smoke/drug-free weekend of leathered togetherness. POB 5172,

#### MISSOURI

Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. (LF6386)

**FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES** wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT, SM, WS. Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive, 5'9", 150 lbs, muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin, Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753. Box 6681LF.

#### 2 TOPS-HUNG-HOT-HORNY

Looking for bottom into rough, active, verbal sessions in our well equipped "playroom" with sling, restraints, mirrors and lots of toys. Turn-ons bondage, discipline, cock/tit/ball work, fisting, W/S. Both 40s, 5'10", 170 lbs., attractive, tested neg. Dig young son/BB type. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. JO letters answered. Box 6565 LF.

#### LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS

GWM, 37, 5'10", 160#, brown hair, clean shaven; hairy body; trim, healthy and hot; needs buddy/daddy; mutual fantasies; only masculine, legitimate men who love man sex need respond; I want to learn from a safe, hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF.

#### LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply-all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 y.o. Box 6468LF.

#### SIR! EAGER BOOT/LOAFER LICKER

wants GWM to please. Oral, no anal, safe sex. Limits respected mutually! PO Box 16736, St. Louis, Missouri 63105

#### KC ASSLICKER WANTS PISS

Looking for hot and nasty KC men or travellers to explore my fantasies of worship, bondage, rimming, piss, verbal abuse, slave training, asses, and light S/M. Goodlooking 29 yr old bottom wants to serve. Write with phone and photo to tell this horny asslicker what you'd like to do. Box 7033.

#### NEVADA

#### COMING TO RENO/SPARKS?

Dad seeks son, I'm 6'4", 180, bronw/hazel, masculine, into leather, donimation, bondage. You are under 30, submissive. Permanent relationship possible. PO Box 3118, Sparks, Nevada 89432. (702) 355-8998

#### CUT/UNCUT GAY COUPLE

Couple in Reno loking for couples or singles for quiet evenings or hot safe sex. Photo gets ours. D&M, PO Box 60352, Reno, NV 89506

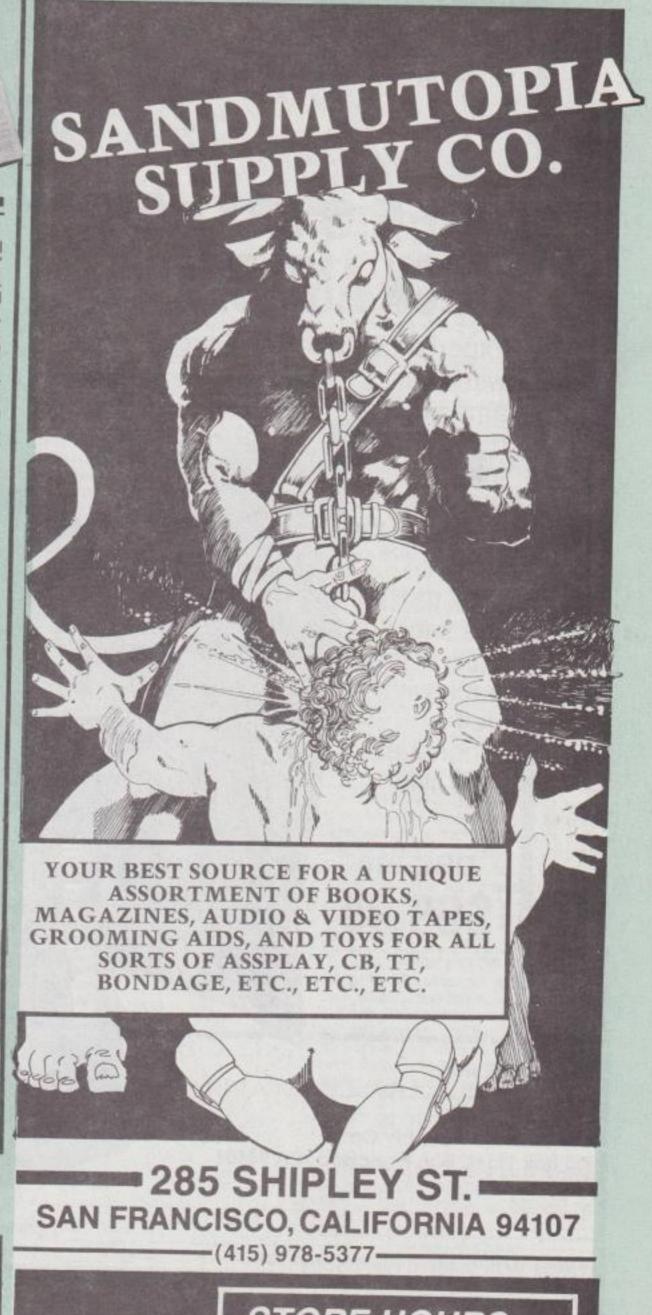
#### **NEW JERSEY**

#### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), wellbuilt captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769).

#### DAD/MASTER SEEKS SON

Goodlooking, Italian, leather Dad/Master 45. 5'8", 150 lbs., good build, dark hair, moustache, dominant, affectionate, firm but caring, not into games and Exclusively Top, seeks a one-to-one no bullshit relationship with a goodlooking, masculine WM Dad's son/slave. 21-33, who is self-reliant, obedient, submissive, into more than fantasy fulfillment and is Exclusively bottom. You want to serve Dad/ Master in S/M, B/D, spankings, enemas, etc. Safe sex only. Send photo, phone, letter to Box 1342, Bloomfield, NJ 07003



STORE HOURS







#### MASTER

looking for slaves or bottoms who are into hot wax, TT, CBT, sucking, fucking, getting shaved, hoods, FF, dildoes and especially long ass play. Novice welcome. Letter, pictures and phone number to Master Ron, 302A East Beach Avenue, Brigantine, NJ 08203. Box 6977LF

#### NEW MEXICO

#### HAIRY LEATHER BEAR

GWM, 39, 5'11", 210 lbs, black hair, full beard, hairy-as-hell, into leather sex. Feel, smell, sight and taste of leather, Not into kinky, rough sex. MTG, PO Box 35104, Albuquerque, NM 87176.

#### NEW YORK

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Avenue, New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs). Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM and parties on 'til ??? FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR. BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more information, stop by, write or phone (212) 733-3144

#### ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You: any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

#### PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big its and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love watersports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011 (LF6389) or call (212) 367-7484.

#### STOCKY BUTCH SLAVE

Italian, 33, 5'9", 210, solid, very masculine, cut, healthy, humpy, seeks dominant, beer belly chunky brute, cut & hung, into dominating a dog collared slave. No hangups. Smoke, poppers, anything else, a-ok. Photo/phone to Box 6506LF.

#### SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

#### HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (212) 629-1990

#### HOLESOME

Bottom wants to serve endowed Topmen. Open my holes wide to dominating use. I am a hungry fuckmouth, a pissface who needs his ass plunged. V/A, beer, grease/grime, bondage, poppers, safesex, NY area. Photo, action. Box 6427LF

#### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock, with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow Slave is Irish, 34, 6', 190#, NYC & upstate. Non-livein, on call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF.

#### **CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE**

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159 with photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

#### **PUNISHMENT SLAVE**

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phonies. Tel: 1-718-SM-80-408. Dave, PO Box 150 634, Brooklyn, New York 11215 or Box 6687LF.

#### **BIG TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED**

by New York City Daddy. Live in with secure, stable sadistic GWM, 40 and take CBT, pec and nipple work, gut punching, and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Ph/Ph a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF.

#### LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick stach. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both in Total Leather/Police uniforms. Light V/A-B/D-TT pot & SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF.

#### BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES. Pierced, bearded Leatherman, mid-thirties, 6'4", 200 lbs., handsome and in good shape, into sensual and/or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

#### THE REAL THING

Master, 38, has opening for slave-trainee under 35. First, collar and leash. Later, cuffs, chains, heavy B/D. Ultimately, shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered, mutual respect assured. Photo, phone, sincere only, Box 6678LF

#### STRICT DISCIPLINE

Men will be men and therefore, on occasion, require firm, no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior, strengthen their character, or break their bad habits. Agree? If so, then write this 6'2", mustached, serious white male with your ideas/experiences. Lives upstate—does some traveling. Photo. Box 6768LF.

#### **UPSTATE LEATHERMAN**

Hot, leatherclad, booted man into the smell, taste, and feel of black leather, seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 36, 6ft, 165, blonde, mustache, good build. Full black leather, jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, uniforms, muscles, lite SM/BD, safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter, phone, photo to Box 6845LF.

#### DADDY NEEDS USE

Sturdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs, jocks, bikers, mechanics, rednecks to work over/use me. Muscled hung U/C shit stomping ball busting WM 18-20s have me as total bootlick, toilet, punchbag, suck machine, fuckhole. Filthy boots/levis, leather forced buddy use a +. Box 6844LF.

#### FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

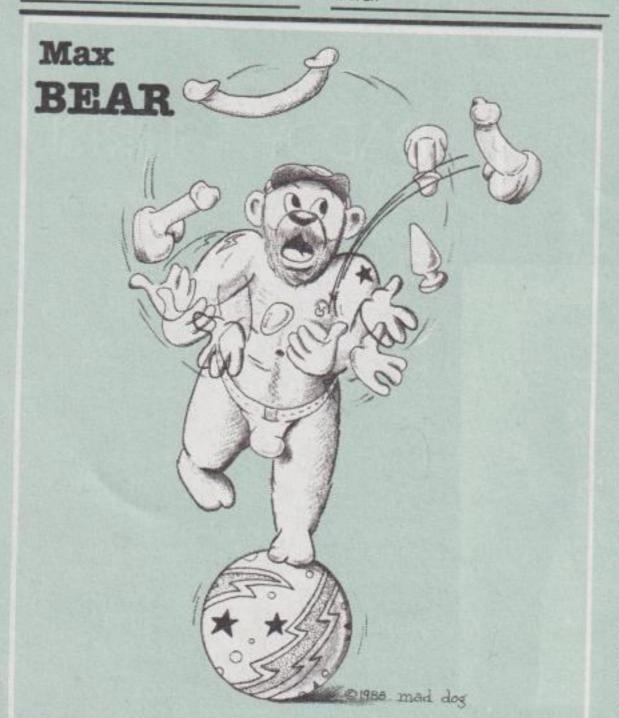
Wanted by a good-looking, WM, 33, 6'3", 165 lbs., brown hair, eyes, mustache, into leather, FF, TT, dildoes, looking for a Top or versatile, hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply. Box 6706LF.

#### ALBANY AREA

Hot, arrogant bodybuilder 25-40 wanted by submissive son/little brother (novice-24). You are hot, superior to most men, know it, and flaunt it. You are arrogant, macho, and very straight acting and you enjoy this magazine w/o letting it take over your life. I am of average looks and build (6'1", 185) with a lot of potential looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. Please, Sir, develop my mind and mold my body to your level of perfection while I service your every need. Uniforms, cops, gym teachers, boots, Italian/Latin, a plus. Monogamy and HIV negative a must. Enclose phone, photo, all expectations. Box 6882.

#### 18 TO ?

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video. ALL types, 18 to ? Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C. Photography (212) TU1-1437.



#### LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, cleanshaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

#### HOT SON/BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy/Top, 47, 88, athletic, 5'10", 170, masculine, sensitive, for serious, lasting relationship. Into S/M, B/D, all assplay, (safe) Gr/A, spanking. You: any race, good body, serious about relationship and commitment. Photo/Phone (must) to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NY NY 10011, Box 6771LF.

#### FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine, and works out, seeks tall/big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot, and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, btwn 8 pm-12 mid, to meet in NYC (NO phone j/o) at (212) 675-7352. Box 6688LF.

#### WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman, 6ft., 175lbs., 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick, needs Master, Lover or playmate on a regular basis, heavy into rubber, latex, leather, sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try. Box 6699LF.

EVERTHING FROM THE

## PICK YOUR T-SHIRT MESSAGE BLACK SHIRTS WIWHITE IMPRINT

ASK ME, I MIGHT 9.95 STOP . . . OR I'LL SHOOT! 9.95 DADDY'S TOY 9.95 THE BEST TOPS START ON THE **BOTTOM 9.95** TOP 9.95 **BOTTOM 9.95** TALK TO ME DIRTY 9.95 BUILT TO ACCOMMODATE 9.95 MASTER 9.95 **SLAVE 9.95 TRASH 9.95** HUNK OF THE MONTH CLUB 9.95 PRE-GREASED AND EAGER 9.95

MY FACE OR YOURS 9.95 OUCH! THAT FEELS GOOD! 9.95 FREE SAMPLE 9.95 FOR RENT . . . BY THE MONTH, WEEK, DAY OR ON A SHORT-TERM BASIS. (INQUIRE WITHIN) 9.95

TRAINER 9.95 TRAINEE 9.95 PLEASE . . . MISTER . PLEASE 9.95 GET IT UP, GET IT IN, GET IT OFF, GET IT OUT, NEXTI 9.95 being BUTCH is a BITCH 9.95

Daddy's boy

## DADDY T-SHIRTS!

DRUMMER T-SHIRT 9.95

Our usual fine-quality 50%-cotton/50% polyester black T-shirt comes with the famous Drummer logo in white to let everyone know just what you like. s/m/l/xl.

**DADDY 9.95** 

You can let every potential Daddy's Boy on your block know you have a firm hand and a firmer attitude. s/m/l/xl.

DADDY'S BOY 9.95

Looking for a firm hand? It pays to advertise with our black T-shirt that states your case, in s/m/l/xl.

DADDY'S LITTLE MAN 9.95

Ditto for looking with someone with a firm no-nonsense attitude. Proclaims wno ana wnat you are! s/m/l/xl. ANYONE CAN BE A FATHER, BUT IT

TAKES SOMEONE SPECIAL TO BE A **DADDY 9.95** 

Make your statement in black cotton/polyester. You can be on either side of the Daddy fence with this one. s/m/l/xl.

**EVEN DADDIES NEED DADDIES! 9.95** Another statement that will help you find what you are looking for s/m/l/xl.

Our form-fitting CIRÉ T-SHIRT is water-resistant and sleek. It is shown elsewhere on these pages but we included it as well with our T-shirt collection. Black only in beautifully made s/m/l/xl. 21.95 995 EACH

IF IT TURNS YOU ON, WE'VE GOT IT

IN THURSDAY

'IN TRAINING

the midriff, Beautiful

Grey cutoff almost

leeveless status

late size

howing off you o

O MANIFEST READER

#### GENUINE OFFICIAL ORDER FORM ## ANNOOD RITUALS: THE COMPOUND (9.95) | 1" (9.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10.00) | 11/2" (10 BOOKS/MAGS BALL STRETCHERS WISEPARATOR/DIVIDER ☐ SLAVES FOR SALE—PART 2 (59.95) ☐ BLACK REBEL CAP s/m/l/xl (19.95) Size \_ SLEEZE ATTACK LP (5.95) ☐ MASTER BARBER (59.95) ☐ ZIPPER BIKINI CIRÉ s/m/I (17.95) Size \_ 10" MAN O' WAR (9.95) ☐ JOYS OF SELF-ABUSE (59.95) ☐ HOT or ULTRA LUBE/4 oz. (2/4.95) STUDS, SPIKES ARM BAND (17.95) Size ☐ TWO HANDFULS (59.95) NATURAL LUBE/16 oz. (5.95) ☐ COLOR JOCKSTRAPS (Color \_\_ BOYS OF COMPANY F (59.95) ) s/m/l FORPLAY/8 oz. (5.95) BUTTPLUG REGULAR (8.95) ☐ FIVE POUND DILDO (19.95) L.A. PLAYS ITSELF/SEX GARAGE (59.95) (9.95)☐ CONDOMS: ROUGH RIDER (4.00) ☐ CHAIN REACTIONS (59.95) ☐ BUTTPLUG EXTRA THICK (9.95) HOT SHOTS—TOYS FOR BIG BOYS I (59.95) HOT SHOTS—TOYS FOR BIG BOYS II (59.95) ☐ MALE TO MALE (4 Pkg./12/\$4) BALL STRETCHERS: ☐ PROTEX PLUS CONTRACEPTIVE (12/\$4) ☐ 1" Plain (6.00) ☐ HOT SHOTS V & VI (59.95 ea) ☐ 1½" Plain (7.00) ☐ SGT. SWANN'S PRIVATE FILES (59.95) 2" Plain (8.00) ☐ DREAMER (59.95) 21/2" Plain (9.00) ☐ NIGHTCRAWLER (59.95) 3" Plain (10.00) SOURCE! METHOD OF PAYMENT: VISA PO BOX 1069 / FORESTVILLE, CA 95436 / (707) 869-0945 ☐ Check ☐ Money Order in the amount of \$ ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS Send the above checked items and make it snappy! CARD NO. NAME SIGNATURE

lasterCard

#### **ADDRESS** CITY STATE

(I am 21 years of age or older) California residents add 6% sales tax. Use street address for UPS delivery when possible for speedier delivery.

ADD A BUCK (THAT'S \$1) PER ITEM FOR POSTAGE!



#### **FISTING BUDDY WANTED**

Experienced, WM, 35, 6", 160 lbs, in shape hot, leather Top, looking for buddy for all-night, deep FF. Mutual and other scenes possible with the right person. Photo gets faster reply. Box 6922.

#### SLICK HAND/WILD HOLE

NYC FF expert, 38, 155, 5'10", smooth gym bod with playroom & sling seeks trim, horny, cleancut local fist buddy 20-35, to 160 lbs, into intense body worship, JO, oil, smoke, aroma and great safe mutual hole action, open to repeat workouts. Serious student OK. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

#### SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a j/o letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another Leatherman. Box 4840LF

#### HOT NORTHERN EUROPEAN TOP

Exceptionally handsome, tall, blond, muscled, hot nippled, young, hung, sadist stud seeks sexy masculine muscular hung hunks to torture (tits, cock and balls, body), to command, to service me. No live-in, work to regular sessions, possible ownership. Phone and photo must. Box 110, New York, NY 10464 (6984LF)

#### A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom/passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45, educated, it blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S/M arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and apearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6930LF.

#### INITIATE A PREPPY!

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs, reddish-blond, cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe, hot, masculine time! Box 8501, FDR Station, NYC 10150.(6936LF)

#### ARGENTINIAN PRIME BEEF

This guy from Las Pampas needs someone for mutual assplay, into FF. 1 am goodlooking. 5'9", 148 lbs. No overweights and unexperienced. Phone (212) 677-6706 or write with Ph/Ph to PO Box 436, Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10011

## OUTDOOR/INDOOR W/S SHOWERS and or J/O wanted by GWM, 40, 5'8", 165. Queens, Bronx preferred. Ongoing relationship welcome. Call (718) 626-7530, leave

#### **MUTUAL RAUNCH**

Kissing, licking, sucking, rimming, sweating, pits, nipple stretching, 69. Total oral—no Greek, no condoms. W/M pig, 46, 6'1", 185, 6" cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig, 35+, & into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy/lover. Box 6499 LF

#### MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

Daddy, 50, 6'3", 250 lbs., beard, hairy, tattoos, big gut, cigar smoker, 6-pack drinker, fat cut meat, big hangers, polar bear into C/BT, foreskin, TT, WS, gloved FF. Especially like competition BBs and bubble butts. Looking for a true bottom for weekly workouts. Photo with letter. Box 6834LF

#### HANDSOME GUY

Creative & masculine leatherman, late twenties, 6'1", 175, dark blond, blue eyes, stach looking for other guys into leather and mutual FF. Stach a plus. Send letter & picture. No picture, no answer. Box 6979LF

#### GERMAN TOP

Clean-cut, strict WM, 42, 6', 175, healthy, muscular, trained, uncut. Man-to-man action, training, discipline, TT, CBT, Manhood, uniforms, leather, corporal punishment. Mutual action. Novices will be introduced, experienced. Write your needs. Photo/letters will be answered the same. 263A West 19th Street, #480, NY, NY 10011

#### WANTED: GENUINELY DOMINANT

GWM wants to meet genuinely dominant (but understanding/not sadistic) man who doesn't need to prove his dominance by strutting in leather. Safe sex only. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Box 6991

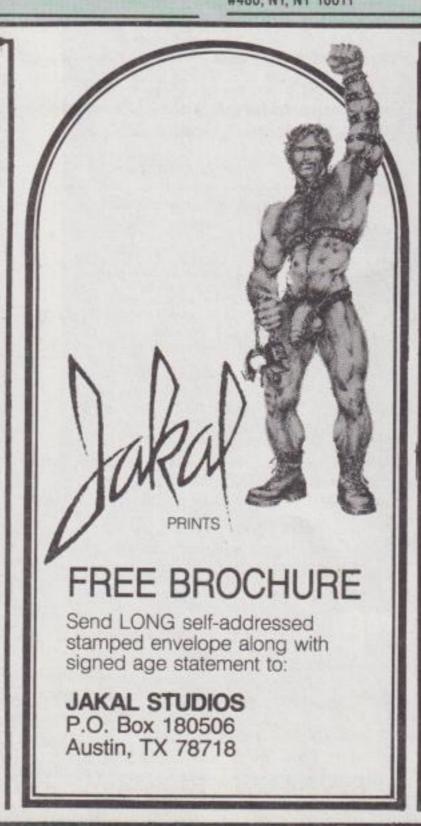
#### **BIG DICK BLACK STALLION**

wants obedient well-mannered whiteboy all my OWNI Stud's 29, 6'3", 175, healthy, smooth, muscled, mustache, sensible, educated. Not into pain, FF, etc., but quiet, dominant, horny for white pussy! Want committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love, horsefuck (safely). Deal honestly with our feelings, needs. You: attractive, understanding, stable, clean, reliable, satisfy a black man. Sincere only! No drugs, bullshit. KNOW what you want, or don't waste my time. PO Box 1555, NYC 10011.

#### REDHEAD DAD/SMOOTH SON

Seek special smooth son for real relationship. You are 24-40,cut, smooth and masculine.I'm in 50s, hot slim, goodlooking and hairy chested. You can relate well to the multi-dimensions of a healthy mature Dad with two homes, desire Dad/son oriented sex plus Dad/son daily life together. Photo, address, detailed letter including what kind of life and sex you expect with Dad. No to drugs, heavy S/M, heavy alcohol, hairies and HIV+. POB 156, New York, NY 10156





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#### LEATHER MUSCLES BEARD

GWM couple, 34, 6'8"& 40, 6', seek threesomes/foursomes with other hot men. Love hairy chests and nipple play. Can host out of town hot men. Call (212) 633-6121

#### MARRIED PUSSYASS

31, 6, 153 lbs., needs to get fucked weekday mornings by an aggressive, hung Top/Daddy. Muscular, hairy, and/or uncut a plus. Box 620, 132 West 24th Street, NYC, 10011

#### FIT TO BE TIED

36 year young bottom seeks butch bondage Topman to show me the ropes and keep me in line. My tits, cock and balls, and hot ass can be yours for the taking. Safe Sex. Leather, toys, restraints, and cigars a plus! Box 7003

#### BOXING

GWM, 32, 5'10", 145, seeks boxing fanatic/ buddy. I love gloves, body punching, fantasy and real fights. Try it! What are your fantasies? Box 7002

#### WATERING HOLE

WM, 24, 5'9", 140, dancer's build, looking for Daddy type who's an expert with the toys and tubes. Shave, stretch, and fill my hole till it overflows while you or your friends are serviced. Videotaping or photos a turn on. Smoke, booze, aroma, ok. Letter and phone. No photo necessary if good physical description is given. Box 7001

#### DOMINANT MAN SOUGHT

GWM seeks dominant, non-sadistic man (25-55) who enjoys wearing leather or uniforms. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Optional safe sex. Box 7027

#### BIG DICKED BLACK TOP

who is into thick cigars, dildoes, FF, W/S, V/A needed to train black novice. I need to have my mouth, ass and limits stretched. Teach me to service you and your friends if you wish. I am 5'8", 175, and willing to learn. You are 28-45, macho, experienced, nice build. I will serve a dependable and imaginative Master. Photo and phone. No drugs or excessive pain, yet! Box 7016

#### **PUNCHING BAG WANTED**

Late 30s, 150, beard, hairy chest, in shape hot man seeks pussy to beat up, boxing gloves or bare fists. Then you lick my balls, pits and maybe more. Meet at your place or I'll spring 50/50 for room in NYC only. This is hot action, pussy, so beg for it. Write me about how much you want to get worked over and service a fighter's dick. Box 7007

#### LAZIEST BEAR IN TOWN

Lay me back, spread my legs, and show me what your slurping, slobbering mouth is for. You're intelligent, affectionate, trusting, and needs lots of mutual intimacy and slow, non-reciprocal cocksucking. I'm 43, 5'10", 185, Br/Gr, bearded, hairy, chunky bear. Make me feel good, and I'm yours. Box 7041LF

#### PISS PIG CAN'T GET 'NUFF

of hot, wet men, groups or single, juicy assholes and foreskins, L/L, T/T, deep rim, vacuum, dildoes, Top, bottom, mutual; F/F Top. 44, in shape, 5'10", 150, big tits, dick and balls. Shaved and pumped. Deep ass and mouth. No fats or furries. Photo/phone. Box 7051LF

#### ROCHESTER NOVICE

24, brown hair/eyes, 6'1", 180, beard and moustache, into leather, T/T, C/B/T, shaving, piercing, B/D, watersports, needs non-smoking Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind having the tables turned now and then. Box 7045LF

#### EX-FOOTBALL PLAYER

Leather Master seeks slave/son, 18-25 for discipline, obedience training, service, love. I'm 6'1", 190, goodlooking, 38. Phone/photo required. Blonds and big, smooth-assed guys a plus. Andy, PO Box 20004, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011

#### LEATHER LAWYER

I'm 26, 5'11", 170, bl/bl eyes, balding. ISO prof. leatherman (Manhattan). Desire to share apt. w/man who is versatile: dildoes, uni., S/M, clubs, etc. You must be under 38 (n/s, + no fatties). I'm moving to NYC end of May. Ltr. + photo. Top/bottom. (Box 7034LF)

#### SHAVED ASSHOLE

41, tall, good shape, very experienced. Long hot sessions, fisting, dildoes, give and take, in shape buddies. Leather some or all. Photo/phone/description get fast reply. Box 6995

#### RUGGED MAN (28-60)

to be serviced (safe sex only) by manly GWM. I'm spankable (barehanded). No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Easy parking here. LSA, 132 W 24 Street, NYC 10011. Attention: Randy.

#### NORTH CAROLINA

#### MENAMORE LLC

Establishing an alternative in Wilmington, North Carolina. Come join us. For further information on membership and activities write: PO Box 7364, Wilmington, NC 28406 or contact through GROW at (919) 675-9222

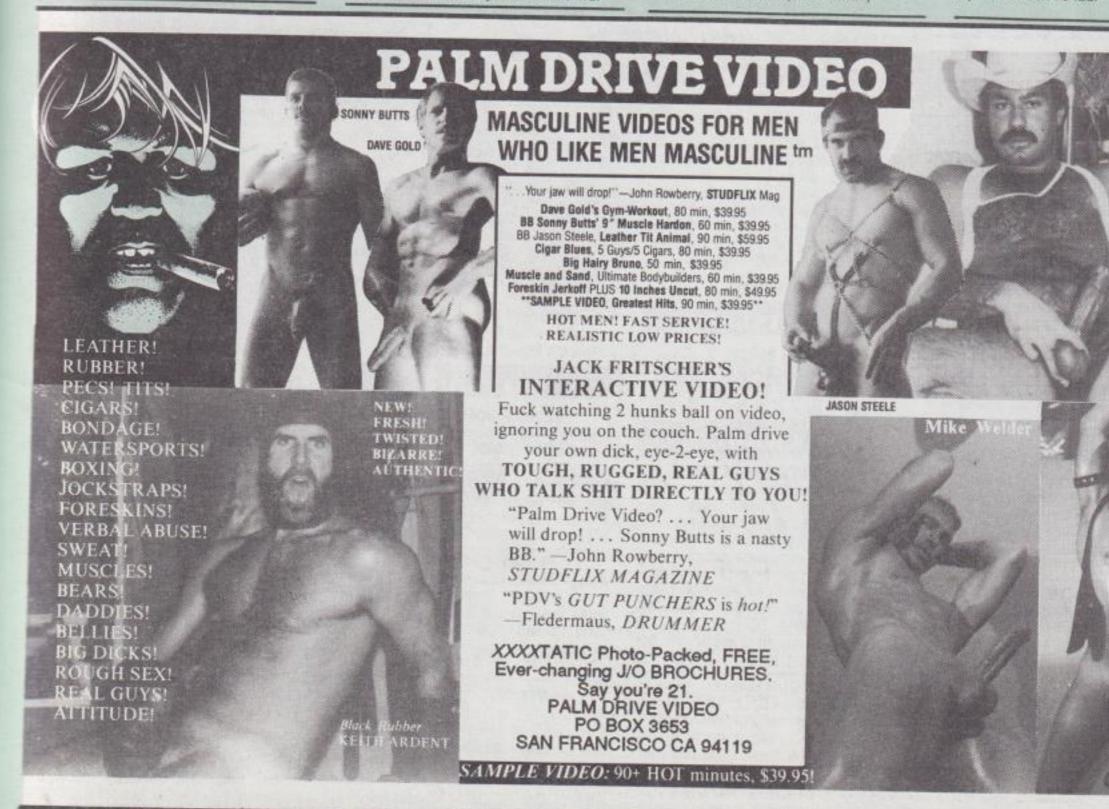
#### CIGAR SMOKING BIKER

46, 6'1", trim WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I fist your ass. Can switch. Cycle cruising with your ass plugged. No drugs, aroma OK. Cigar smoker preferred. Relationship possible. NC, SC, VA area. Photo if possible. Box 7042LF

BIG BRUNO

Hellbent

for Leather





#### OHIO

#### INTENSE

ME: Gwm, 40, 5'10", 162, Bn, Bn, Dominant, Sadistic, Master, Moustache, Thinning Hair, Independent, Masculine, Hairy you: gwm, submissive, masochistic, slave, younger, shorter, hot slim or hunky body, bubble butt, masculine, blond, swimmer, student, jock, bodybuilder, construction, farm or bluecollar punk, but open to others. DRESS: Leather, Levis, Uniforms, Cowboy. INTEREST: SM, CBTT, Bondage, Discipline, Hot Wax, Spanking, Ass Beating, Whipping, Flogging, Electrotorture, Constriction, Spit, Sweat TOOLS: Whips, Belts, Paddles, Straps, Canes, Cuffs, Restraints, Ropes, Chains, Gags, Blindfolds, Hoods, Clamps, Candles, Generators, Violet Wands, Cattle Prods, Rawhide, Collars, Brushes. CONDITIONS: Me: Drug Free, you: nonabuser, Safe, Sane, Consensual, Brutal Prolonged, Intense. RESPOND: SIR, PO Box 0821, Cincinnati, OH 45210. Box 6837LF.

#### **ENGLISH DISCIPLINE**

Former Engish Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy GWM, 41, PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114 (LF6895).

#### **HUNKY OHIO DADDY**

Handsome W/M, 40s, 6'3", beard, hot, hairy. Seeks bottoms to discipline, caress, and use your body to explore our sexual fantasies. If you're W/M bottom fat/slim, novice/older/bi/couples send a letter with photo. PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081, (6063LF)

#### BODY/MIND/SPIRIT

Balance is important! Submissive in bed, egalitarian in life, Imaginative, playful novice, GWM, 36, 6'2", 210 lbs., looking for equally sensitive, intelligent GWM to "show me the ropes". Into fantasy, ass/feet worship. Safe sex only Friendship, romance possible. Reply to 8ox 6960

#### **BOOTS LEATHER LEVIS**

Want other men into Sexing-out while wearing their boots, leather, levis. Bootlicking, leather worship, W/S, splt, tits, pits, cock/ball play, J/O. More into mutual satisfaction than pain. Me: 5'7", 140, 35. You: ? Box 6065, Akron, Ohio 44312

#### OREGON

#### MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine, If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF.

#### CIGARS AND SWEAT

Uncut, bearded dude, hung thick with big balls, lookin' for mature, hairy hunk into man-to-man action; C&B/big nipple work, long, slow, smokin' sessions (no anal or kink). Beard/uncut are musts. Just natural, laid-back, let 'em hang sex. Bare-ass leather men welcome. Box 6618LF.

#### LEATHER DADDY/DADDY BEAR

35 yo. bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with tits, ass, balls, and mind. Box 6937LF.

#### ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

#### PORTLAND TV SLAVE-MAID

Extraordinary white male Portland State graduate student, 35, 5'11", 160, hazel, bleached blond, hung, seeks engineer-booted Leather-Master who will keep me in long wigs, filled bras, skirts, high-heels, chains, cages or cells, discipline, for Life. Can work as beautician, waitress, etc. Box 6976LF

#### MANHANDLER

Portland area WM Topman biker (5'11", 190) seeking loyal, steady, hunky partner to ride with me in full leather on the back roads and freeways of the Northwest. Am mature, strong, spirited, and monogamous. Wanna be my boy? So write to me! Buck, Box 621, Oregon City, OR 97045

#### PENNSYLVANIA

#### **ASS-EATING ADDICT**

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks tops, bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area. Pluses clean and shaved & stretched holes, uncut. Into arm pits, tit play, W/S, FF. Race not important, photo and serious minded answered first. No fats or fems. Box 6902LF.

#### ATTENTION: KD/DALLAS, PA

Saw your "outlaw" Male Call response in Issue #121. VA outlaw would like to correspond. Box 7012

#### CIGAR SMOKING DADDY WANTED

Very handsome, 30, 5'11", 165, brown hair/ blue eyes, submissive son seeks a cigar smoking Daddy Topman figure to serve and respect. Boy wants to learn to have fun with his Dad Leather & photo a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125 (7040 LF)

#### RHODE ISLAND

#### **HUGE BUNS**

400 lbs. or over. Any age to 75. I will lick your huge smooth buns. Send nude photo. Box 6862.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

#### ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM, 24, clean & healthy seeks tops/masters to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best. I would also enjoy learning more about FF, WS and BD. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to: KM, PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6698LF.

#### BY YOUR BALLS

Cigar-chewing redneck Daddy, 43, 6', lean and mean, will take ownership of family jewels of healthy young buck needing ass turned into cunthole for heavy horse cock. Discipline, shaving, T/T, W/S, V/A. Give Daddy your balls and be his pussyboy punk. Hot photo & letter. Box 7050LF

#### SOUTH DAKOTA

#### NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33. Needs patient Top to teach Light S/M, TT, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57402-0994. 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674LF.

#### TENNESSEE

#### YOUNG EAST TENN, SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, midfifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF

#### MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br/br, professional. Submit picture, phone to: Sir, POB 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421, Box 6549LF

#### SEEKING BOTTOM/COMPANION

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM, kink, passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5'9", 175#, professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom/slave, but in other respects, partner/companion, willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6833LF.

#### REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE

White male, 6'1", 220, 61/2" uncut, needs Masters to serve. W/B truckers/bikers, hairy a plus. Mid-Tenn on 140 between Nashville/Knoxville. Have play room, lite to heavy SM, FF, W/S, domination and much more. Only REAL MEN call. No j/o, bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call (615) 528-5128. John (Perm Master/slave possible). (6943LF)

#### HOT LEATHER BOTTOM

visiting Nashville, wants to contact hot Tops into fucking my hot rump with big dicks, dildoes and fists. Box 6998

#### TEXAS

#### SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30, 5'9". 150, dark hair/eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long, slow buttstretching, bondage, light S/M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6675LF

#### NAKED RANCH STUD

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable, breed, enslaved. Hitched to plow as work horse. Keep naked in barn or hay loft as work horse. Contact this fall. Steven Paladino, POB 130, Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834. Ph. 512-876-3263. Box 6781LF.

#### WANTS TO LEARN LESSON

GWM, 30, 170, seeking healthy, professional, masculine, educated Man 30-50 who knows how to administer spankings. A Man that really cares enough to teach his buddy the lesson he needs to learn. No drugs. Serious answers. Discreet. Letter w/photo.Box 7035

#### MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION/KINK

GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor/medic to invade bladder, ass. Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Aroma okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room. Dallas, but will travel. Your description of self, qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF

#### WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

#### **NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES**

Attractive GWM, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., into ass stretching activities w/big toys or small hands. HIV neg. Let's have safe, exploratory fun in San Antonio. Write w/photo (returned): PO Box 290243, San Antonio, TX 78280-1643, 6547LF.

#### WANTED: DADDY

GWM, 6', 150#, BR/BR, 38, seeks man 30-45 who seeks loyal son. You must be strong, confident, yet flexible. 713-526-6188.

#### **HUMILIATE ME**

Fart in my mouth! Dallas rim slave. Robert (214) 320-2785

#### LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build, hung, into CBT, TT, leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

#### COP MASTER WANTED

GW pussyboy, HIVneg, ISO legit cops who groove on/in hot leather and domination. (If contact is by public phone please allow several contact times). Box 7011

#### HOUSTON ASSLICKER

Trim, gooklooking WM, 5'11", 160, craves intense, humiliating body worship sessions with arrogant, sweaty bodybuilders or tough construction or oilfield workers. Box 7018

#### VIRGINIA

#### **BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT**

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

#### 2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/SON

GWM 33, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock: GWM, 30, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. Seek slave/son for training. Anything goes. We demand, you provide. Photo, phone. David Miller, Box 5306, Portsmouth, VA 23703.

#### **EXPANSION WANTED**

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy/Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, PO Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)

#### RED NECK DAD

Bi WM, 38, 6', 195, brown hair/beard, good-looking, seeks thin, extremely affectionate, stable son, 20s-30s. Call Wolf (703) 527-2716

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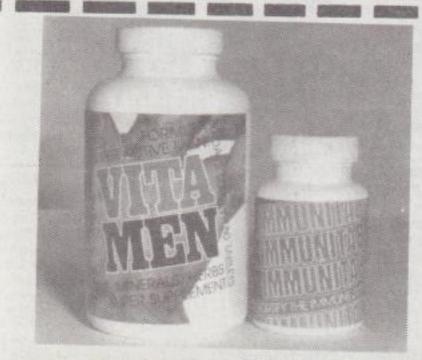
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There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

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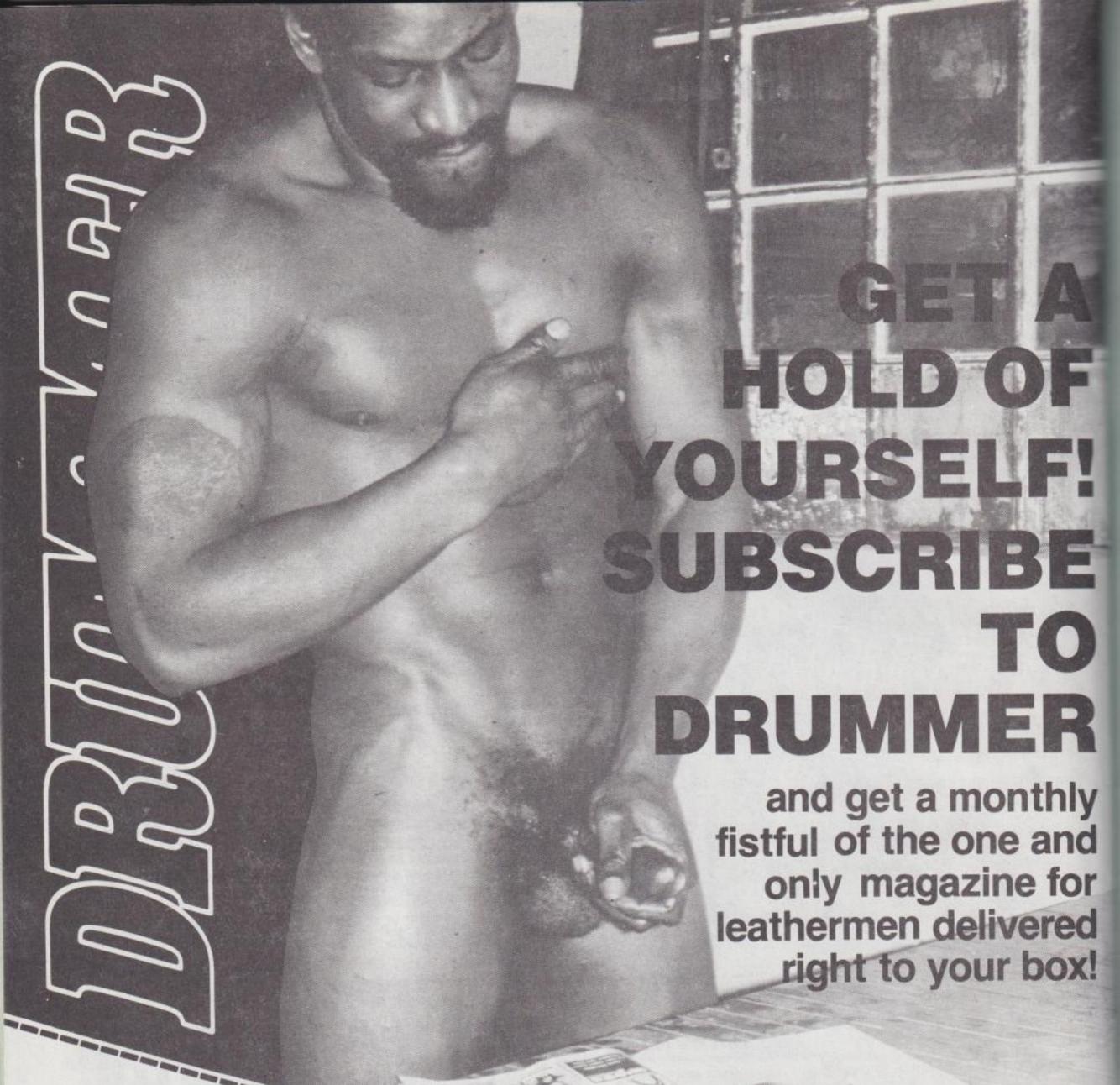
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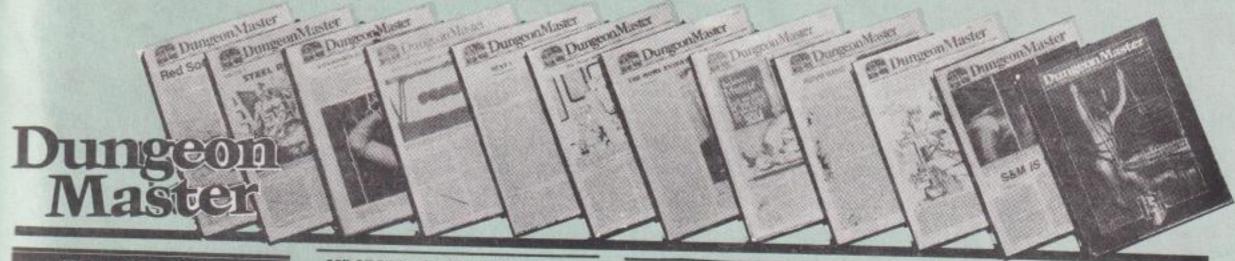
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#### WASHINGTON

#### VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

34, 5'7", 130, smooth body, short hair, no hair, clean shaven, into enemas, shaving, dildoes, spanking, humiliation, B&D, C&B torture, blindfolded, WS and a lot of other kink things, too. Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle WA 98107. Non-smoker only. (6680LF)

#### MUSCLES

Wanted: tall, mass-muscled iron pumper by short, mass-muscled buck. I'm 32, hot, muscled and horny, Write SS, PO Box 9065, Seattle, WA 98109

#### NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

47, 5'11", 210, brown hair, thick moustache, seeks companion for medical scenes. Into humiliation, light S/M are plusses. This discreet, HIVneg professional will respond to all, prefer photo/phone. Old fashioned hay rolling sex ok too. Box 7056LF

#### WEST VIRGINIA

#### MILITARY BOY SLAVE

Sir, boy serious WM, 25, ex-Army, 5'6", 140 bs., military haircut, shaved. Needs discipline, humiliation, punishment, to serve Master(s) needs/desires without question. Will obey all Master(s) tri-state, Charlestown, W. VA; Leesburg, Virginia, Hagerstown, MD. Sir, this boy slaves' mind and body given for your total domination and pleasure. Box 6970LF

#### WISCONSIN

#### SUBMIT

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF

#### **BOTTOM NEEDS LESSONS**

GWM, 35, 6', 180 bottom looking for right top eatherman to teach him the ropes. Education needed in fisting, titwork, bondage and submission. Milwaukee. Box 6782LF.

#### YOUNG MASTER WANTS SLAVE

Me, 23 Hot & Hung, wants hot and together roung bottom into 8&D, C&BT, TT, hoods, gags, light S&M and extended bondage. Muscles, Masochism & Intelligence Mandatory, photo helpful. Kink, leather & rubber IN bed. Can you be friend or love OUT? (Shaving, piercing, live-in ownership negotiable) Box 6769LF.

#### INTERNATIONAL

men answering foreign ads with box numbers, amember to include the correct amount of overseas armail postage. Current rates are 44C per 1/2-ounce.

#### BLACK SADIST/MASTER

bedience and submission within a framework of safety and healthy S/M. I am 30, 5'9", 183, highly intelligent, not interested in bull-or Eurocentric stereotypes of Black people. You are meek, wealthy, healthy and mady to serve. Photo & phone. Box 7049LF

#### SWEDISH TOILET

28, 180 cm, 72 kg, seeks big dirty bear. Box 7010

32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS
This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I call. Box 6467LF

#### HOTTEST BONDAGE SLAVE

The ultimate slave seeks Master(s) to expand limits. Serious S/M, (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T); heavy bondage to total immobilisation, F/F, extreme tit work, shaving (total), dildoes, ball stretching, catheters, medical trips. My HOT HOLE needs expanding thru prolonged ass play. Interested in cock modification, experimentation. Genuine only. Write explicitly: Chris A, 113 Fern Hill Road, Cowley, Oxford, OX4 2JR, England, Call 0865-779524. (6934LF).

#### CANADA

Canadian postal rates are now 30¢ for the first ounce, 22¢ for each additional ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

GDLK, HOT, 25, 5'11", 160 lbs, 9" cut. Into respect, worship, CBTT, V/A, fantasy. Educated w/four (4) degrees. Seek redemption, self-worth from authoritarian Dominance of V/GDLK, arrogant, butch, V/HOT 'TOP' into 'Total-control', roles, worship. Will travel. Write w/letter and photo to Mark, M.P.O. #4008, Vancouver, B.C. V68-3Z4. (6900LF)

#### DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

#### LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM, 29, 5'5", 135 lbs., bottom, looking for tough demanding TOPS into S/M, B/D, CB/T, T/T, whips, electricity, leather, boots, toys, playrooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S/M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF.

#### B&D/S&M COMES FROM TRUST

To me, B&D/S&M experiences can only grow out of really knowing and trusting my partner. I have no interest in "fantasies" with total strangers, or with people who only relate to me from their "fantasy role." I'm very experienced as a top and a bottom in B&D/S&M scenes, and I'm seeking contact with other whole persons (tops, bottoms, or "boths"), experienced or not, who want to get to know each other as people first, and then expand into "trust" scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", 190 lbs., considered goodlooking, Vancouver resident, Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger, Van/ Seattle area. I will contact all (only) people who reply with a photo and a phone number. PO Box 3874, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Z3.

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boy, 28, 6'1", seeks training by sane, experienced leather Top. I'm willing and eager to learn from the right man who can extend my horizons. Interests include leather, boots, bondage, uncut men, light S/M. You: 35+, fit, uncut and hairy a plus, photo appreciated. Box 6978LF

#### LEATHERSEX

GWM, 27, 5'10", 145 lbs. Love leather, sex, boots, chaps. Hope to hear from you. Can travel. Louis (Lou): (514) 522-2113 (6988LF)

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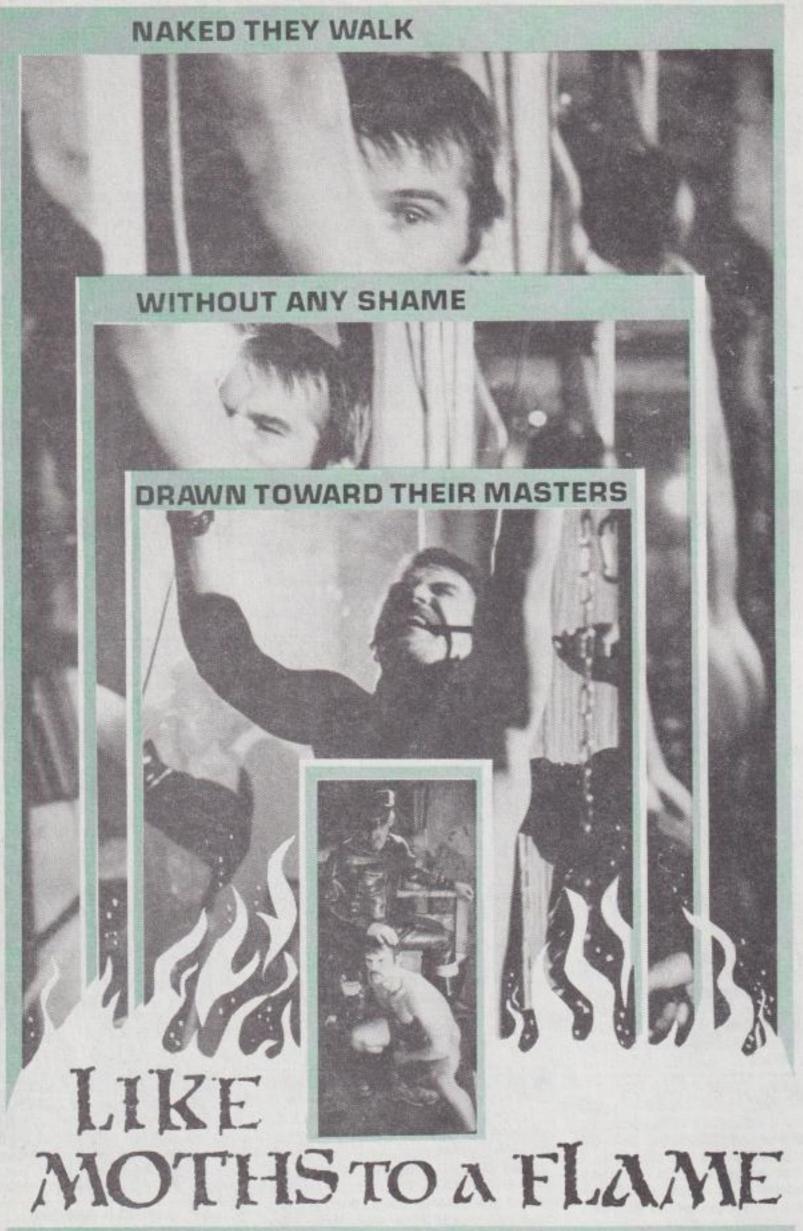
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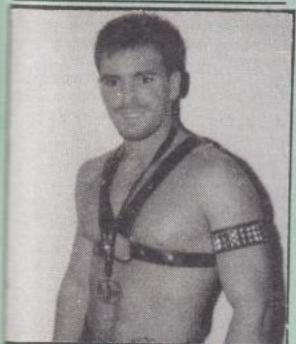
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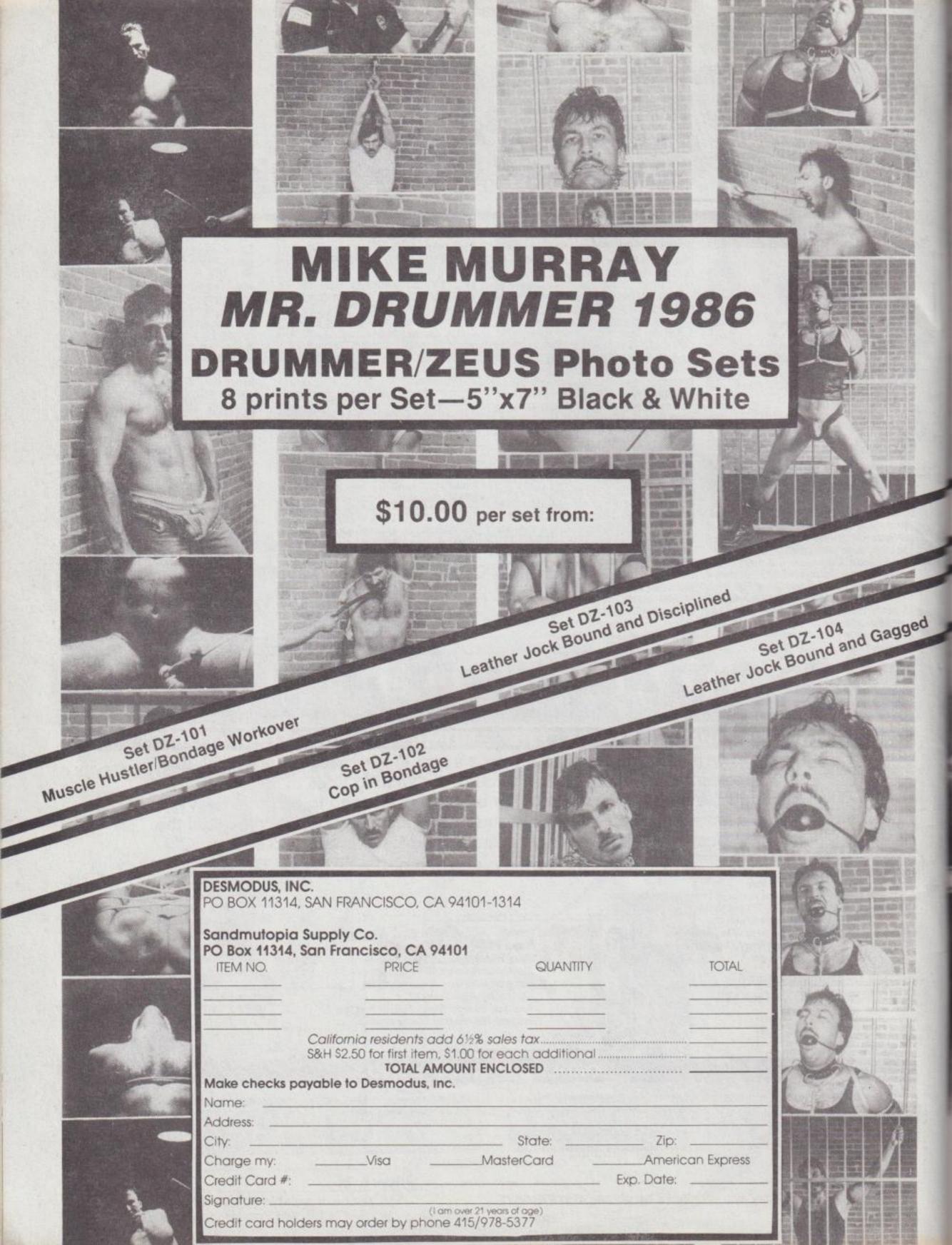
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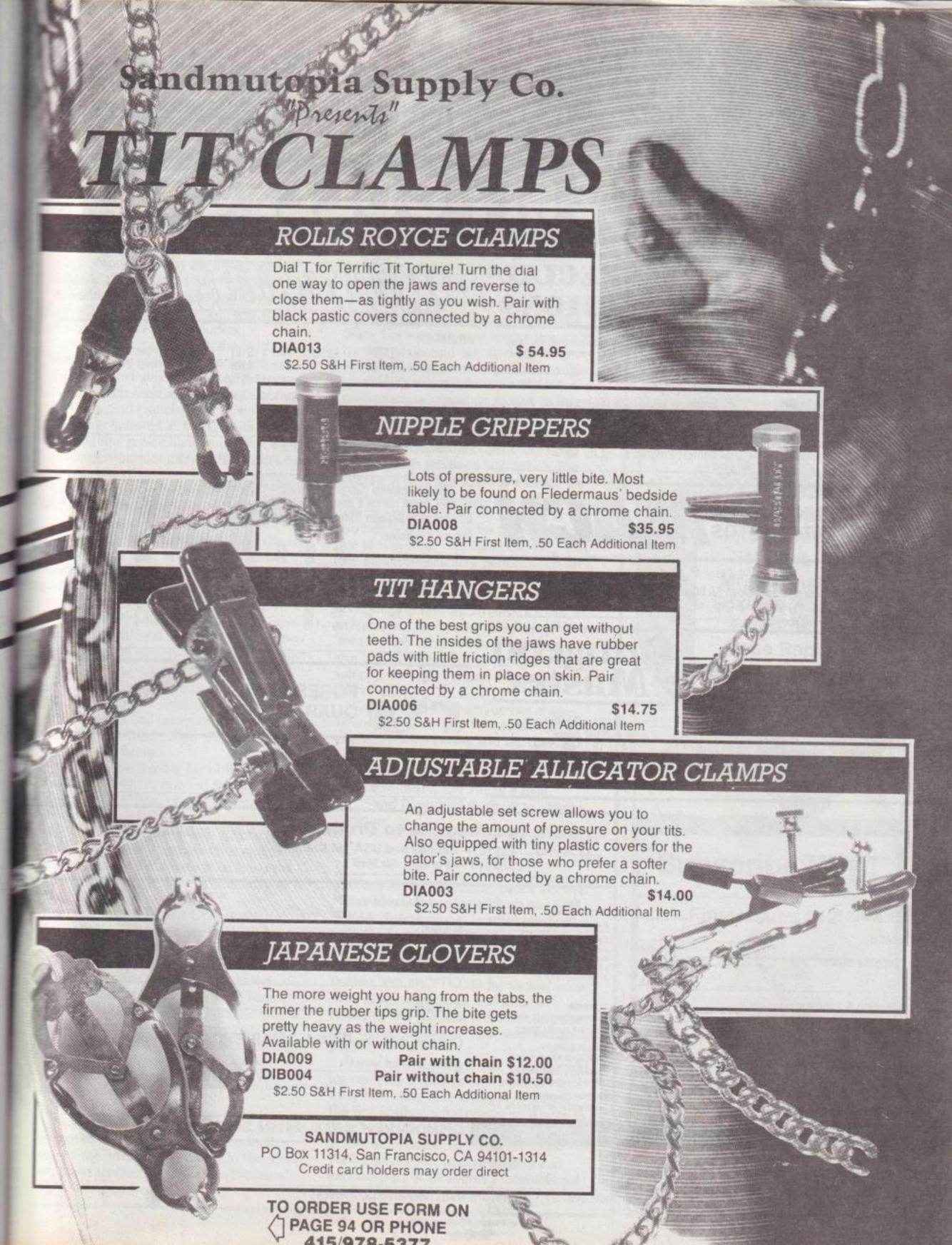
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and flashed his military ID. Little did the cops or Ron know then that what Ron would later do in pioneering the gay take-over of the Castro outpost with his cozy Jaguar backroom maze.

Gayola, Ron said, was exposed by pioneer gay mover-and-shaker publisher Bob Damron, who refused to pay off. Apparently the new homomasculine crowd wasn't cowed by cop bulls who were hardly a match for the new homomachismo which was the initial seed of militant gay politics in San Francisco. The legendary Damron singlehandedly stonewalled the cops long before New York's 1969 Stonewall Bar revolution.

As a fuck-you-pig result, the SFPD suffered a minor scandal in the papers, and then for some years continued to be more discreet with their alleged payoffs at the fluff bars. San Francisco, despite Gayola, has never suffered as has LA with the kind of continual police harassment that drove Drummer-founder John Embry from LA to SF because of his charitable fundraiser "Slave Auction" which fascist LAPD Chief Ed Davis raided because he thought it was real!

It was the same benighted Chief Davis's boys-in-blue who arrested S/M-leather performance-artist Robert Opel, during the 70's craze of "streaking," for appearing nude at an LA City Council meeting! As a note of distinct clarification, Robert Opel is not to be confused historically with premiere American society photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, whose "Biker-for-Hire" graced the now-classic cover of *Drummer* 24. Somehow, the similarities of both artists' names and fames created a "person" the confused called "Robert Opel-thorpe." Go figure!

Robert Opel, having become a refugee from Ed Davis' LA, opened the first leather art gallery, Fey Way, on Mission Street, South of Market. S/M graphics and sculpture found a real home with spectacular "openings" where leather ladies and gents showed up for the drawings of artists the likes of Tom Hinde, Tom of Finland, and Chuck Arnett.

Unfortunately Robert Opel was murdered in his SOMA gallery in 1979. A
premier leather-performance artist, Opel,
who once enacted "The Murder of Dan
White" in Civic Center Plaza, was the
"Most Naked Man in the World," having
streaked in front of a billion people worldwide, live on the Oscars, leaving Liz Taylor's chins slackjawed, and making David
Niven an instant, albeit inaccurate, wit,
who jibed that Opel, naked, didn't "have
much to show."

Wrong!

"It wasn't," Robert Opel told me, "streaking naked in front of a billion people that scared me. While I was hiding in the scenery, I was tangled up in about a thousand high-voltage wires." A metaphor of all gay people is revealed in his statement: what has the media done, or will the media do, to electrify or electrocute our image and our history unless we, as in this *Drummer* column, set the story, names, and dates—you should pardon the expression—straight? *Drummer* is, besides what it appears to be, the one lone publishing voice speaking out politically in fiction and features for the sub-sub-culture of the international leather community.

#### BOY'S CLUBHOUSE TO MEN'S BIKE CLUBS

Interviews with senior gay men confirm that the "new" crowd in Jack's and the Black Cat was almost a spontaneous combustion of sexual heat, all dressed up in leather with no place to go. The owners greeted the change, and the Black Cat, particularly, was well on its way to inventing the archetypal homomasculine sex-bar style that grew to full flourish later in pubepubs like the one- and-only Tool Box.

Other bars followed suit: Febe's, the Wagon Wheel, the Red Star Saloon, the Folsom Prison, the Ambush, and the Brig, which, in its founding incarnation as the No Name (homebase for the most exclusive of sub-clubs, The Rainbow MC,) was the most sophisticated performance-art sleaze-pit of its day in the High 70's. The No Name was a full-tilt-boogie Orgy Pit from the front door to the back toilet and was the first leather bar to 86 the jukebox for specially recorded acid-fuck tapes. Yet the Tool Box remains the prototype against which later evolving bars measured their authenticity.

Gay men's best invention has always been themselves and their sexuallycharged environments and art: bars and baths, books, graphics, and high-flying sexacts performed without nets.

Tune in next issue. The first Bike Clubs and Runs. Will there be trouble in Paradise?

-Researched by Ron Johnson and Jack Fritscher

(Editor's Note: Next issue, check out this "Rear View Mirror" to pick up our S/M SOMA "International Leather History" with the founding of the Bike Clubs and tales of the legendary Tool Box. As Drummer collects the history of international leather, WE NEED YOU for factual accuracy, dates, anecdotes, and photos! Fritscher and Johnson are collecting our oral history from men and women who lived it.

If you have a story to tell, a fact to add (or correct,) photos to share about bars, early bike runs, bike clubs, S/M scenes, the first leather, whatever, send a note to Rear View Mirror, c/o Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94131-1314. We'll contact you, and your story can become part of Drummer's International Leather History!)



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#### TOY WITH HIS AFFECTIONS

The fucktoy pictured here (the one in the hood) is a Southern California slave who needs a hot Master. He's into complete mind and body control and, as you can see, he has the accessories to prove it! For a loyal slave with plenty of equipment, write with photo and phone to TC 1337.



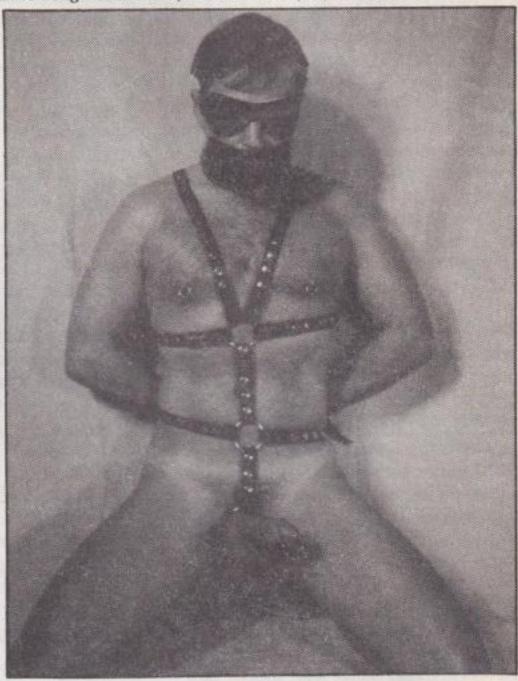
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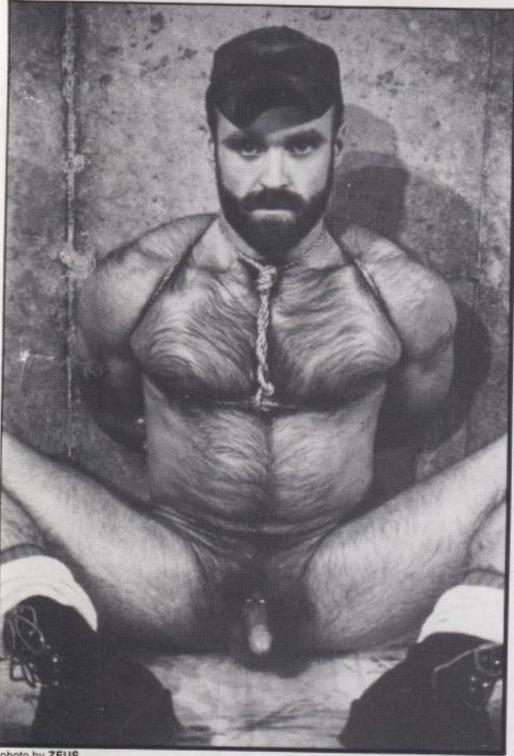
#### **FUCKHOLE II:** THE SEQUEL

As a result of his appearance in Drummer 109, this "New England Fuckhole" received the body piercings shown here. He can now wear his Master's padlock in his cock on a permanent basis. He invites Drummer readers to write him for more kinky sleazoid photos. He's TC 1240.





# CUMMING UP



**ISSUE 128** 

## WORKING STIFFS

Our next issue, currently under construction, will be full of men who work for a living: blue collar, white collar, bondage collar . . .

We'll bring you the first installment in an exciting new fourparter, "Property of Jake Raines" by Matt Sierra. A messenger boy gets some unexpected on-the-job training in "Elevator Shaft" by Jay Shaffer. Stephen Murphy's "Maduro Beef" brings the reader up close to the nastiest, butchest cigarsmokin' hardhat on the job-site.

Get a load of the dick on Decker: Deep in the hard of Texas with Wes Decker, Mr. Southwest Drummer 1988.

Plus plenty of handjobs and blowjobs guaranteed to help you work up a hard-on: all in the next issue of DRUMMER!





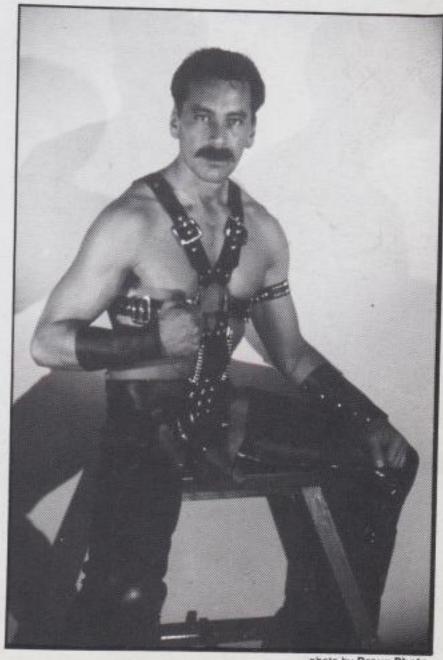


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